

CURRENT OPINION

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A REVIEW OF THE WORLD

HOW DO WE GET INTO THIS SHANTUNG AFFAIR AND WHY?

A RATHER amazing situation developed last month in Washington. Congress, or at least the Senatorial part of it, confronted with all the urgent questions of reconstruction—such as the cost of living, the disposition of our railroads, the future of our army and navy—and with the all-important features of the Peace Treaty that affect us directly, such as the League of Nations, turned its attention with impassioned ardor to the transfer of the German leasehold rights in the Shantung Peninsula to Japan, as provided for in the Versailles Treaty. What is more amazing, on the face of it, is that this passionate attempt to divert the Senate and the nation away from matters of urgent and immediate concern, to a foreign matter that concerns us remotely if at all, was led by the very Senators who have been loudest in asserting that the United States should have as little as possible to do with foreign disputes hereafter and should repudiate the League of Nations lest it involves us in such disputes. Senator Borah, for instance, fired with his own rhetoric, talks of war, flinging out his defiance in these dauntless words: "We have crawled and cringed long enough." (He does not say when and where.) "I do not anticipate war with Japan, but, if unavoidable, it might as well come now as at any other time." And another feature of the situation, amazing or amusing as you choose to take it, is that the most volcanic love of the rights of the Chinese seems suddenly to have developed on the Pacific Slope. "A California Senator sobbing over the injuries of China and exuding sympathy for the peace-loving Chinese," says the N. Y. *Evening Post*, referring to Senator Johnson, "has got all the famous hypocrites from Tartuffe to Pecksniff beaten hollow." Senator Hitchcock is a little more moderate in his language but does not limit his implications of hypocrisy to the Senators of the Pacific Slope. "The same Senators," he observes, obviously in-

The Latest Point of Attack on the League of Nations and the Wilson Policy Fails to Stir the Country

cluding Senator Lodge in his reference, "who now shed crocodile tears over the fate of China, have never in all the past raised their voices against her spoliation."

The Shantung Provisions No Part of the League of Nations Section.

JUST how we got into this Shantung affair anyhow requires a bit of explaining, and the answer is not any too clear then. In the first place, the Shantung provisions of the Treaty are no part of the League of Nations section. They have no direct connection with the League. Whether or not the United States can make interpretative reservations in her acceptance of the League without subjecting the Treaty to new negotiations is a question for dispute; but there is no pretense that the Shantung provisions can be canceled without reopening negotiations and involving the Treaty in a new crisis. The attack, therefore, upon the Shantung provisions is a direct attack upon the acceptance of the Treaty itself. And the story of Shantung makes such an attack by us, at such a price, seem all the more remarkable. The Peace Treaty (Section VIII, Articles 156-8) grants nothing whatever to Japan except the rights granted to Germany by China in a treaty 21 years ago (March 6, 1898). No protest against that treaty was made by us then or subsequently. Its validity was acknowledged by our government. Nor did we make any protest against treaties granting similar rights in Wei Hai Wei to Great Britain and Tonquin to France. Nor are we making any protest against these subsequent grants now. Each of these matters has been a *fait accompli* for a score of years. Moreover, in 1914, before we even thought of entering the war, Great Britain and France, in a secret treaty for which we were in no wise responsible and of which our State Department



MILLENNIUM IN THE ORIENT

—Reid in Miles City Star

was not even informed, agreed that the transfer of the German rights in Shantung (rights of leasehold, not of sovereignty) to Japan would be approved by them in the treaty at the close of the war. Still further, China herself, in a treaty with Japan in 1915, consented to the transfer of those rights to Japan. And finally, it was Japan, not China, that wrested from Germany the latter's possessions in Shantung after a four-months' siege involving considerable expense and a loss of about 600 lives. China did nothing except protest at Japan's marching through some of her territory on the way to Kiao-chow.

China's Baby Plea for Other Nations to Protect Her.

WHATEVER may be the ethical quality of the Shantung deal, therefore, it is difficult to see just why the United States should hold itself responsible for righting a wrong—if it is a wrong—with which it had nothing to do, unless it is prepared to enact a Don Quixote rôle as general redressor of many similar wrongs of the hoary past. China claims that the concessions were wrung from her by Germany by force and that the treaty of 1917 with Japan for their transfer to Japan was extorted by threats of force. There is little doubt of that. But this is a baby plea put up decade after decade by a nation that refuses to defend herself and constantly appeals to other nations to exercise in her defense a force she is too inert or poor-spirited to exercise for herself. The sight of a nation of four hundred millions crying piteously to others for defense against a nation of sixty millions becomes after twenty years or so a trifle tiresome. Why should we shed American blood to protect China, as Senator Borah suggests, when she is unwilling to shed blood to protect herself, unless our own interests are involved to a sufficient extent to justify it? Are we ready to restore Texas to Mexico and the Philippines and Cuba to Spain and Oregon to Great Britain because they came to us

as a result of treaties wrested by force or the threat of force? How many treaties of the world have come about in any other way? The Versailles Treaty itself has been extorted from Germany by force. As for our own interests in the Shantung leasehold rights, we have admitted in the Lansing-Ishii agreements that Japan has "special interests" in China due to propinquity, and if we made no protest when Germany wrested those rights from China, why are we now called upon to hold up the whole Peace Treaty because Japan wrests the same rights from Germany? The Japanese point of view is a very clear one. The fortress of Kiao-chow, less than 600 miles from Nagasaki, in the hands of a militant European nation, is a peril to her interests. If any nation other than China is to hold it, she considers herself entitled to hold it. China is as defenseless to-day as she was twenty years ago against the grab game, and if she gets Kiao-chow back again to-day who is to insure that Germany will not grab it again ten years from now? The League of Nations may give assurance but the League is still an unborn babe.

The League Covenant Gives No Protection to Japan's Interests in Shantung.

THE only way in which the Shantung rights can affect us directly is in case we enter the League of Nations and Article X (insuring the territorial integrity of each member against "external aggression") is construed as a guarantee of Japan's possession. But the Shantung concessions involve no territory except a strip of land thirty miles wide around Kiao-chow Bay, and this is merely leased for 99 years. China, nominally, retains sovereignty even over that. Japan, it is true, may have all sorts of sinister designs to make this strip her own, to possess the whole of the Shantung



PEACE TREATY

—Thomas in Los Angeles Times

Peninsula, to dominate all China; but there is nothing in the League Covenant that would compel us or the League to sustain her in any of those designs. Article X might protect China but it could not possibly protect Japan. President Lowell, of Harvard University, points out these facts, and gives other facts for concluding that objection to the Peace Treaty based on the Shantung provision is a mere "bugbear." He says:

"But there is another aspect of the case that is commonly left out of sight, yet is of the most vital importance. By a treaty between China and Japan on May 25, 1915, the Chinese government assented to the transfer of the German rights to Japan. But in a note by the Japanese Minister Plenipotentiary, representing his country in these negotiations, to be taken as a part of the agreement between the two countries, it is stated that when, after the termination of the present war, the leased territory of Kiao-chow Bay is completely left to the free disposal of Japan, the Japanese government will restore the said leased territory to China, retaining certain commercial interests similar to those held by foreign governments elsewhere in China. Now these are all parts of one series of transactions; and, therefore, in ratifying the Treaty of Peace the United States does so on the presumption that Japan will carry out her obligation to return the ceded territory to China, and it would be wholly inconsistent with such an agreement to assume an obligation to defend the Japanese possession of this territory, and, therefore, the United States assumes no such obligation under Article X."

In addition, any claim by Japan for protection in Shantung under Article I would be met by citing the Lansing-Ishii agreement, in which Japan joins this country in disclaiming "any purpose to infringe in any way upon the independence or territorial integrity of China" and in declaring opposition "to the acquisition by any government of any special rights or privileges that would affect the independence or territorial integrity of China." This statement is reinforced by the recent public utterance made by Viscount Uchida, Japan's minister of foreign affairs, that "Japan does not intend to claim any rights affecting the territorial sovereignty of China in Shantung." In the face of all these facts, what possible claim could Japan have upon our assistance, by reason of Article X, in an effort to despoil China?

Flaunting the Yellow Peril Again.

THE effort to arouse this country in the Shantung affair does not seem to have been very successful. to judge from newspaper comment. The *N. Y. Mail*, indeed, finds in "the rape of Shantung" proof that the whole Peace Conference "was in many respects a moral tragedy." The *Washington Post* declares the Shantung provisions of the Peace Treaty intolerable. Germany never had any rights there for Japan to acquire, and the United States can not honorably set its seal upon the act contemplated. "To do so would be to betray its purpose in going to war and in making peace. Its intention to defend weak republics from the brutal aggression of autocracy would be a patent lie, advertized to the whole world over the signature of the President and the Senate." The *Chicago Tribune* wants to know whether the membership of Japan in the League of Nations is "so valuable and necessary that it must be bought at the expense of the honor of America"? It



THE DISCOVERY OF CHINA

—Harding in Brooklyn Eagle

proceeds to assert that our honor is involved "when we are called upon to share in a transaction which we cannot defend because it is unjust." The *Philadelphia North American* (another journal that represents the former Progressive Party element in the Republican Party) concludes a long editorial as follows: "The episode is a depressing commentary upon the theory upon which the whole League structure rests—that altruistic idealism and justice have been made the dominating forces in world affairs by the simple process of saying so in eloquent terms." Still another of the ex-Progressive Party journals, the *N. Y. Sun*, grows wrathful over "the shame of Shantung" and especially over President Wilson's alleged part in bringing upon us the "cruel responsibility for the consummation of the outrage." (The attitude of the former Progressive Party leaders and their journals toward the League of Nations, the Peace Treaty and President Wilson is one of the most interesting developments in our politics.) Also Mr. Hearst, in a signed editorial in his papers, sees yellow dragons, as he always sees when discussing Japan, and manages as usual to include England in his terrifying warnings of what we have to fear. He says:

"The great problem before the white races is not whether boundaries of white nations in Europe shall run this way or that way, but whether Japan shall absorb and organize Asia for the conquest of the world. We know that the average American does not realize the situation any more than the average European realizes it, but that is exactly what Japan is trying to do, and what Europe is blindly and stupidly helping her to do. . . .

"For her own advantage, England would incite Japan to murder our people to-day as readily as she incited the savage Indians to butcher the colonists during our struggle for independence. The Japanese situation is a genuine danger, more immediately to America, but ultimately to the

whole white world. Upon us will fall the first burden of the battle for the white man's civilization, and we must be able and ready to bear that burden alone because the envies and hatreds of European nations, aggravated by the astounding folly of our course at Paris, will make them in the future, still more than in the past, rather our enemies than our friends."

China's Infidelity to the Allies and Nurture of German Propaganda.

ASIDE from the bitter enemies of Mr. Wilson and the former organs of the Progressive Party, the Shantung scare seems to have had as little support outside the Senate as other assaults upon the League of Nations have had—rather less, indeed. Charles H. Grasty, an experienced journalist, who was a special correspondent of the *N. Y. Times* at Paris during the peace negotiations and now is in Washington, gives us his reaction over the Senate discussions as follows:



HARMONY OF A SORT

—Pease in Newark News

"Those who know what went on at Paris think his Senate opponents are taking up time with irrelevancies. They are trying to discredit the President. They appear to think it their duty to prevent a treaty, not to complete one. The eagerness with which they hunt mare's nests while the world is burning up shows how far they are away from the actual situation that has existed and still exists everywhere." Professor George Trumbull Ladd, of Yale, for years a special student of Chinese and Japanese affairs, calls attention to certain facts. One of them is that until late in the war China was "completely under control of Germany," was a hotbed of German propaganda and of efforts (sustained by Chinese as well as German money) to arouse insurrection in Japan, which was from the first faithful to the Allies. This went so far that a joint diplomatic note was sent to China by the Allies just prior to the Peace Conference, making specific complaints of her infidelity and threatening to exclude her from the Conference. Even

to-day thousands of these German propagandists are harbored in China, who are busy in their attempts now to stir up bad blood between the United States and Japan. Another fact is that China is still in a civil war. The government at Peking and that at Canton are in constant strife, and "almost one-half of the viceroys of provinces of China are acting with armies of their own composed largely of ex-bandits and scoundrels of the worst description in defiance of any control of the government." Says Professor Ladd: "To whom, then, at the present time should Japan surrender the Shantung Peninsula? With whom can it make, according to its treaty, any satisfactory terms of mutual agreement?" Ex-President Taft is another who fails to be impressed by the Shantung outburst. He admits that Japan's disposition to encroach on China needs restraint; but he asserts that without the League of Nations there would be no restraint. The worst thing that could happen for China, he thinks, would be the failure of the League,



THE ONE-PIECE BATHING SUIT

—Cassel in New York Evening World

which in Articles X and XV offers China a chance to bring an appeal to the League against any attempts of Japan (or any other nation) to secure further dominion over the Chinese republic.

China's Only Safety Lies in a League of Nations.

THIS point of view is enforced in many articles. To have made peace without Japan, says the *Newark Evening News*, would still have left Japan in possession of Shantung and free as she is not free now to increase her domination. The *Chicago Evening Post* does not deny that there is occasion for China's fears, but asks: "If Japan had left Paris free from all obligation under the League covenant, angered because she had been denied what she considers a just reward for her participation in the war and bent upon getting that reward and as much more as she could by her own efforts, would China have been safer than she is to-day?" The *Topeka Capital* (owned by a Republican Senator) asserts that "if the League of Nations dies a' bornin', there is one government that will be tickled; that is the

Japanese." It even holds that Japan "did its utmost at Paris to wreck the League project, delivering its most telling blow at a critical hour at the end of the Peace Conference." The *Brooklyn Eagle* condemns the Shantung arrangement as violating the principles for which the Allies fought, but holds that the one thing that will mitigate such an arrangement is the creation of a League of Nations. If the Senators hostile to the League have their way, they will not only strengthen Japan's hold but "create a hundred Shantung deals" in all parts of the world. "The refusal of the Senate," observes the *St. Louis Republic*, "to ratify the treaty would not move a single Japanese official out of Shantung." The *N. Y. Times* also observes that no greater disservice to China could be done than to defeat the League of Nations project. The *N. Y. Globe* does not see what more could be asked from Japan in the way of definite promise on the Shantung question than was given in Viscount Uchida's recent statement. But—



"THERE GO MY SUNDAY PANTS."
—Murphy in *New York American*

"It is probable that the antagonists of Japan will be as little satisfied with this promise as with the previous ones. Their cries will still ring to heaven, but there is no longer any excuse for the American people being deceived by them. It is true that Japan is exerting a great and growing economic influence in China, and Viscount Uchida's promise does not imply any withdrawal of that type of Japanese activity. But such an economic invasion, when it consists of investments in legitimate enterprises and the development of trade, is looked on with approval when practised by the people of any other country, either in China or elsewhere. Why is Japanese capitalist enterprise so abhorrent, and French, British and American capitalist enterprise so thoroughly respectable? The conclusion is irresistible that there is much insincerity about these protests—insincerity which the Uchida statement should help to drive into the open."

We Must Concede to Japan Rights We Claim for Ourselves.

TWO other interesting comments on the controversy come from Republican journals. One is from the *N. Y. Tribune*, a decidedly militant type of Republican. Except for a few followers of Hearst, it says, the

American people want peace with Japan, and we must treat her fairly, conceding her a freedom of action we claim for ourselves and concede to others. It continues:

"We assert a right to set up a Monroe Doctrine for America, but question Japan's right to have a Monroe Doctrine for the Far East; we have drawn toward Japan territorially more than she has toward us; there is more popular evidence that we are arming against Japan than that she is arming against us; we exclude her people while she is glad to admit ours, and, finally, isn't it rather ridiculous for a world quiescent as many nations' encroached on China to become excited when Japan contracts the grabbing disease? If there is a Kiao-chow there also is a Tonquin, a Hongkong, a Shanghai, a Macao, and there were a Port Arthur and a Dalny and a German Kiao-chow. . . .

"The moral opinion of the modern world will continue to press for the restoration of Shantung to China, and we think it should, but let us not countenance the discussion of the controversy in ways calculated to increase unnecessarily mutual suspicion."



AND ONLY A YEAR AGO HE SWORE HE WOULD BE THE
HAPPIEST MAN IN THE WORLD WITH HER

—Ding in *St. Paul Pioneer Press*

The other comment is that by William Allen White in his *Emporia Gazette*. Mr. White was much on the scene of operations in Paris and he writes of the part enacted by President Wilson, especially in the Shantung affair. "Certainly," says White, "Shantung was bad business. It was a horse-trade. But also it was a necessary horse-trade." Further:

"President Wilson made one terrible mistake in connection with the Peace Conference, and only one; and that was being born. Being what he is, he had to function as he did. He has no dramatic talent. He cannot work in daylight; he adores the white light of publicity—for the other fellow. For himself he must work alone, must hide behind doors, shut himself up in the cloister, and content himself with followers rather than friends, with combina-

tions rather than policies, with secret negotiation rather than public and dramatic climaxes. Yet the people knew what kind of a man he was. They elected him. They wanted his kind of a man. Clearly they did not want the Roosevelt kind of man; so they must take what they chose. He had a great vision of justice. But he tried to get a realization of his vision out of a bunch of high-binders and second-story men and hatchet-throwing tong-men, and

what he got when he sat in the game with that crowd with his fourteen points, was the worst of it multiplied by six.

"Yet, nevertheless, he did get something worth while. And if he had not gone to Europe, the world would have been greatly the loser. For he has brought back a League of Nations—not much of a league, but the best of its kind possible, and if it is a shadow of a league it is the shadow of a rising sun. And it will grow stronger than weaker."

There is suspicion that the Senate's concern over Shantung is inspired less by friendship for Shantung than by enmity for a certain high official of our government.—Nashville *Southern Lumberman*.

Of course the Republican Senators are forward-looking men. They are all looking forward to 1920.—Charleston *News and Courier*.

GLIMPSES BEHIND THE SCENES OF JAPANESE DIPLOMACY

FOR the first time since he assumed the post of Premier at Tokyo, the democratic and somewhat plebeian Mr. Hara has been able to subordinate the anti-American agitation in the press to his domestic policy. The high-born clansmen associated with his ministry have connived at anti-Americanism and the foreign office under Viscount Uchida has stimulated this agitation to the utmost. It is based upon the race discrimination for which President Wilson is held responsible. Mr. Hara has all along taken the position that America's attitude to the alleged yellow peril is of less immediate importance in Tokyo than the industrial unrest throughout Japan. Events have now vindicated his judgment. Never in all her history has the "westernized" Japan been so convulsed by industrial disturbances. These set in as long ago as last June. There is scarcely an important industrial center in the empire, according to the reports of the *London Post*, which has escaped the strike agitation. Accounts of what took place in the larger manufacturing areas are served up by European Socialist papers in a fashion to suggest that Japan is on the brink of a social revolution that may prove far more thoroughgoing than any reported so far from Russia. These reports are minimized in conservative dailies abroad, but all admit that the domestic situation has modified the Jingo policy considerably at Tokyo. There may be less aggression in China, not quite such energetic penetration in Siberia, and certainly there will be a less sanguinary form of suppression at home than that which has imparted a bloody tinge to the history of the strikes in the great industrial establishments. Mr. Hara, the *Humanité* says, may not be kicked out by the clans just yet.

The Two Warring Elements in Japan.

THE unique feature of the present political crisis in Japan, explains the French Socialist organ, is the power it seems to have brought to the elements at the base of society—the workers in the mills and in the fields, and the somewhat half-educated young men who have grown up in the cities and who subsist precariously after their term of military service has expired. These youths are the nucleus of the intellectual proletariat from which the ranks of the cheap politicians and journalists are recruited. They get up agitations for democratic suffrage, they sneer at the pretensions of the clansmen, and they question the division of wealth now

Tokyo Seems Fairly Successful in an Un- exampld Censorship

prevailing in Japan. Their importance resides in the fact that they provide the brutalized and discontented proletarian masses with leadership, and this leadership opens a chasm between the clansmen and the people. The clans have until lately held the supreme official posts. They have been ministers, ambassadors, peers, Elder Statesmen. The new Japan is seen by the western world only through the Makinos, the Saion-jis, the Uchidas. The growth of the plutocracy established by the industrial rebirth brought millionaires into the peerage. Finally Mr. Hara and his followers got into office. They are being pushed aside from below by the institution of the strike, which has suddenly taken prodigious hold of the popular imagination. The situation became so serious that Mr. Hara, says the *Paris Débats*, came near to losing his office. He refused to endorse the grim militarism of the measures suggested by the Elder Statesmen. A ministry of clansmen exclusively was decided upon. The great capitalists took alarm. Industry was at a standstill. They deemed a policy of concession sounder than one of wholesale slaughter. They backed Hara. Liberal Japan scored its first great triumph over the clansmen and the common herd were not shot to pieces for rioting.

Closeness of the Censorship in Japan.

A CLEAR picture of the domestic crisis in Japan can not be gained by any European eye, concedes the *London Post*, because the censorship is too skilful. A complaint of the difficulty of transmitting dispatches to Europe from Tokyo is made by journalists who get home to London, Paris and Rome, altho these complaints are pronounced preposterous by the press bureau connected with the Japanese foreign office. Only in some sort of indirect mode known to a few can a dispatch giving the facts be sent by a correspondent to a European newspaper, and he runs the risk of discovery and expulsion. On the other hand Japan has an expensively-equipped service of "news" from Tokyo for the benefit of European and American dailies. This service transmits interviews with leading statesmen and rosy versions of political crises, together with exciting narratives of how public opinion is worked up to fever heat against America and England. Very little is permitted to leak out on such topics as the manhood suffrage riots, the strike for living wages in the textile mills and the revolt of a division that refused to entrain for service

in Siberia. Hence an overwrought and misleading tale about the domestic crisis in a Socialist daily like the Naples *Avanti* or a prediction of upheavals to come in a moderate organ of liberalism like the London *News* seems unduly sensational, especially as it is explained away at once by a member of the ubiquitous press-staff kept going by Japan in all the great capitals. So, at any rate, we are assured by the Manchester *Guardian* and the London *Nation*. This Japanese censorship is working just now with a skill approaching perfection. It is of vital importance to Japanese diplomacy, explains the Italian organ of Socialism further, that the gravity of the domestic crisis be hidden from the democracies of the West. The whole Tokyo press is trained to bark at the western world at the bidding of Uchida, Makino and Company.

A Peep Behind the Chinese Veil.

UCHIDA is accused by some of the European journalists of carrying the art of the Japanese press agent to perfection in all recent dealings with Peking. The British foreign office is affirmed by the Rome *Tribuna* to have gone far, at the bidding of Lord Curzon, in remonstrating with Uchida. The situation parallels that which set London and Tokyo by the ears when the great war began. Grey, it seems, sent word to Kato that Great Britain did not need a declaration of war against Germany by Japan. Grey—then Sir Edward—knew that Japan would use the war as a pretext to seize and hold Shantung. He told her then that she must confine her operations to the China Sea and eventually turn Kiao-chow over to China. That was the policy until Balfour took hold of the foreign office in London and a new deal was made with the Terauchi ministry. The secrets of that deal are still to be made known, but the Italian organ, well posted in recent diplomatic history, says that Balfour was dumbfounded when he ascertained beyond cavil that Japan used the war as an excuse for a superfluous and sanguinary march from one end of Shantung to the other, with incidental reference to the presence of a small German force at Tsingtau. The Japanese capture of Tsingtau, as a military or naval triumph, must be regarded as a joke. Japan simply confronted Great Britain with an accomplished fact and forced an appropriate secret treaty.

A Secret of Japan's Policy in China.

WESTERN diplomacy has yet to grasp the fact that China, from the standpoint of the dynasty of Yoshihito, is a dependency of the Kotei, the sovereign, personally. China acquired this status when the late Yuan Shi Kai yielded to the famous and mysterious twenty-one demands. The Italian organ, which is so well informed on these topics, understands that some exceptional and religious sanction invested the assumption of sovereignty over China by the Emperor Yoshihito. All promises, therefore, to hand Shantung back to China mean no more than that Shantung will become an integral portion of a Japanese dependency. Pledges on this subject by Makino mean nothing. He has no authority from heaven. Yoshihito would have to restore China to herself and even then he must visit the shrine of Ise and make a vow in the presence of the ancestral spirits. There are points of Shinto ethics involved here

which can be explained only by the initiated, but in practical application the perfection of the Japanese people is involved. They have no evil inclinations and do not need reform, like the western world. To ask them to restore Shantung is to be guilty of disrespect to the Shinto faith. The inclusion of China in the list of possessions of the sovereign is required by the Shinto faith after the dramatic episode of some years ago when the ambassador of Yoshihito invaded the palace in which Yuan Shi Kai was then immured and declared the unalterable purpose of the dynasty. If the view of this affair which prevails at Rome has a solid basis in the theology of the secluded Yoshihito, he alone can give the pledge to give up China or Shantung. The only alternative is a revolution in Japan itself—a revolution that would humble the clans and reduce Yoshihito to the forlorn ranks of deposed sovereigns. The proletarian revolts of strikers and soldiers in Japan point to this development, but only vaguely, as the *Humanité* itself concedes. What seems to be a constitutional struggle in Japan is really a race feud, with the clans holding down the inferior element. For generations the people of Japan have been ruled by the privileged clans above them, who are said to belong to a breed that came comparatively late into the islands. Such are the recent readings of the Japanese riddle by European dailies.

Uchida's Management of the Tokyo Foreign Office.

THOSE radical and Socialist dailies in Europe which have followed the diplomatic career of Uchida with most attention ridicule the notion that there will be any relaxation of the hold on Shantung. Viscount Uchida is an expert, the moderate *Tribuna* fears, in giving correct pledges of a polite character that signify nothing but a renewal of negotiations already tortuous. Uchida was foreign minister in the second Saion-ji cabinet. Uchida is "liberal" as that term is understood by the clans. His career in diplomacy has been brilliant in a traditional sense. He was minister at Peking, ambassador at Vienna, Washington, Petrograd. During his last mission in Russia he was facile enough to remain on good terms with the Bolsheviks without breaking with the reaction that set up shop in the great camp of refugees at Paris. The specialty of Uchida is the framing of phrases that read one way and work out practically in another. Even the cautious *Temps* has taken occasion to complain of the difficulty of comprehending the abstrusities of Uchida's language. The fact that he is doing the greater part of the official phrase-making on the subject of Shantung inspires not only the Paris *Action* but the London *Post* itself with a certain amount of misgiving. Uchida is the diplomatist upon whom the clansmen rely whenever negotiations must be conducted upon a basis of intimate acquaintance not only with China but the United States. Never were the Japanese press agents so busy in forwarding to western capitals the familiar type of official assurance that Tokyo is walking loyally with London and Washington towards the goal of democracy. These phrases afford satisfaction to the London *Times* and the Paris *Temps*, but the Manchester *Guardian* observes that at a time when the Tokyo foreign office was loudest in its professions of attachment for America, the press under official control was cursing America heartily. In fact,

there is a suspicion in the European press that the California issue has in the past been purposely exaggerated by Japanese diplomatists for purposes indistinguishable from bluff. In truth, to cite a suspicion in the

London *Nation*, Uchida and his staff at Tokyo must themselves be dumbfounded at the success in dealing with great western powers of a policy that is built upon bluff, even if it does not take the form of bluster.

ENGLAND ON THE BRINK OF SOCIAL REVOLUTION

SENSATIONAL dispatches from London within the past few weeks scarcely clear the obscurity still involving the effort of the triple alliance—the great industrial combination of miners, railwaymen and transport



MIRAGE OR OASIS?

—Donahy in Cleveland Plain Dealer

workers—to carry the great strike a step further. These trade-unions threaten to bring the country's industrial life to a halt unless the ministry repeals the conscription act, withdraws from the war against the Russian soviet republic, releases conscientious objectors and puts an end to the use of troops in strikes. The proposals marked, as the London *Telegraph* points out, a "new and dangerous" departure in British trade-union policy and practice and are due to the now famous Bob Smillie. Until he got his power, the trade-unions reserved the strike weapon—even the strike threat—for wage controversies, hours and conditions of actual toil. The new attitude of labor under Smillie foreshadows the possibility of the government being held up by a general strike for a political purpose. Consider, says the conservative London daily, the four issues which have brought on the present great crisis. Two of them were subjects of acute controversy at the general election last December. "They are all purely political and under the

Labor Leaders Determined to Fight the Political Strike to a Finish

trade-union practice which has hitherto obtained they would have been matters to be raised in Parliament by the labor members and discussed on political platforms at the by-elections and at the next general election." The new trade-unionists—the wing of extremists led by Smillie—seek to supersede the political side of the labor movement by taking these issues out of the control of Parliament and disposing of them by these novel tactics.

Seriousness of the Issue in England's Strike.

SMILLIE and his followers insist that their tactics are not novel. They are striking over questions that are at bottom industrial—conscription, the war on a labor government in Russia, the use of armed forces to



"TEE HEE! WHY PICK ON ME?"

—Pease in Newark News

break a strike. Even the conscientious objector is in most cases a workingman. Thus runs the contention in the London *Herald*, but the London *Telegraph* and the conservative dailies repeat their original charge that this is all a political strike, a misuse of power. Those, argues the latter daily, who stand firm to the constitutional principle of dealing with labor matters by means of the trade-unions, and with political questions through Parliament, insist that Smillie is really a revolutionist. The strike is a revolution, a bit of treason, a variation of the Bolshevism at Petrograd. Some impression of

the kind exists in the minds of the British labor-union leaders of the traditional type, men like Arthur Henderson, who came home hurriedly from the continent to adjust the crisis if he could; J. H. Thomas, the Welsh organizer of miners; J. R. Clynes, who has held office as a laborite, and some others of the old school. Smillie and his champions of direct action say that Parliament was chosen last December on a "fluke" and is not a representative body. They mean to press their case with their novel weapon. The ministry is crying "treason" and preparing for prosecutions in the courts, for wholesale arrests and for the use of troops to man the abandoned mines and docks. Influenced, perhaps, by these developments, Mr. Smillie reduced the demands of the "triple alliance" to two—conscription and retirement from Russia. The indignant *London Telegraph*, organ of the solidly respectable element among the upper middle classes of England, remarks:

"In point of principle it would make no difference whether a dictatorship were set up by the action of all the trade-unions or of only a few of them. In either case, even the very shadow of political freedom for the people of Great Britain would disappear; and that is as plainly perceived and as vehemently declared by many labor leaders as by any of us. It is unnecessary—it is, indeed, most undesirable in this connection—to go into any discussion on the matters of policy which it is sought to determine by 'direct action.' The Ministry governs with the authority of a duly elected House of Commons; and the attempt now being made is an attempt to override both, and to smash

vidual common sense will come to the rescue when the issue as between democracy and a minority dictatorship is as plainly discernible."

Alleged Intrigues of Revolutionists Behind England's Strike Crisis.

THIS great strike in England was brought on, the conservative *London Post* declares, not by the rank and file of the workers in the "triple alliance," but by the small political factions that live like parasites on the trade-union and labor movements. "The whole of this Bolshevik agitation and the demand for the withdrawal of conscription came originally from the political labor party and political socialist group." The dictatorship of the proletariat, which is so much talked about in the dailies of London, means the dictatorship of Bob Smillie and his pal Williams, affirms the angry Tory organ. Behind all the rhetoric and fustian of these two, we read, is the fact that they want to decide the home and foreign policy of Great Britain. "This has always been the objective of the miners' leaders in the triple alliance." The truth is bared in their pamphlets. These talk of two million workers in "key" industries. Could the community, let alone the state, resist such a force? The collapse of the country before these very unions in the strikes of 1912-14, that is, even prior to their triple alliance, and the surrender four times consecutively since July, 1915, to one section alone (the South Wales Miners' Federation) supply the answers. This triple alliance has a constructive policy of deliberate procedure and vast economic powers as well as political influence "on the very throttle controlling the vital sources and nerve centers of the national life." It was this control of vital economic and military functions that made the council of deputies of soldiers and workers supreme in Russia. It is this economic and political power that gives its strength to the triple alliance now threatening "direct action" in England. It is this power, says *The Post*, that Smillie and his pals are using for



"GIVE ME THOSE RAILROADS!"
—Rehse in *New York World*

the Constitution in pieces. It is all the less necessary to discuss those matters of policy because it is perfectly clear that the men engaged in this business are primarily 'out' to shatter the fabric of political democracy in this country, and that if the present pretexts were lacking, they would pitch upon others. For such a plan there is, among organized workers, only the most trifling support; but it is possible, as we have intimated already, that the temper of resentment and suspicion which has been stirred up over purely industrial affairs may lead large numbers of trade unionists to back up anything which threatens to embarrass the Government. Our belief is, nevertheless, that indi-



SAVE ANYTHING? OH, YES—HE SAVED A LITTLE DAYLIGHT
—Reid in *Laramie Republican*

their own aggrandizement. The organ of Tory reaction proceeds:

"We know what the Triple Alliance exists for by the admission of its promoters. It forms the shock troops of the revolutionary movement. That its directors represent the mass of labor is a pretension made ridiculous by their program—the championing of Lenin and Trotzky in Russia and of the Conscientious Objectors in England. These enthusiasms are no more those of the British working classes than were the pro-German and defeatist enthusiasms which distinguished the Triple Alliance dictators during the war.

"What has happened obviously is that those who control the machine of labor have gone too far and fast. They have antagonized not only public opinion but working-class opinion; and the government can safely count on over-

whelming support in resisting the gross intimidation which has been employed. The national impatience and indignation are gathering every hour, and ministers will be blind to their opportunity as well as to their duty if they do not stand firm and unyielding now. By resolute handling of this ugly situation they may win a decisive victory; by the least sign of hesitation or weakness they will not merely incur present defeat, but ensure their ultimate undoing. Steadfastness broke the German offensive in the Spring of 1918; and the same quality will break the not less formidable offensive which is on foot now. The nation cannot live under the shadow of Mr. Smillie's incessant and peremptory 'Stand and Deliver.' We must be free or die; and of all forms of servitude the least tolerable is that which the Triple Alliance, with the miners in the van, now seeks to impose."

There is a possibility that England also may become dry. This may account for the desire that has sprung up in Scotland for independence.—Nashville *Tennessean*.

It is to be hoped that Poland hasn't deprived the world of a peerless pianist in order to make a second-class statesman.—Nashville *Southern Lumberman*.

FIRST POLITICAL CRISIS OF THE NEW GERMANY

TAKING the German press as a whole, from the *Freiheit*, organ of the independents of the extreme type, to the *Deutsche Tageszeitung*, frankly opportunist, it would seem to have little faith in the Bauer combination now ruling—"the ministry of the signature." Conservative organs at Berlin tell us that this ministry is incapable of ruling. Socialist papers incline to defend it. Mildly bourgeois sheets think the Bauer combination should be given a free field and no favor. The emergence of this Bauer government, however, as the *Journal de Genève* points out, is the first genuinely parliamentary crisis through which Germany has passed since the adoption of the new democratic constitution. As a first effort it has not gone off so badly. President Ebert, who said he would not endure a ministry that favored the signing of the peace treaty, did not prove too obstinate on this head. He swallowed the Bauer combination. The great fact to the outside world is that a German parliament has actually precipitated a crisis. It threw out the Scheidemann cabinet. It presided over the birth of the Bauer one. It was the German parliament which dictated to the government regarding its composition, instead of meekly obeying the government, as had been the custom. Under the old Reichstag the deliberations of the political groups were purely formal when once the "government" had given judgment in a disputed matter of policy. It might have been feared that habits of servility thus acquired would survive the fall of the old system and that the parliament would follow in the wake of the executive like a lot of sheep, as occurs in other countries, even democratic ones.

New Germany Rescued from Peril.

HAD the first cabinet crisis in the new Germany been solved in the traditional Potsdam fashion, the world would at once have seen that President Ebert was the figurehead of a farce. Parliamentary government would have turned out a mummery. Nothing of the sort took place. The decision of the Socialist groups

The German Revolution is in a State of Suspense That May Soon Terminate

and the Roman Catholic groups appears to have been the actual basis in fact upon which the Bauer combination was built. There is another significant detail to the Swiss organ. This was the maintenance of the inner discipline of the various groups. In the matter of form, the deliberations of the assembly have not changed their character. The chiefs of each group or fraction—those who used to be called at Berlin the seniors—speak in the name of their colleagues without being disavowed. This circumstance imparts to the debates of the popular assembly of the German republic a certain formality and even a cut-and-dried quality somewhat alien to the tone of true parliamentary discussion. It is difficult to believe that this system will be maintained for long, an impression shared by French dailies. For the moment, as the Geneva newspaper remarks, the German assembly gives the world a peculiar parliamentary spectacle. There are countries, as we all know, in which two great parties dispute with each other for power and succeed each other at regular intervals. That was the case in England until the present century. It was the case, with some modifications, in Spain and Rumania, which enjoyed what is called the system of rotation. In yet other countries parliamentary institutions seemed to render the party idea a trifle abstract and to split parties into groups, as is the case in France and Italy. Groups were formed behind nominal leaders and these groups were not always separated by actual divergences of policy. The result was a parliamentary system of atoms or of highly individualized factions. It is not easy as yet to define the system to which the new Germany is inclining in view of the formation of this Bauer cabinet.

Political Groups in the New Germany.

UNDER the system of which President Ebert is the nominal chief, we have a political Germany divided into at least six big parties and a few little ones. Not one of these, or so the Geneva journal thinks, can hope to rule in defiance of the rest, and this impression is general in the European mind. It would seem that a

coalition cabinet must long be the normal form of ministerial government in Germany. That was a fact which explained much in the Germany of William II. and enables the well-informed to understand why a truly parliamentary system never evolved under the Hohenzollern shadow. It may turn out that a parliamentary government will prove impossible or unworkable in the peculiar conditions at Berlin and Weimar. There will be little groups coming together as nominal parties or perhaps the big parties will split into factions under various men. Something of the sort seems already to have occurred. Hence the Bauer "ministry of the signature." Within the Socialist party we find Scheidemann opposing Bauer. Within the Roman Catholic center, Giesbert and Spahn are fighting Erzberger, as may be divined by perusal of the *Germania* (Berlin), the *Vorwärts* (Berlin) and the *Kölnische Volkszeitung*. Even among the so-called democrats, who profess unity, we see Dernburg opposed to Richthofen. Are these antipathies, asserting themselves over the first great question of policy, to become more heated and more defined? That, replies the Swiss organ, is the question of the future. For the moment the feuds are not sufficiently strong to split the parties into fragments. The Socialists are still rallying behind Bauer. The Roman Catholics recognize Erzberger as the leader. The democrats are marching with Dernburg. The minorities in each group have yielded the point and the democrats refused to have anything to do with the Bauer combination.

Peculiarity of the Parliamentary Position in Germany.

MORE important than any other political development in Germany is this refusal of the democrats under Dernburg—Richthofen was of the same mind—to have any connection with the Bauer coalition. This group seems to represent the liberal bourgeoisie, or at least, says the *Tageszeitung*, it professes to do so. It corresponds, the *Journal* (Geneva) says, to the so-called radical or radical-socialist party in France. It embraces all the forces of bourgeois resistance which long for progress without either reaction or revolutionary upheaval. The absence of this element from the direction of affairs in Germany just now seems likely to have important consequences from the standpoint of the immediate future of events and it plainly perturbs the French conservative groups for which the *Paris Débats* speaks. The difficulty in the new Germany has to do not merely with the application of the terms of the peace but with the necessity of inspiring the people to work by giving them some kind of hope. The national mood now is one of black despair, with an occasional longing for a chance to get "revenge." It is an explosive force, admits the *Temps*. The problem is very difficult to the Bauer ministry, to President Ebert, to any German cabinet that may emerge in the near future.

Tasks Before the German Rulers.

IF Bauer turns out incompetent, if he can find no way of equipping the Germans with raw materials and finding a market for them, when they are worked up into goods, he can not last. Then he must repress domestic agitations of an excessive kind without making his min-

istry and its policy odious. He must find a way out of the labor deadlock brought on by the general cessation of all work of a productive kind, the epidemic of loafing due to the lack of light and leading, of hope and ambition. Bauer has also to socialize the means of production and of distribution sufficiently to keep the workers from crying that he has betrayed them, and still he must not carry the process so far that the bourgeoisie will shriek that it is robbed. He must assure himself of the effective cooperation of all the states of Germany—Bavaria, Hesse, Saxony, as well as Prussia—through a formula at once unifying and federalist. All this implies capacity of the highest order in Bauer, and the French papers do not share the expectation of the Swiss one that this somewhat unexpected and obscure personage has the gifts. The *Figaro* sneers at him. The *Temps* distrusts him. The *Débats* treats him as an incarnation of the old duplicity. There is some doubt regarding his innocence of all connection with disorders in the state. He is accused of coquetting with the Soviets. It is a peril. Thus the *Vorwärts*, seemingly in touch with the Scheidemann faction, warns the pacifists against the conspiracies of the communists and the danger of civil war. It insists that the champions of the Soviet system, the followers of the Spartacides, are lurking for a fresh spring. Any day may bring its news of another fusillade. What would Bauer do in a crisis of that kind? He would, predicts the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, be no rock of safety. He would not even give Herr Noske a free hand.

Democracy in the New Germany.

SOCIALIST papers abroad are much impressed by the fact that the new Germany is the most democratic country in the world to-day, at least in form. We are reminded by the *Humanité* that the German president is elected and yet subject to the recall. The government is subject at every turn to the will of the duly chosen representatives of the people. The legislative power is vested in a single chamber and that chamber is elected on the most democratic suffrage conceivable, for it rests upon a basis of proportional representation and woman suffrage. Finally, the people enjoy the right of the initiative and the referendum as these things are understood in Switzerland. Not one of the great powers, observes the *London News*, has gone so far as has the new Germany in creating a democratic system of government. These details, adds the *Basler Nachrichten*, should be given due weight by those champions of democracy in other lands who are loud in their aspirations for the foreigner while fostering despotism at home. It is true, adds the *Journal de Genève*, that democracy does not reside primarily in forms and statutes. There is the spirit of democracy to be taken into account, and it remains to be seen whether or not it inspires the new Germany. The organ of the extremists, the *Freiheit*, which protested so vehemently against the terms of the "shameful peace," is of opinion that the newly-enfranchised Germany is the hope of the world, that it will be her privilege to point the way to freedom for all the world. She hopes to enjoy the favor of the powerful Socialist parties in the allied and associated nations, which, the *Freiheit* adds, are bent upon the restoration of Germany to a place of honor and dignity among the nations.

EUROPE'S LATEST LESSON IN IRISH-AMERICAN POLITICS

ONE of the unpleasant features of the Parisian sojourn of President Wilson and his immense American suite, as reported in the French press, was the arrival of dispatches from the Irish-Americans. They persisted in telegraphing to the Hotel Crillon and even to the Quai d'Orsay. These messages purported now and then to be intimations from the Democratic party. In effect, they were signed by members of that party with Irish names. Often they came from Boston. Senator Walsh of Massachusetts is held responsible by the correspondents abroad for the indiscretions, for such they certainly were. All the messages related to the League of Nations with an infrequent reference to the high cost of living. The idea always was that the President ought to drop his campaign for the League and come home. In the end the gentlemen in the President's suite permitted the European journalists to understand that the Irish-Americans were a nuisance, but Mr. Wilson did not know how to get rid of them. During these embarrassing moments the question of Sinn Fein was to the fore. It attracted attention in the French and Italian press. Rumors were all about to the effect that Premier Lloyd George and Mr. Wilson were talking about the effect of Irish discontent upon the fate of the League of Nations. Both statesmen found out to their dismay, as the *Indépendance Belge* (Brussels) has it, that the aims they sought in the Paris conference were threatened with

How the Foreign Misadventures of President Wilson Affected the World Crisis

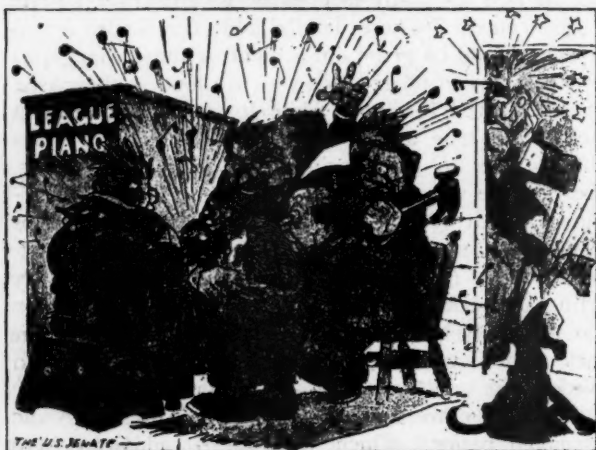
defeat by the Irish-Americans. They had unexpectedly mined the ground beneath the President's feet.

Unexpected Revolt in Wilson's Camp.

NOT long before the close of Mr. Wilson's stay in Paris, he learned to his surprise that the revolt in his own party compromised his League of Nations far more gravely than did the agitation for reservations in the Republican camp. That news reached Clemenceau sooner than it reached Mr. Wilson himself and Clemenceau was kept posted by the Italian journalists. Ever since the Fiume episode the Italian press has sought to give Europe a just estimate of the political situation in the United States. Perhaps the *Corriere* and the *Giornale* have made too much of the Irish-American revolt within the Democratic party, but these and other dailies soon brought opinion abroad around to the notion that Mr. Wilson's own party was not behind him. He had ceased to lead the Democrats. The occasion was the Irish question. The proof was the triumph of Senator Walsh in Massachusetts. This Irish-American Senator went over to the opposition when it transpired that the League of Nations was a device (as he looks at it) to keep Ireland forever within the British empire. Senator Walsh found himself an important personage in the columns of the *London Times* and other newspapers which look at America from the standpoint of world politics. The whole of Tammany Hall was supposed also to be in revolt against Wilson. To make the situation worse, as the *London daily* puts it, the Germans fell in behind the Irish. The whole history of recent American politics has been made by this alliance.

Doubtful Wisdom of the Wilsonian Tactics.

ITALIAN papers which follow American affairs with interest, as so many of them now do, comment upon the growing division along radical lines which the Wilsonian policy has brought about among ourselves. The first conspicuous episode of the kind followed the Fiume outcry. In the months that have intervened, the German element has acquired a new political self-consciousness, says the *Tribuna*, but the lack of political acumen among the Germans has deprived them of the advantage they might otherwise enjoy because of their numbers. They did achieve a partial triumph in the victory of Thompson at Chicago. The great victory of the Irish was the election of Walsh as Senator from Massachusetts. In one or two congressional elections since then, the Italian organ says, the racial feuds have caused Mr. Wilson to lose wherever his League of Nations has been the issue. In short, European press comment upon American affairs tends more and more to become an elucidation of the racial factor in the electorate. Dailies like the *London Post* dwell upon the strength of the Irish Roman Catholic element in American politics, compared with the weakness of the Protestant Ulster element. French papers wonder if the large German vote in America may not prejudice the treaty for the protection of France against an act of aggression by Germany. Even the organ of Venizelos at Athens re-



YOU WOULDN'T KNOW IT WAS THE SAME INSTRUMENT
—Darling in *Saturday Evening Post*

joices in the presence of an influential Greek element in New York politics. There is henceforth to be an intense development of this feeling, says the *London Post*, because the European governments will have a vital interest in keeping it alive. An American citizen will henceforth have a divided allegiance, one to his own country and the next to the nations with which the grand alliance has been made, England and France.

Advantages of the Irish-Americans Over Wilson.

UNFORTUNATELY for the good intentions of Mr. Wilson in cementing Anglo-American friendship, as the *London Post* puts the matter, the Irish have a position of immense strategical importance in American politics. They are entrenched within the Democratic party. If, adds the *London Times*, there ensued a revolt of the Irish from the party led by Mr. Wilson, it would lose all prospect of winning a national election for an indefinite period. When Mr. Wilson set out for Europe he did not fully appreciate the effect of his League of Nations upon the Irish-American mind. Those English papers which rejoiced in the League because it guaranteed Ireland to Great Britain did Mr. Wilson a bad turn. The *London Times* has for weeks been striving to undo all this mischief. It has printed columns of eulogy of the Irish-American. It says again and again that unless the issues raised by Sinn Fein are settled in a manner satisfactory to the Irish-Americans, all hope of Anglo-American harmony in world politics must be abandoned. This story was scouted by a few of the men who came to Paris with Mr. Wilson. They minimized the Irish-American movement, they declared that President Wilson did not owe his influence to the Irish-Americans, they went the length of declaring that the Democratic party would be better off if the Irish-Americans left it.

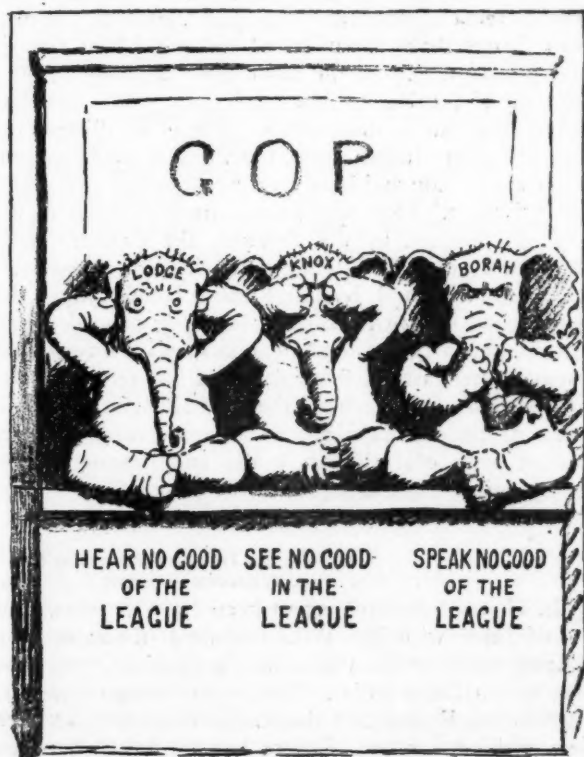


LOOKS BETTER WITHOUT 'EM
—Donahy in *Cleveland Plain Dealer*

This precipitated the Walsh revolt. The Senator from Massachusetts announced himself in favor of drastic reservations to the treaty. There is a story going the rounds of the French papers to the effect that the President himself had to take a hand in the Irish-American situation within his own party. What the action was remains a secret from the European public, but it is closely connected, the *Débats* says, with the sudden precedence given the Irish question by Lloyd George.

The Irish-American Shock to the British Mind.

ARE the Irish-Americans strong enough to prevent the ratification of the Peace Treaty by the United States Senate? The question was answered in the negative by the *London Times*. The conclusion was accepted without question at Paris until the Italian press began to hint that the Irish-Americans were strong enough to force reservations to the Treaty if they persisted in their rebellion against the authority of Mr. Wilson. Europe now learns that the Irish-American rebellion was persisted in, that Senator Walsh has proved himself a strategist of genius. He forced the hand of the Wilson administration. The American press as a whole inclined to ignore his action at a time when his fame gave the *London Times* a subject for serious concern. The difficulty all along in grasping the truth, as the great British daily remarks, is that Englishmen derive their impressions of the American political situation from the cultivated and educated Anglo-Saxons whom they encounter in London society. The best element socially in America does not count at all in Congress, and the nice things about England uttered



THREE LITTLE ELEPHANTS
—Harding in *Brooklyn Eagle*

in the drawing rooms along Fifth Avenue have no relation to the size of the Democratic majority in a contested election. The "loyal" Briton lives in a fool's paradise established for him by his Anglo-American friends, and the whole Anglo-American cordial understanding is threatened with disaster because of this ignorance. The moral of it all to the *London Times* is that the Irish question will have to be dealt with in a far more conciliatory fashion than has yet been suspected by the Ulsterites and the British Tories. In the same vein the Manchester *Guardian* adds:

"How long are we to sacrifice the security of good relations with America, our political credit in the world, and our own self-respect to the incompetence of timorous or reactionary politicians? How long are we to allow a situation to continue in Ireland which even the most insensate of partisans must see to be untenable, and which if not courageously dealt with is bound to grow progressively worse? There have been signs that Mr. Lloyd George is not altogether blind to the realities of the situation. The fact that he facilitated the visit of the American Irish delegates to Ireland—a generous inspiration, even if it has not

turned out well—and that he was known to be at one time willing to meet them after their visit, at least shows that he is not content with a purely negative attitude. . . .

"Nationalist Ireland, it is certain, is now and will remain ungovernable except by force, and even the Unionist party in its heart, and on the lips of many of its leading men, has ceased to believe in the efficacy of force. If nothing else forbade it, the present state of Europe and of the world would forbid. Everywhere we have been engaged in destroying autocracies and setting up free States. Everywhere in Europe the Conference now sitting in Paris is engaged in solving problems of nationality, problems of dissenting minorities, indistinguishable in fact and in principle from our own problem in Ireland. And, tho the Conference itself must deal with the question of Ireland and President Wilson cannot, unfortunately, be called in as arbiter, yet it is impossible that any League of Nations should permanently ignore it. As tyrannies elsewhere in the world are progressively diminished and put down, so the strange and almost incredible anomaly of the maintenance by the oldest of the great free nations of a condition of servitude in a part of its home dominions will become ever more insistent and intolerable."

Some of the interests that are calling loudly upon Uncle Sam to put Mexico on its feet really want him to stand Mexico on its head.—Chicago *Daily News*.

The Bolsheviks are running away from tanks in the Don country, and the tanks are running away from the prohibiki in this country.—Washington *Post*.

ITALY'S SERIOUS GRIEVANCE AGAINST MR. WILSON

SOME day, affirms the *Popolo d'Italia*, the history of the events leading up to the precipitate change of American ambassadors in Rome will fill mankind with amazement at the duplicities of which human nature is capable. All Italy seems aflame with feeling on the subject of President Wilson and this sentiment seems to grow more furious. The new American envoy has work to do. The Nitti government appears to accuse the Washington government (or that charge is brought in certain inspired gazets) of exercising an economic pressure that keeps the masses of the people in a state of semistarvation. There are many things in the Treaty of peace to which Italy objects, says the *Idea Nazionale*. Italy balks. She is kept without food. Her women and children grow emaciated. Washington remains obdurate. No food. Italy has to accept leagues of nations, supergovernments, British mandates in Turkish possessions, Shantung usurpations and all the rest of it. Her alternative is starvation. One American ambassador refused to be the instrument of such a policy. Another one is to prove more pliable. Nitti, the new Premier, lacks the courage to throw off the Wilsonian yoke. These are the complaints of the *Avanti*, but they are echoed in one form or another in many organs of the bourgeoisie. The suspicion that Nitti was under the thumb of Wilson and the Washington diplomacy discredited him, and therefore, as the Paris *Humanité* says, the substitution of the Nitti cabinet for that of Orlando did not bring calm to the peninsula.

Italy's Sense of Being Betrayed.

ITALY does not hold President Wilson solely responsible for the plight in which she finds herself. She remains, however, in the word of the *Tribuna*, the

She Was Completely Misled, Her Press Thinks, Regarding the League of Nations

"betrayed" nation. She is one of the victors in the world war, but she has been treated as one of the vanquished. That is the message of the Nitti ministry to the Italian people, and the clever and experienced Tittoni was made foreign minister to change all that. Still Wilson remains obdurate regarding the food, Clemenceau shrugs those shoulders of his and Lloyd George pays attention only to the labor crisis at home. Hence the tone of the Italian newspapers for weeks past has emphasized these discontents. There is dislike for America in the Italian press, but there is condemnation for Great Britain and horror at the course of that Latin sister, France. Thus may be summarized much in the way of comment by the *Tribuna*, the *Corriere della Sera*, the *Avanti*. The latter complains that when Wilson bought England, bought France, bought Japan, he paid a good stiff price to each, but Italy is so despised that she gets an occasional meal only—with threats that it may be her last. A fine League of Nations, observes the Socialist organ, to hand the food about in that style—one of the members gorged at every meal, another warmed with coal all day winter and summer, while Italy is left in rags, a beggar at the door!

Italian Disappointment at the Wilsonian League.

NITTI has been striving to keep Italy in some kind of favor with Mr. Wilson while at the same time bringing home to M. Pichon at the Quai d'Orsay that France is a Latin nation. Tittoni, as foreign minister, is reminding France that the Anglo-Saxon nations have done nothing for her. France has to choose between the Anglo-Saxon nations and Italy. Faced with that alternative, Pichon awaits the ratification of the Franco-

Anglo-American pact. If it fails, France will step out of the League of Nations. She had no faith in it, from the start. Thus runs the account in the *Avanti*, with incidental confirmation in the *Tribuna* and the *Messaggero*. The judgment of these organs is obviously affected by the food situation, Wilson being the scapegoat. When Italy trained with the Hohenzollern, eggs and clothes were to be had. The Hohenzollern is abandoned at the behest of Wilson, and the Italians have nothing to eat. The *Tribuna* adds to this that Italy at least was an ally of great powers while to-day she is left out of the new triplice because Mr. Wilson will not have her. These are the explanations of the fact that the Nitti cabinet is not satisfactory to Italians.

Prospects of a New Cabinet at Rome.

IN Italy Nitti is regarded as a stop-gap, a tool, a man of the moment, doing the work of the sinister old man Giolitti, who did not want Italy to enter the war against Germany, who is the greatest pro-German of them all. His creatures are sheltered in the Nitti cabinet, declares the *Humanité*, and the same detail is referred to suspiciously in the Paris *Débats*. Italy is preparing some disagreeable surprise for the world, and that is why Wilson does not trust her. The Italian newspapers of the independent type which all through the war supported the ministries of Salandra, Boselli and Orlando agree that the Nitti ministry is a mask for Giolitti. The immediate prospect is a series of cabinets all falling rapidly one after another as the hungry proletariat makes demands of a progressively Socialist character. Socialist dailies in France and Italy insist that the profiteers in the bourgeois camp sated themselves with financial gains from contracts. These people wanted to get rich while the chance existed. There are whole colonies of macaroni millionaires, corresponding to the goulash barons in Switzerland, the macaroni millionaires going to Nice or to Paris. They are behind the imperialism of the Italian bankers and they are all, sneers the *Avanti*, for Wilson and the League of Nations. The *Avanti* goes the length of saying that American money under the Wilsonian dispensation was distributed among the French and Italian newspapers which support the League. French dailies were bribed.

Italian dailies were bribed. This is the real explanation, we are invited to believe, of the press support received by Wilson on the continent of Europe. The emissaries of Wilson aroused the cupidity of the bourgeoisie in Italy by promising them an enormous extension of trade under the new economic policy. There would be no more tariff barriers, no more international boundary lines, and America would pay the cost of getting the new dispensation going. Moreover, the League of Nations would put down Socialism with a stern hand. Italy, in short, was fooled to the top of her bent.

Did Italy Want to Enter the War?

ITALY did not want to enter the war against Germany, declares the Paris *Humanité*, and it finds confirmation of this impression in the attitude of the Giolittian *Tribuna*. The masses of the people were opposed to all imperialism. Hence the subtle Giolitti was able to delay the entry of Italy as he did. When she was dragged in, America had to pour money out to keep Italy from making a separate peace. The proletariat of Italy foresaw the misery to which war would reduce it. The bourgeoisie welcomed the war as a means of enriching itself. The official classes were enabled to conclude two secret treaties—nay, more, some, says the Socialist organ, calculated to stun humanity. One of these granted domination of the Adriatic, great influence in the Mediterranean, supremacy in a large part of Asia Minor, possibilities in Arabia. Isles were promised, and archipelagoes and littorals and spheres of influence. Whenever Italy showed signs of exhaustion, she was kept going with this bribe and with that. That shower of American gold flowed on and on. There seemed no end of it. Finally came "the honied words" of Wilson. Italy was fooled. Wilson's words were swallowed by the *Idea* and the *Popolo* and other organs which are now revising their first impressions. Italy was assured by her statesmen that she would come out of it all a great empire. Such, admits the *Tribuna*, was the dream. Wilson, it admits, brought about a terrible disillusion and the *Giornale d'Italia* wonders if he has not proved the most dangerous enemy the Italian people have ever had in the whole course of their long and glorious history.

THE GREAT ISSUES BEFORE THE PRESENT CONGRESS

By ARTHUR CAPPER, United States Senator from Kansas

PRESIDENT WILSON, in his recent address calling sharply to the attention of Congress and the public the pressing problems growing out of the constantly increasing cost of living, has served a useful purpose, but the conditions to which he directed attention and the remedies he proposed are neither new nor unique to many of us. It has been evident for months that the overwhelming domestic problem before the country has been to find means of bringing to an end the conscienceless profiteering that is making it almost impossible for the average family to exist. I do not, of course, contend that the packers are the only profiteers, for it is true

that profiteering runs practically the whole gamut of commodities, but I do contend that since the packer is involved in the profiteering connected with almost all foodstuffs and with the boot and shoe trade, through their control of the hide markets and the tanning industry, one of the first elements in the solution of the high-cost-of-living problem is the effective dealing with the predatory activities of the packer combine.

Congress already had begun action along this line before the President made his notable address. The Kendrick bill of the last session was the initial step in this direction and the Kenyon-Anderson bill of this session

seeks to deal even more effectively with the same problem. The Kenyon-Anderson bill contemplates the rigid control of the packers, even providing for receiverships for law-breaking packing-companies as an extreme measure. Under its terms companies engaged in the meat-packing industry are required to take out licenses with the government and to come under rigid governmental supervision. They are prohibited from operating stockyards. They are required to dispose of their ownership of private refrigerator cars to the railroads, which in turn will be required to supply such cars to independent packers on the same terms as to the Big Five packers. Such cars are to be under the control of the Interstate Commerce Commission, which will regulate rates and conditions for their use in the same way that they regulate freight rates.

WHILE the Kenyon-Anderson bill springs from the abuses practiced by the packing-house combine, it is general in its terms and will apply to all concerns, such as commission men and large concerns dealing in poultry, dairy and like food products, who must apply for a license and thereafter must conduct their business with due regard to the general welfare and refrain from monopoly and other unfair practices. The penalty for violation of license is either revocation, which is not to be anticipated in the case of large and vitally important industries, or a suspension with a receivership. This idea of receivership in the public interest is entirely new, and may be attacked on the grounds of unconstitutionality, but the opinion of good lawyers in the Senate is that it is constitutional without a doubt, and is a penalty that will be found effective. The packers have begun active propaganda among bankers and business men with whom they have connections in an attempt to make it appear that government ownership, or management of their business, is proposed, and that this is an opening wedge for government invasion of all industry. This, of course, is not true, and while the receivership idea is new as applied to the packing-business, the government for many years has employed this remedy with great benefit to the public in the case of national banks that have violated the banking laws. Only dishonest national bankers have had occasion to complain of the latter law, and only crooked packers and dealers in food products need fear the proposed Kenyon-Anderson law.

The need of some such legislation must be obvious to every thinking person. The big packers have been able to dictate prices to producer and consumer alike. Not alone in meat do the Big Five packers dominate the market; they have obtained a control similar in extent over the principal meat substitutes, such as eggs, cheese, poultry, milk, butter, fish and all kinds of vegetable oil products. In recent years they even have gone into the breakfast-food business and the canning of fruits and vegetables. They are now invading the wholesale grocery field, dealing in staple groceries and vegetables, such as rice, sugar, potatoes, beans and coffee. The control covers the price paid the producer of food at one end and the price charged the consumer of food at the other end.

WHAT happens when one of the Big Five undertakes the handling of a new commodity is interestingly illustrated in a recent address by Miss Jessie R. Haver, secretary of the National Consumers' League.

"Just at the time that you were asked to cook rice instead of potatoes so that potatoes might be sent to Europe," said Miss Haver, "Mr. Armour went into the rice market, and during 1917 he sold sixteen million pounds of rice. The same year the wholesale price of rice increased sixty-five per cent." This ruthless invasion of unrelated fields is excused on the ground of "efficiency," but it is not true, or the efficiency would be reflected in lower prices instead of constantly increasing prices. As the President pointed out in his recent address to Congress prices of all the chief items of food have increased in recent months, and that in spite of an increase in stocks on hand as compared with the same dates a year ago. It is to check the rapacities of this Hun-like efficiency that the Kenyon bill is drafted.

I HEARTILY approve of those executive measures the President has proposed as partial solutions of the cost-of-living problem and shall cooperate in helping to forward the legislation proposed in further solution of the problem. It will be recalled that the President proposed to sell at once and at cost the surplus food and clothing in the hands of the government. To remove food supplies held in storage contrary to the anti-hoarding prohibition of the food-control law, and put them on the market. To prosecute traders who seek to control supplies and prices. To expose profiteering retailers. All these measures, which are within the scope of executive action, should have a remedial effect.

Other measures the President has proposed to Congress that commend themselves to my judgment are imposing a penalty for profiteering, limiting the period that goods may be kept in cold storage, requiring the price at which goods were placed in storage to be marked upon them, requiring that all goods in interstate commerce shall be marked with the price at which they left the hands of the producer; excluding goods from interstate commerce if the law is not complied with.

MANY of these remedies are proposed to correct abuses that have grown upon what originally were correct and useful processes. Cold storage had its genesis in the proper desire to preserve perishable food-stuffs until they should be needed. So long as it was employed for that purpose it performed a useful and praiseworthy function, but in the hands of the packer cold storage has been perverted into an instrument of hoarding and price manipulation, until its original purpose and only excuse for existence has all but been lost sight of. The other measures proposed are for the cure of abuses only less burdensome on the producing and consuming public.

Meritorious as these suggestions may be, they are, however, not basic. They treat symptoms rather than causes. If we are ever to get back to normal conditions of living in this country, we must delve deeper to find the real causes and to develop the effective cures for present ills. Our whole system of marketing is faulty. Necessities of life pass through too many different hands on their journey from producer to consumer. Legislation should be devised that would provide means for a saner marketing system. I hope we shall have legislation that will encourage cooperative purchasing and distribution of food, clothing, fuel and other necessities of life.

Coupled with these acute cost-of-living problems is the

transportation question. It already looms large and will loom even larger as the end of the calendar year approaches, when by Presidential order the railroads are to be turned back to their owners. Every authority agrees that certain bankruptcy faces the weaker lines if the roads are returned without legislation being enacted to meet the situation created by the war and the necessity of the Government undertaking their operation. Labor, material and everything practically that enters into the cost of operation has advanced, and any considerable reduction in cost of any of these items in the immediate future is not to be expected.

The Government unhappily has adopted the policy of going into the public treasury for funds with which to pay railroad-shareholders dividends. Labor, always quick to learn, argues, not without reason, that it is just as logical to go into the public treasury for funds with which to give labor a larger stipend. The President has recognized the force of this argument and no one questions that he will increase railroad wages and pass the burden on to the public either in the form of increased railroad rates or increased taxes.

IN considering this tremendous problem—one of the greatest that confronts the country—we shall do well to maintain an open mind, but whatever is done there must be no return to the old rail conditions, which routed freight in a roundabout way so that two lines in “cahoots” might get more revenue out of the shipper; or that let a person land at a great railway station only to discover that the train on a rival road on which he had hoped to continue his journey had pulled out five minutes before. In future the people will demand that all lines be considered as one system with interchanges of equipment and service at terminals. They will insist on doing away with the old cutthroat competition and grab-or-ruin rivalry, which piled up operating costs and compelled higher rates. They will demand an end to the exploiting of the public through watered stocks and will insist on the elimination of this evil through proper inspection and control of stock and bond issues. Likewise there must be no more railroad interference with water transportation and a development of our rivers. It is possible for these things to be accomplished through a Secretary of Railways, with wide powers, in the Cabinet, and a reorganized Interstate Commerce Commission, with increased powers to initiate rates as well as to enforce a square deal in rates.

DEVELOPMENTS of the World War have made it plain that the kind of army establishment we had before is inadequate for the future. We must have a different army, a democratic army, divested of every taint of Prussian militarism. This means it cannot be based on compulsory military training. I leave out the word “universal,” a catchword which is usually coupled with compulsory in mention of military training. We did not have “universal” military service in the last war; the slacker managed to get by—not in any great number, it is true—as he has managed always to get by in the past. Since we are not to resort to conscription, but to rely on the volunteer system in maintaining the peace-time army, it follows that our army must be made more attractive to the young men of the nation than it has been in the past. We have tried raising the pay of soldiers from time to time. Obviously a different plan is required. I would have the army a great school,

in which the enlisted man is trained in a trade, in agriculture, in business or in preparation for a continuance of academic study on the completion of his three years of service, so that he would emerge from the army a more useful and better man in every way, physically, mentally and morally. At the same time, the way must be left open and free for the enlisted man who is ambitious to make the army his profession, to receive promotion—and that without any class distinction by reason of his not having been graduated from West Point.

SOLDIER benefit legislation must receive attention from Congress. There is a widespread and proper feeling that the Government should do something for the five million young men who went to Europe, or who were ready to go to Europe to fight our battles for us. Unless this is done, the only reward these valiant young citizens will receive will be the privilege of coming back and helping to pay the bill under conditions that are more onerous than when they went away. The Mondell-Smoot Home Founders bill, which is the Lane soldiers' settlement and reclamation scheme under a different name, is one of the suggested measures. Whatever the merits of this bill, and in the minds of many it has more defects than merits, it possesses the one big defect of being too narrow in its scope. At best it will reach scarce one-half million of the soldiers, and actually may fall far short of benefiting that number. What is needed is legislation that will be all-inclusive. Either this Congress or the next, and I prefer that it be this Congress, must pass an actual soldiers' home-founding bill—a law that will be analogous to the old homestead law through which all the soldiers of the Civil War who so desired obtained homes at a trifling cost. Without going into the particulars of such a measure, it may be said that the drafting of such a law is entirely feasible and that there is plenty of untitled land in many sections of the country, east as well as west, that can be made easily available to the soldiers.

ANY program of legislation by Congress that fails to take into account the new element in the voting population—the women—is bound to fall short of the mark. Not only are women acutely interested as men in all the cost-of-living proposals, but they are interested in a large variety of subjects in addition. I shall attempt no extended discussion of these, but content myself merely with reciting a few of the matters in which the women voters, as women, are vitally concerned, and to which the political parties must pay heed. There will be, indeed is already, an insistent demand for the abolition of night work for women and minors; for an eight-hour day for women; for the establishment of minimum wage commissions in every state, with women representatives on the commissions. Equal pay for equal work is a principle already recognized in many of the trades and should be made a matter of law. Bargaining collectively through their chosen representatives should be recognized as a right possessed by male and female workers alike. This does not nearly complete the list of measures in which women are concerned, but it serves to direct attention to the fact that they are a factor to be reckoned with. Already they are finding ways of making their desires known and in the coming years they will be an increasingly important element in our politics and government.

WHAT IS BEHIND THE NEGRO UPRISINGS?

By HERBERT J. SELIGMANN

Of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People

The question asked in the title of this article, which the article itself attempts to answer, is one that thinking people are unanimously asking and one that is perplexing North and South alike. Is the Negro in revolt as a result of shameless and venal exploitation? Or is he more at fault than may appear on the surface? What is the answer, other than this investigator has found and brings fresh from the riots at Washington and Chicago where, we are reliably informed, more than six hundred fatalities have occurred?

THE movement of Negroes from the South to the North has had something of the quality of a race migration. For Negroes who left the South were coming from one civilization to another. The war was less the cause of migration than an opportunity for thousands of Negroes in whom a desire to leave the South had been growing to gratify the impulse. The most conservative estimates place the number of migrant Negroes during the war at half a million. Mainly, that migration took place to the northern industrial centers like Chicago, Pittsburgh, St. Louis and Philadelphia, and it is in those centers that the North has come to recognize the presence of a national race problem. Having been invited by labor agents and by the manifest economic opportunity created by the cessation of immigration from Europe; impelled to go North as well by denial of fundamental justice in the South, the Negro came, and it was as a result of this stimulated migration that the North found difficulty in absorbing these additions to its industrial population. The abnormal expansion of the Negro population during the war years in cities like Chicago raised issues which the North had never before had to face. When colored people moved into white residential districts, there began to be talk of "segregation" and white property owners' associations indulged in incendiary language at meetings which were often secret. The influx of un-ionized colored men caused feeling among white unionists, notably among the stockyard workers of Chicago, and the North found itself with an incipient race problem in organized labor.

THE riots in Washington and in Chicago following upon disturbances in St. Louis, accompanied by racial bitterness in Pennsylvania and a strained situation throughout the South, with riots barely averted in Memphis and Birmingham, have forced upon the attention of the country the fact that the relation of the races is a national problem. The Negro does not constitute that problem, but the attitude of the white man towards him. The white South is still very largely envisaging that problem in terms of "racial inferiority," "social equality," "Negro criminality," and "rape." In the North the problem, as was well shown by the riot in Chicago, beginning Sunday, July 27, and continuing for three days, is almost entirely economic. Hoodlums and pervers can, of course, be relied upon to make racial or any other superficial difference between men the occasion of brutal assault and bloody violence. But in Chicago the words most often used in accounting for the bitter feeling which existed were not "Negro criminality," "brutal assaults upon women," but "decline of real estate values," "invasion of white residential dis-

tricts by Negroes," "housing," "friction between union men and unorganized Negroes."

North and South, then, both share the national race problem, but each has to face it in different phases. In a number of southern newspapers there was shown a disposition to crow over the disorders in the North, to point the finger of scorn at those northern critics who had been condemning mob violence, lynching, and in general the treatment of the Negro in the South. Many letters were written to northern papers and published predicting that as a consequence of the disorders the North would have to learn to deal with race problems as they have been dealt with in the South, that the North would have to come to segregation and Jim-Crowism. But better public sentiment in the South is coming to realize that the problem there is one of education. Altho, as Mr. Leo Favrot, Superintendent of Rural Schools of Louisiana, has said, many Southerners still deprecate attempts to educate the Negro, that attitude is going out of fashion. It is becoming increasingly illogical, after the Negro's services in the war and the intensified feeling of self-respect as a United States citizen which he gained in the course of those services, to continue to treat the Negro race as a subject race to be exploited on the farm and in industry and to be patronized in lieu of giving him the rights of citizenship.

THE civilization of the South has been a Jim Crow civilization. That is, the Negro has not only been denied equal treatment in the courts, proper policing, lighting and housing, but, as oft-cited statistics show, provision for education of his children and for his health has been in many sections lamentably deficient. The means used to "keep the Negro in his place" in the South has been lynching and mob violence or a threat of violence, a form of Prussianism which is coming to be increasingly condemned by Southerners themselves. Temporarily at least, the reflex of the Negro's increasing prosperity as a result of the war, his feeling that he must have his rights even if it is necessary to fight for them, have intensified race hatred throughout the South. It is not unlikely that there will be a number of severe clashes. Eventually it will be necessary to recognize his status as a citizen upon which the Negro is going to insist and to cooperate with him through proper education and sanitation.

THE Washington and the Chicago riots are expressions of these two phases of the race problem in the United States. There are two types of race riots. The first is the chiefly sentimental or passionate riot which was exemplified in Washington and occurs most frequently in the South. The second is the preponder-

antly business or economic race riot, of which Chicago was typical. In many respects the Washington race riot was similar to the Atlanta riot which occurred in September, 1906. For months before Saturday, July 19, when the outbreak in Washington occurred, newspapers had been featuring Negro crime in bold headlines. So dangerous had the state of the public mind in Washington become early in July that on the 9th of that month the Washington Branch of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People wrote to the four leading Washington newspapers calling the attention of the editors to the menacing situation which their journals were instrumental in creating. The letters predicted race riots unless the newspaper headlines and news articles were made more moderate. One of these newspapers, the *Washington Star*, acknowledged the justice of the warning.

THE alleged "crime wave" in Washington, like most crime waves and other hysterical fictions, dwindles upon close scrutiny. The records of the Washington Police Department furnished by Major Pullman, Chief of the Washington Police, showed three attempted assaults and one case of rape from June 25 to July 18 in the District of Columbia, the man suspected of three of the assaults being at the time of the riots a prisoner. Nevertheless, newspaper reports sent all over the country from Washington ascribed the riots to "many assaults" upon white women in Washington by Negroes. One of the Washington newspapers, the *Washington Post*, went so far as to announce an unofficial "mobilization" of service men for a "clean-up," a direct invitation to attack upon Washington Negroes. There was no question as to the initial aggression of white men upon Negroes in Washington. Commissioner Brownlow of the District of Columbia characterized the attacks, most of them led by men in the uniform of the United States, as wanton and uncalled for. The Washington difficulties were accentuated by an inadequate police force, and it was only rain and the advent of General Hann in command of federal troops that put an end to the disorder.

ONE of the most striking features of both the Washington and Chicago race riots was what journalists call the score. It was not simply Negroes in these riots that were hounded and beaten and shot; white men, too, suffered severely. The majority of casualties were among the Negroes, it is true, but the Negroes fought back. Distrusting white men, distrusting a white police which permitted attacks on them, distrusting an administration which delayed three days while bloody riots were in progress, Negroes in Washington armed. On the night of Monday, July 21, the life of any unaccompanied white man in the Negro residential districts along U Street in Washington was in danger. Mainly, Negroes armed because they were afraid the police would permit white mobs to burn their homes, assault their families. But a new spirit was manifest among them and, as one prominent Negro said in the office of Commissioner Brownlow, the members of his race were beginning to realize that it might be necessary to fight and to die in defense of their manhood in this country as they had fought and died in defense of democracy on the battlefields of Europe.

The same fighting spirit was manifest in Chicago. Here again aggression had come from white men. When 50,000 Negroes overtaxed the so-called "Black Belt" of

Chicago, having been invited to come there by labor agents, or having come on their own accord to take their place in industry, no provision was made to house them. White property owners denounced colored people who sought a place to live as "undesirables." It is true that property values did decline and many white residents who moved out of districts adjacent to the "Black Belt" sold their homes at a loss; but such property often immediately thereafter rose in value because the real estate men, into whose hands it passed, found the migrant Negro a rich field for exploitation and charged him anywhere up to double what had been charged whites.

UNQUESTIONABLY, race antagonisms were fomented for business purposes in Chicago. In the absence of any measure to deal with the problems created by the abnormal influx of southern Negroes, racial tension grew constantly more threatening. Out of the bitterness of white property-owners came bombings of houses inhabited by or let to Negroes in white districts. Two men arrested charged with these bombings were granted several extensions in the Chicago court. One was a clerk in a real estate concern.

To the housing difficulty was added that of the political exploitation of the Negro by the Thompson administration which owed its election to the Negro vote of the Second Ward. In return for the Negro vote the Thompson administration permitted the "Black Belt" to become a center of vice, and Negro politicians co-operated in exploiting the members of their own race.

Within an hour of the initial aggression by white men, Chicago was in an uproar. Thereafter for three days it was unsafe for Negroes to leave their own district, and two unoffending colored men were killed in the downtown business and shopping district known as the "Loop." The fact that trouble was confined to the "Black Belt" shows that colored men were not aggressors, but that the trouble came from white hoodlums who invaded the colored residence district on foot, and when they were prevented, in automobiles, shooting promiscuously. As soon as the state militia barred the colored district to white hoodlums, disorders ceased.

No conclusion drawn from either or both of the types of riot represented by the occurrences in Washington and in Chicago will bring about an immediate solution of the race problem in this country, involved as it is in emotion, economic and political motives, but those two riots have made certain facts tolerably obvious. One of these facts is that newspapers are responsible for violence which arises out of the hysteria stimulated by exaggerated and misleading reports of crime waves, and that crime must be treated as an individual and not a racial matter. The superstition fostered in the southern press that the Negro is a criminal and a rapist is being steadily met by indisputable facts and statistics which show that a relatively small number of lynchings are even ascribed to attacks upon white women.

THE Chicago riots show that it is unsafe to leave the delicate problem of race relations, aggravated as it is by the necessity for assimilating large quantities of immigrants, to those groups of the community mainly interested in exploiting the newcomers. What the race question needs more than anything else is rational discussion, a stripping away of the emotional phrases, the sentimentality and the deliberate misrepresentation which obscure the real issues.

Persons *in the* Foreground

HAYS, A MOSES AT 40, WHO HOPES TO LEAD THE G. O. P. OUT OF THE WOODS

A SLENDER, boyish-looking man; an alert, quick-moving man, who walks with a long swinging stride, clutching a big black portfolio—such is the surface impression one gets of Will H. Hays, of Sullivan, Indiana, Chairman of the Republican National Committee, as he crosses a hotel lobby. There is a sudden bustle, a general stir. Men who have been lying in wait rush forward to intercept him at the desk,

where he grabs a batch of telegrams and mail and turns with a smile to find himself surrounded. Someone relieves him of the portfolio (he's the kind of fellow people like to do little things for) and he begins to shake hands. It is a long, shapely hand and he gives it with a cordial clasp. He doesn't say "What name?" in the manner of the old-time politicians, but gets it instantly and files it in his memory along with a snapshot of the person it belongs to.



HE PLAYS POLITICS IN MASTERLY FASHION, BUT IS "THE WORST GOLF PLAYER IN THE WORLD"

Also Will H. Hays, who is determined to find a Republican tenant for the White House next year, is tremendously in earnest and, like the Chinese, has an unholy capacity for work.

New Republican Party Leader Too Frail for Soldiering but Heavy Enough Otherwise

He has a thin, long face, with a nose that had already achieved a fair length when it took a notion to add a section and tacked it on successfully. His well-shaped head is covered with thick, dark-brown hair. The eyes too are brown. They are steady, responsive eyes that cloud or brighten easily with this or that emotion. His voice has a Yankee nasality, but in conversation is pitched low. On the platform it grows a trifle shrill, but it carries, and the effect of what he is saying is not spoiled. When he strikes a conversational tone in speech-making he plays with his voice in an interesting fashion, and he can utter the name of Abraham Lincoln in a way to bring tears. So, at least, reports Meredith Nicholson, novelist and Indiana neighbor of this meteoric party leader who is bent on paving the way to the White House for a successor to President Wilson.

Hays, we read, is tremendously in earnest and, as someone has said of the Chinese, has an unholy capacity for work. Unfinished business is a torture to him. While changing his clothes in a hotel bedroom he talks to visitors, keeps the telephone going (being a slave to long-distance connections), nibbles a sandwich and reads and answers telegrams. While he answers to Will or Bill, his real name is William Harrison Hays. He has always signed himself Will, perhaps "from a feeling that there is something hifalutin and ostentatious about William." When a friend suggested that he should give thought to the appearance and dignity of his name in history, he wrote it out in full, studied it quizzically and then dropped the slip of paper into the waste-basket. Meredith Nicholson goes on to say in the *New York World*:

"The ways of Hays are interesting because he is unlike any other politician now in the public eye, and it tickles me to think how he must puzzle and worry some of the grand, gloomy and peculiar statesmen of his party who feel that theirs is the God-given right to hand the people what they think the people need. Hays is not like that. He thinks in terms of the whole United States, and he continues to be interesting and impressive even after you know him pretty well and call him Bill and have begun to be disap-

pointed and chagrined because you can't find any green or yellow streaks in him. He looks like a college senior, but often, when you've been chafing him and talking nonsense, he suddenly grows serious and talks like Aegyptus, who was old and knew ten thousand things. Indiana has produced a great number of politicians in the one hundred and three years of her existence. She has one President to her credit and more Vice-Presidents than any one cares to count. Thomas Taggart and Harry S. New have served their respective parties as National Committee Chairmen. As both Taggart and New attained seats in the United States Senate, a National Chairman from Indiana may be considered to be within range of whatever lightnings play over the Commonwealth. There are Republicans of seeming sanity who say that Hays is marked for high place. Being a Democrat, who voted twice for Woodrow Wilson, I shall express no opinion on this grave matter beyond predicting that Hays will call the Republican National Convention to order next summer with the nomination for Governor of Indiana in his pocket."

Since that was written Chairman Hays has publicly declined the nomination in question.

He was, we read, born of Scotch-Irish stock and of Presbyterian persuasion, in Sullivan, Indiana, no longer back than 1879 and was matriculated from Wabash College, at Crawfordsville. At sixteen he attended his first National Convention in St. Louis and saw McKinley nominated. From that experience, otherwise of small biographical importance, dates his entrance into politics. His subsequent political progress was slow, being limited to a County and District Chairmanship, and then when America went to war, Hays, failing of acceptance for the army because he didn't weigh enough, became Chairman of the State

Council of Defense. He organized Indiana against the Kaiser with as much enthusiasm, we read, as tho the great war lord headed a Democratic ticket. While thus enjoying himself making Indiana a center of war activities, fate handed him another job. Chairman Willcox, of the National Committee, resigned. Hays was not a member of the committee and he was not a candidate for the chairmanship, wasn't at all anxious for it, we are assured, because he is a home-loving man and to do the job right meant constant travel. However:

"When the reactionaries found it impossible to land John T. Adams, of Iowa, in the place it fell to Hays, on his record as an organizer and harmonizer. Reports had gone abroad that the man from Sullivan preferred the peace pipe to the tomahawk, and, all things considered, this was promising. Hays and I were discussing Walt Whitman in an Indianapolis restaurant when he was called from luncheon to receive notice over the telephone of his appointment. He came back and we finished up Whitman before he went out to meet the newspaper men. He was quickly in motion, attending conferences in every part of the country, getting ready for the Congressional campaign. Heartened by the result last November, he at once began digging trenches for the contest next year. . . . A church-going person and for fifteen years a Sunday-school teacher, a friendly soul, Hays finds delight in doing things for the folks he knows and likes. Through four years of constant meetings in which we have discussed practically every man in public life, he has never 'knocked' anybody. When I have swung the hammer he has smiled a wistful little smile and said: 'Oh, well; that fellow got off on the wrong foot that time,' or 'You mustn't lay that up against him.' About the meanest term I ever heard him use is 'lotus-eater,' a Tennysonian epithet extremely neat and illuminating as he ap-

plied it. . . . Two men have warned me that Hays is an untrustworthy person, prone to deceive the unwary. One of these was a Democratic candidate for Congress, smarting from a defeat that he held Hays responsible for, and not without reason, for Bill certainly gave him a licking. The other case had reference to myself. I was told that Hays had prevented my appointment to the State Council of Defense. In fact, he twice offered me a place there, and on another occasion joined with Gov. Goodrich in urging me to take the secretaryship."

Hays believes, according to his biographer, that politics is an exact science, to be practised in the eyes of all men, and that the party that offers the best program will win if the people are told about it. With all the impression he creates of nervousness, he is capable of sitting still a long time and thinking. For the reason that this is a democracy he thinks every one entitled to vote should take a hand in politics, not merely riding on the wagon but helping push it along. His philosophy and sentiment are those of James Whitcomb Riley; his humor is that of George Ade and Booth Tarkington. He is a good deal like Ade in his dry way of saying a funny thing. If Ade, Tarkington and Hays could be got round a table, with Governor Allen and William Allen White of Kansas, the humor of the corn-belt would find its complete expression. Meanwhile this new leader and hope of a great political party receives repeated warnings to safeguard his health, which is excellent in spite of his frail appearance. An anxious partizan once told him, in this connection, that golf would be a good thing to cultivate, and he has played five times, twice with Nicholson, who pronounces him the worst golf player in the world.

FISHER: THE ONLY INTELLECTUAL IN BRITISH POLITICS

IT is barely possible that Herbert Albert Laurens Fisher may reconsider his refusal to accept the post of British Ambassador in Washington, but the London dailies of the well-informed kind insist that he prefers not to sacrifice a brilliant political future. He has gained the ear of the House of Commons after a relatively brief service. He is in sympathy with labor of the extreme type, and, in spite of his Oxford training and career and his high repute as an authority on education, he is at home among the trade-unions and, in the opinion of the disgruntled *Tory Post*, as blatant a Bolshevik as any of them. He is the only individual left in the ministry who is at home among the Greek tragedians in the original Attic

dialect, who reads Plato as readily as he reads the latest organ of revolutionary Socialism, who reads Kant in German as easily as does Lord Haldane and whose French accent is so flawless that Pichon took him for a Parisian. Nevertheless, the specialty of Fisher is economics. He has written much on the transition period in economics from the extremes of the Manchester school to the extremes of the Marxians, and he is accused in London organs of high finance of favoring all sorts of revolutionary and confiscatory theories. He is unable to conceal his contempt for the idea that labor and capital are allies, not enemies, and he is anything but orthodox on the subject of capital as capital. He is accused of regarding capital as a superstition left over from

the nineteenth century. Capital, he contends, is the great enemy of education and progress. All the great fights for the advancement of education, he tells the laborites, have been won over the hideous head of capital.

These sentiments are delightful to Bob Smillie, to Arthur Henderson and the leaders of the dockers and coal miners, who are overjoyed to find their attitude on current controversies endorsed by a scholar who has in his day been an ornament of New College, Oxford, taken first prize in classics, lectured at Harvard, read at Göttingen, and won for himself a place of international renown as an educator. Moreover, Mr. Fisher expresses his radical views in such perfect English. His smooth-shaven face is pale and expres-

A Scholar Who Refused to be His Majesty's Ambassador Here

sive, his lips are thin, the forehead is high, all his physiognomical characteristics are distinguished, not to say aristocratic. He enunciates his subversive principles in a cold, clear tone, audible, forceful, incisive, never impassioned. He has a wealth of information upon the subject of wages, gleaned from history. He marshals facts and figures in battalions. He is obviously detached, aloof, looking as if he had but stepped out of a study to give information in a careless moment, and meant to return to the quiet atmosphere from which he had been dragged accidentally. He contrives to make his appearance at a most opportune moment for those leaders of the proletariat who seek to expropriate owners of coal lands or to seize railways as the common property of all. The cool manner of Mr. Fisher is crushing to landlords, to millionaires and to bank directors. He sympathizes with them intensely as he explains with perfect good breeding and no cheapness of rhetoric that they are quite out of date and ought to emigrate to the United States, where the economics of the eighteenth century still flourish. There is, in fact, a suspicion in some London labor circles that the disrespectful fashion in which Mr. Fisher refers to the economic superstitions of the Americans is the real reason for the alleged refusal by the Washington government to accept him as a member of the diplomatic corps. They want no Bolsheviks, according to the *London Herald*, about Wilson.

Adolescence is a theme to which Mr. Fisher has paid much attention, and from his study of its many phases he deduces his idea that it is a crime against society to permit young persons to go to work for their living before they attain the age of eighteen. The doctrine, remarks the *London Chronicle*, is again delightful to the labor unions, but it brought Mr. Fisher into collision with Lancashire factory magnates, who retort with their now fa-

miliar view that this man Fisher is a blatherskite and a trouble-maker who ought to go back to Oxford and Göttingen with his crazy rhetoric and his madhouse sociology. There are at this moment, in the great British manufacturing district, capitalists who tap their heads significantly when the name of Fisher is mentioned and declare that he is a lunatic. Others point out that Lunacharsky, the Bolshevik minister of education, swears by Fisher and swears by the Englishman's work on the republican tradition in Europe. The whole Bolshevik program of education is the first attempt to apply practically the doctrines which Fisher has been crying in the wilderness of England ever since he set out on his lecture tour of the world's leading universities when he was a young man. He is well past fifty to-day, altho he looks younger, and the hair about his temples is gray, but he retains all the illusions, laments the *London Post*, and is likely to do as much mischief as Rousseau, especially among the working classes. Mr. Fisher thinks the workingman ought to be a Greek scholar, a musician, something of a painter, a sculptor and more particularly a statesman. His Utopia is frankly a nation ruled by trade-unions of what he calls the "ideal" type.

Those young Englishmen who recall Fisher in his relatively obscure days as a tutor at Oxford fancy that he exploits in his speeches to-day the good humor and the love for imparting truth which made him so successful then. He has an enthusiasm for his subject, whether it be Napoleonic statesmanship or the Hippolytus of Euripides, and he communicates it by making it of immediate importance. "Do you really think Sophocles of any practical utility to-day?" The question was put with a sneer. "I fancy," replied Fisher genially, "that if the Antigone were understood at the war office, the problem of the conscientious objector would have been solved at once." Whether this

and many anecdotes like it which are retailed of the minister of education be only invented or embroidered, they convey, the *London Chronicle* says, an accurate impression of the man's attitude to the humanities. He contends that efficiency has declined with the rise of the factory system as a stealer of youth. The transformation of England into an industrial state lowered the physical efficiency of the people, he remarked to his trade-union audience once, but it has lowered the intellectual tone as well. It has made the average Englishman stupid. Youth must be won back from the factory. The higher education must be taken to the masses and culture must not remain a monopoly of the privileged few.

Having been born and bred in the university atmosphere, having married into a brilliant university circle and having had a great career among the universities, Fisher is regarded in the academic world as, on the whole, a renegade. He reveals too ostentatious a contempt for the superior person, declares the *London World*. Even his recreations are somewhat proletarian, for he roams the country on a bicycle or loafs with his hands in his pockets on the edge of the audience that drinks in the harangue of a Hyde Park orator. He delights in travel and he has been in all the continents, and the necessity of staying at home even in society so delightful as that of his wife and daughter makes him feel cloistered. He chafes a little in the department of education. "I should think," he is quoted as having confided to a journalist on one occasion recently, "the life of the labor leader the only great adventure left in a prosaic world. Think of the excitement of leading a strike!" This is merely another unconscious revelation of a naturally revolutionary temperament, for, as the organ of British society intimates, Mr. Fisher has studied revolutions so long and written about them so much that he has come to love them for their own sake.

DENIKIN: THE SIMPLE SOLDIER OF RUSSIA

ONE is not kept waiting long at the headquarters of Denikin at Ekaterinodar, as the correspondent of the *Tribuna* of Rome found to his delight. The town in which the latest hope of the Allies makes his home is an ambitious place, we read, of some hundred thousand people, with trolley cars and taxicabs. Denikin lives not far from the museum in the Grafskaya—that is, he has a house with a small garden around it and sentries pace up and down the thorofare outside or salute

the passer-by in the hope of a coin. Everybody is poor except in the counterfeit paper money circulated by the Bolsheviks, and Denikin has to depend for his egg at breakfast upon the fowls that march here and there, scratching with the assiduity of soldiers in the trenches. Denikin is as a rule on the go in the region from Rostov-on-the-Don to Baku, where the oil wells are, and he goes in a cart to the towns in the northern Caucasus. He has been going about Kharkov in a big car. His army is a somewhat seedy collection of

The Hope of the Allies, He Hates the Soviets and Batters the Bolsheviks

colonels and aides-de-camp presiding over about a hundred and fifty thousand fellows who give a good account of themselves when they are not too hungry. They refer to Denikin as "fat papa," and he roars at them in the dialect of the region. It is one of the paradoxes of the Russian revolution, noted by the Italian daily, that the conservatives, the champions of law and order and the rights of property in the bourgeois sense, are a dirty, ill-smelling crew, who apparently never wash their teeth. The followers of Lenin, and es-

pecially the Bolshevik commissaries, are well dressed, sleek, polite, and they use flawless language in conveying their ideas. It is true that Denikin has no ideas. He makes no concealment of his contempt for the "intelligentsia."

In justice to Denikin it is affirmed in the European Socialist dailies, including the Naples *Avanti*, that he bears no malice. He does not hate the Bolsheviks for having spat all over him in the railway restaurant at Berditcheff some two years ago. It was not long after the fiasco involving Korniloff and Alexeieff. Denikin was there at the head of what by courtesy must be called his division. The revolutionaries had triumphed all along the line. Denikin had his hands tied behind his back and was ridden on a donkey to the ruins of the Carmelite convent, and there drenched with water from a hose. He enjoyed the joke hugely, but he remembered it later when he charged the Bolsheviks at a small town in the Caucasus. "Didn't you kick me in the stomach at Berditcheff?" he asked in thunder tones of a tall trooper among the prisoners. "I did, Vassili Nicolaievitch," confessed the peasant, falling on his knees, "but don't kick me in the stomach for I have a poor, empty, weak little stomach and not a big, fat, strong stomach like yours." Denikin listened with perfect gravity, as did the spectators, for in these stern times the grim aspect of hunger and privation obscures the perception of what in other moods would be ludicrous. He took no revenge.

No mortal could embody in a more realistic fleshly fashion, the *Avanti* thinks, the simplicity, the heaviness, the unkempt hairiness and mental blankness of the Russian peasant. In his high boots and his bulging belted coat, flinging big arms right and left, Denikin might have stepped out of the pages of Tourgenieff as the type of soldier lifted from the soil by the favor of a Czar for the sake of his simple fidelity. He is not tall and his heavy figure flops stockily when he sits. He trims his grizzled beard irregularly. In warm weather it is short, but in winter it sticks out all around his face like the quills of a boar. His mustache is yellowed by tobacco and he blows his nose with a sound like a trumpet. To emphasize a remark he will clap his hands or stamp his foot or bring out a round oath. He stares in a puzzled fashion through a tangled confusion of eyebrow and eyelash when a proposition of a complex nature is presented to him and then laughs nervously as he replies: "I am no scholar. Indeed, I was always the fool of the family." He has large, sleepy, brown eyes.

Such is Denikin to the *Avanti* and its Socialist contemporaries, and they seek sedulously to convey the impression that he is nothing and knows nothing,

a mere instrument in the hands of designing diplomatists. He sprang from an old family that lost its land in the upheavals under Nicholas I., when an ancestor of the present Denikin fell under suspicion of some kind of treason. The Denikins took refuge in the Caucasus and became small provincial officials. The grandfather of Denikin was highly esteemed by a viceroy of the Caucasus who granted the family much land which now yields very rich returns in oil. Denikin's father managed to dissipate the patrimony. The General in his youth was dependent upon a post as cadet at the military school in Petrograd where he shone because of his quiet heroism, especially on one occasion when the barracks caught fire. Denikin, however, could not learn from books. He had to give up the course at the academy and thus forfeited his prospects for promotion. Another reason assigned for his failure in the days of the Czardom was the quaint character of his piety. He is profoundly religious in the manner of the Russian peasant and could not permit himself the luxury of the atheism fashionable in Russian army circles when he was a young man. To this day he accepts without question the tales of the miracles wrought by the wonder-working ikon of the Kazan virgin. He never fails to participate in the ceremonies incident to the anniversary of the beheading of John the Baptist.

Denikin's power resides wholly in his profound knowledge of Russian peasant psychology when lined up for battle in the field. He has lived with the Russian peasant, worked with him, guided and fed him until there seems no recess of his nature which Denikin has not explored. It is amazing to the *Tribuna* to observe the animation with which a regiment of stupid and listless mujiks will come to attention at his bidding and spring eagerly to the various tasks necessitated by a march on the morrow. He moves among the rank and file with far more freedom than is usually deemed consistent with the high rank he holds and he does not hesitate to enter into conversation with a man whose boots are not fit to pass inspection or who does not hold his gun properly. It happens occasionally that a man in the ranks has a retort ready and then Denikin is at his best. He does not crush the impertinent with a witticism, for that is beyond his mental powers; but he shows him on the spot in a practical fashion wherein he has made a mistake in carrying his gun or in driving his spade. The whole army is thus managed in a rough and ready fashion with no etiquette and little formal discipline. The Denikin system was condemned by a British commission because it flatly defied the ordinary rules of military discipline.

Denikin assured a martinet from Paris that the Russian mujik was not a French poilu. "You are a brother to your men," he said, "but I must be a father to mine." It was the difference between fraternity and paternalism and it explains, apparently, why the forces under Denikin do not melt away. He scolds and exhorts and wrings his hands and in a crisis threatens to throw himself into the river, and his men in return weep and fall upon their knees and get drunk and sober up penitently; but the army does not disintegrate, however systematically the Bolsheviks exploit their propaganda. This original mode of keeping a hundred thousand more or less dirty and hungry men organized as a military force is the proof of Denikin's genius.

The *Temps* calls him another Hannibal, for Hannibal did what Denikin is doing. Denikin, like Diterichs, right-hand man to Koltchak, was a pupil of Alexeieff's and Alexeieff sought to infuse the men under him with a religious spirit. He was a sort of Cromwell. He hated everything foreign and he set great store by prayer. Denikin is filled with this zeal. Grateful as he may be for the aid of the western Allies, Denikin longs for the Russia that was overthrown by the Soviet. He has the mysticism of the Muscovite, affirms a writer in the *Débats*, and his ideal is Peter the Great. His lack of ideas is shown in his failure to get anywhere or to achieve anything with the large force that rallies around him. He has no plan of campaign and can make none. When late last year Denikin took over the command of all the Russian armies from the Don to the Caucasus, the Entente began to support him with men, money and material—arms and ammunition. Denikin's fanatical attitude to the foreigner prevented any cooperation between his forces and those of the French who garrisoned Sebastopol and Odessa.

The French did not view with patience the amount of time expended by the Russians in holy exercises. Denikin refused pointblank to order an abbreviation of the prayers. "Do your men never get tired of their prayers?" asked General d'Esperey. "No," said Denikin, "nor does God." Denikin, as is reported by the Italian papers, has been disedified and even angered by the lack of respect for God manifested on various occasions by the troops from foreign countries now in different parts of Russia. Denikin and Koltchak ascribe some recent disasters, the French paper says, to the frequency of sacrilege and blasphemy among Americans, French and British. To Denikin this lack of piety is stark Bolshevism. He was greatly relieved to learn that President Wilson says his prayers, according to the *Humanité*, for Denikin had been told otherwise.

Music and Drama

"THE FIVE MILLION"—A COMEDY FOR OUR CONQUERING HEROES

Frank Mandel and Guy Bolton Present the First "Comedy of Reconstruction" Of and For Our Soldiers

PLAYS dealing with the return of the soldier, it is hinted by the chefs who concoct and criticize our dramatic fare, are to be served to the American public this season. "The Five Million," by Guy Bolton and Frank Mandel, is the first "comedy of reconstruction" to reach New York. The critics were quick to point out that its plot is not novel, that it resembles "Turn to the Right!" and similar *plats du jour*. If it is not in all senses a novel dish they have set before us, it is at any rate deftly spiced with wholesome comedy and suggestive irony. The authors have overlooked few of the comic possibilities inherent in the situation of the return of our conquering heroes and their readjustment to civilian life. Only by granting that "The Five Million" is a play of and for these conquering heroes can we appreciate its well-pointed irony and frank but soundly-based satire.

The first act takes us into the school house at Clinton Falls, when preparations for the "welcome home" are being made. We meet the patriotic girls and then two typical dough-boys, Phil Bishop—who brings back a French bride, Nini—and Steve Macdonald, whose wife Rhy has in his absence carried on his work in an insurance office. Ruth Hunter, the fiancée of "Doug" Adams, an aviator who is supposed to have fallen within the German lines and met his death there, has not been true to his memory, but has accepted the advances of Bert Weaver, excepted from the army because of "flat foot." Just as she is accepting an engagement ring from Weaver, Marjory ("Midge") Monahan enters the schoolroom, and observes the couple with great displeasure, as she herself—a poor girl who has been forced to run a boarding-house—has made a hero of "Doug." She is finally left alone to pin up the town service flag she herself has designed and made.

(Midge proceeds with the hanging of her flag—singing as she does it in a tuneless, preoccupied manner. A soldier enters. He wears a short overcoat with a worn fur collar that conceals his insignia, but a discerning eye might spot him as belonging to the aviation service. He

looks round the room and his face lights up with a smile. He comes to the center of the stage and counts where the old desks were and finally finds one at which



THE COEFFICIENT FACTOR

Nearly every play in which Guy Bolton has a hand is a success, for he may be described as an alchemist in dramatic collaboration.

he stops. He lifts the lid and discovers some initials carved in the under part of the lid. He sinks down into the seat and smiles, folding his arms; then, raising the lid again, he finds some schoolbooks, takes out an arithmetic and lets the lid down with a bang loud enough to frighten Midge, who is not aware of anyone's presence. By this time she has finished hanging her flag.)

How "Midge" learns that the unknown soldier is "Doug" Adams is brought out in an effective scene:

DOUGLAS. I find it a lot more interesting to hear about you than about Adams.

MIDGE. (In a soft tone—almost hurt.) Oh, please don't say that. Lots of people

ask you not to speak about the fellows that are lyin' over there under the little wooden crosses—they claim it makes them feel sad. Well, it makes me feel sad, too, but it makes me feel something else even more. It makes me feel proud. And I think the least we can do for our seventy-four thousand is not to forget 'em.

DOUGLAS. I'm right with you there, little girl.

MIDGE. Now to get back to Adams—

DOUGLAS. Must it be Adams? There are a lot of the other fellows I'm awfully anxious to hear about.

MIDGE. There are none of the other men from this place that did such wonderful things as Adams.

DOUGLAS. Oh, come, that's not true. I guess somebody's been kidding you.

MIDGE. Is that so? Do you know you act very much as if you were jealous?

DOUGLAS. You mean jealous of what Doug Adams did? That's funny!

MIDGE. I suppose you'd like to tell me that you fought three German planes all at once?

DOUGLAS. Well, I don't want to boast, but I bet I did just as much as this fellow Adams.

MIDGE. (Getting very angry.) Look here, I hate to bawl out a soldier and a sick one into the bargain, but I don't mind tellin' you you give me a large-sized pain. Why, even if you were hung so thick with medals that one couldn't see the color of your tunic, I'd still think you'd got an awful nerve to walk in here and class yourself with a fellow that gave up his life for his country like Lieutenant Adams did. In the first place—

DOUGLAS. (Raising his hands and laughing.) Kamerad! Kamerad! You know you're going to be sorry in a minute for talking like this to me. If you knew me better you'd realize I'm not the kind of a chap that says anything disparaging about a man unless he's there to defend himself.

MIDGE. (Still angry.) What do you mean?

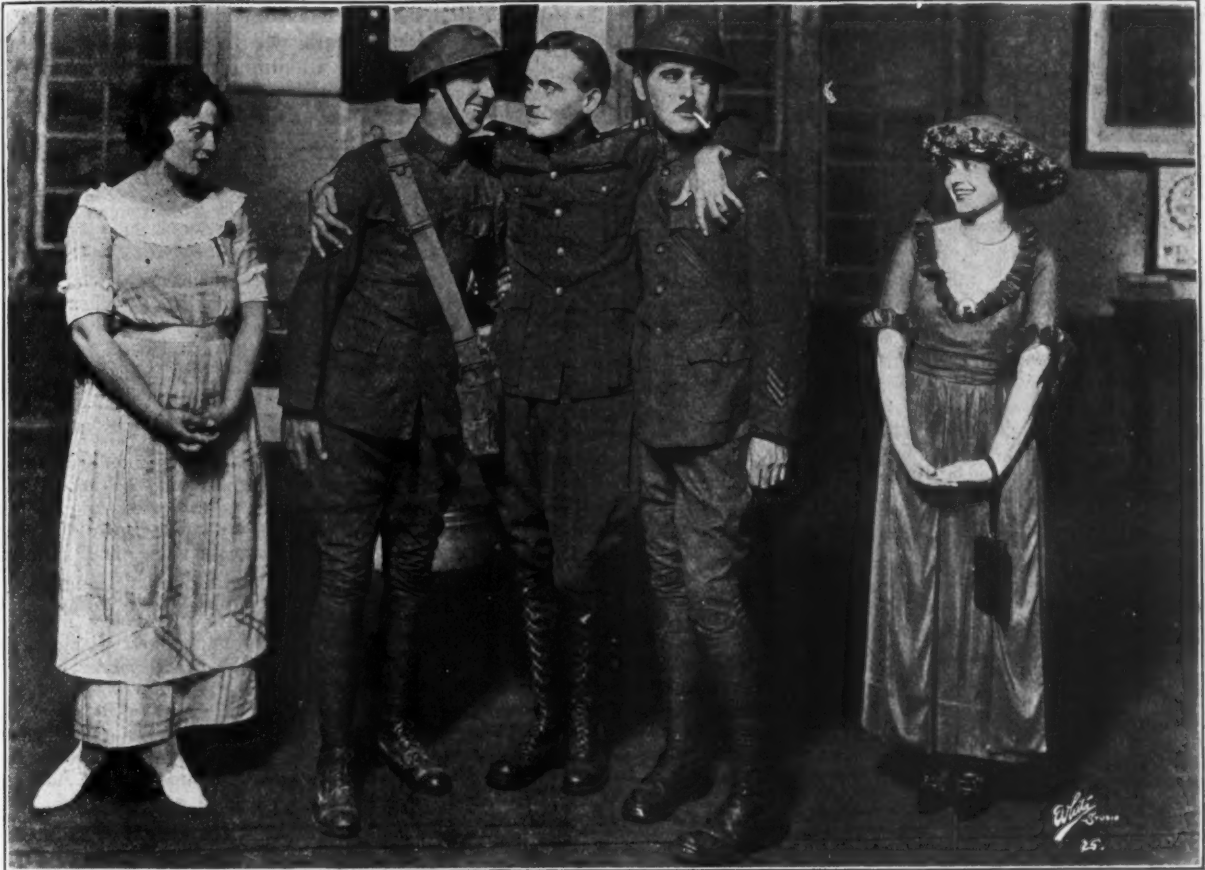
DOUGLAS. I mean that if Doug Adams were really dead, I shouldn't be here—talking about him like this.

MIDGE. Not dead? But the Germans reported that he'd died in an isolation hospital.

DOUGLAS. Yes, and that isn't the first mistake those poor square-heads made in this war, either. (Beckons to Midge to come to his desk—he raises the lid.) See those initials?

MIDGE. (Looks at Doug wondering, then down at the desk-top.) D. A.

DOUGLAS. They're my initials. I put 'em there over ten years ago.



WAR AND WIVES

On the extreme left stands Rhy (Helen Barnes), who took her husband's place in the insurance office and succeeds so well that he becomes the cook at home when he returns from France. On the extreme right is Nini (Margery Poir), the little French girl Phil Bishop (James Gleason) brings back from France. In the center is Douglas Adams (Ralph Morgan), the attractive tho somewhat passive hero.

MIDGE. You don't mean that *you* are—
DOUGLAS. Douglas Adams? Yes, I am! And I'm going to try and keep all those nice things you said about me from making me conceited.

MIDGE. You are Douglas Adams? You really mean it?

DOUGLAS. I'm as serious as a shortage of gas in a balloon.

MIDGE. But it—it's like a miracle.

Disillusion awaits the returned hero. He soon finds out that his younger brother, Grant, has placed the blame for a crime he himself had committed upon his supposedly dead brother. When Grant sees that "Doug" is still alive, he confesses to him:

GRANT. I stole some money, and because I knew that they wouldn't prosecute you while you were fighting for America I let them think that *you* stole it.

DOUGLAS. *Them?*

GRANT. Only two people—grandpa and Mrs. Snyder. It was while I was courting Daisy. You know how mad I was about her, and I wanted to get married. I was always so afraid that someone might steal her away from me. Well, I had a tip; it looked like a sure thing. I bought a lot on margin and took six bonds from an estate that the firm was trustee for, and put them up as security.

DOUGLAS. What estate?

GRANT. Snyder's.

DOUGLAS. It's incredible!

GRANT. I must have been mad, but, of course, I thought what everyone always thinks in cases like that. I was going to clean up and long before the estate would have to be turned over to Mrs. Snyder I should have put the bonds back.

DOUGLAS. But when she came in, you hadn't put them back?

GRANT. No, and I knew there was no chance. My flyer on the curb had wiped me out clean.

DOUGLAS. And so you told Mrs. Snyder that I was the thief?

GRANT. No, I didn't—I didn't do that. I only swore up and down that I knew nothing about it, and, of course, there wasn't anyone else that had access to the bonds except you.

DOUGLAS. But still she wouldn't prosecute me because I was wearing a United States uniform?

GRANT. No, and Granddad promised to pay her right away.

DOUGLAS. And he had to sell the business to do it?

GRANT. Time and again I tried to muster courage to tell, but I always put it off. And Daisy and I got married, and then the news came that you—that it couldn't ever make any difference to you. Oh, Doug, what a dirty rotter I've been.

DOUGLAS. I guess I ought to have looked after you a bit better and found out what you were doing.

GRANT. Oh, you've done everything

for me—always. You were a father and a brother rolled into one. That's what makes it so vile. I can't ever ask you to forgive me. (*Grant sobs.*)

The law practice of the Adamses has been sold to the Weavers, father and son, with the proviso that the Adamses are no longer to practice in Clinton Falls. This news is brought to "Doug" by his grandfather, Jeff Adams, a doughty veteran of the Civil War. There is an amusing contrast between these veterans of two wars:

JEFF ADAMS. Of course, why should I be any different? Because of the war you mean? By Jiminy, to hear 'em talk, you'd think there'd never been a war before this one. Folks said the same things in Sixty-Five after the *big* scrap. Everybody was goin' to be changed. Nothin' was to be like it was before the war and the world had been made safe for everything—except the democrats. (*Old Jeff laughs.*)

DOUGLAS ADAMS. Still calling the Civil War the "*big* scrap"?

JEFF ADAMS. And why not? War was war in those days. We didn't sit in a hole in the ground and blow a lot of dirty gas at each other! We stood up like men, and lambasted each other.

Attempts to buy back the law practice from these papier-mâché patriots,

the Weavers, is of no avail; they consent to give Douglas a place in their office as a clerk. Knowing the misfortunes facing his family, he accepts this. In the meantime the parade of returned soldiers passes under the windows, and, hearing of the return of Douglas Adams, they demand a speech of him:

DOUGLAS ADAMS. (*Making a speech.*) I'm not going to make a speech. I'm only going to tell you how glad I am to see you all again, after my long stay in Germany. Thank God, I've got nothing on you fellows—you went to Germany too! (*Cheers from the street.*) And now we're all back and we all want to pitch in and work. We don't want a soft snap and we're not going to get it. Just because a man once wore a tin hat doesn't mean that anyone is going to pay him very long for services that some other chap can do cheaper and better. And that's all right, for we fellows who went to war didn't go because we expected to be paid for it. We went because we couldn't stay away and keep our self-respect. The job we went over to do is *done*. And now we're ready for the next one. Good luck, boys! (*More cheers from the street. Doug turns away from the window to the Weavers.*)

OTIS WEAVER. (*Waving to the boys in the street.*) Good luck! Good luck!

BERT WEAVER. (*Must imitate.*) Yes, good luck! (*The band is playing and plays to the curtain.*)

DOUGLAS ADAMS. That goes for me, too, Mr. Weaver. I'm ready to take your job. What time do I report on Monday morning?

The next act shows us "Doug" Adams as a clerk taking dictation from the craven, Bert Weaver, who may be described as an ardent "paper" patriot. Bert Weaver dictates a letter:

BERT WEAVER. The Wounded Hero's Association, Board of Trade Building, Rochester—

DOUGLAS. (*Repeating as he writes.*) Wound-ed Her-oes Association—A—double S— (*Shoots a look at Bert as he pauses, almost imperceptibly accenting the spelling.*) Rochester—Dear Sirs—yes?

BERT. Replying to your letter of even date, would say— (*Thinking.*) Would say—would say—

DOUGLAS. Would say—

BERT. That I shall be only too happy to give my aid in collecting funds for your very excellent work. It is my opinion that nothing we can do is too much for the brave fellows that have been incapacitated through the war. I shall even endeavor to make a *personal* contribution, and I can certainly promise you the use of my name in any way you see fit. Believe me, most sincerely yours.

DOUGLAS. Any inclosure?

BERT. Inclosure?

DOUGLAS. I thought you said something about sending them a check.

BERT. (*Sliding down in his chair.*) I've got to think that over. (*Sliding down so his head is just visible above his desk top.*) The income tax hit us pretty hard this year!

"Mac" and Phil Bishop come to call on "Doug." "Mac," who was a cook

in the A. E. F., cannot oust his clever wife from his former place with the insurance company. She has made him cook at home. Phil cannot teach his French wife the intricacies and idioms of the American tongue. Col. Van Alstyne, a former army officer and head of the insurance company, meets the returned soldiers:

MACDONALD. I was in the branch here in Clinton Falls.

COL. VAN ALSTYNE. Oh, I see. What's the name?

MACDONALD. MacDonald.

COL. VAN ALSTYNE. Oh, yes. I happened to be looking at your record just the other day. You've been doing mighty well lately.

MACDONALD. *Lately*, eh? Well, to tell you the truth, Colonel, that lately thing don't mean me.

COL. VAN ALSTYNE. Doesn't mean you—I don't quite follow.

MACDONALD. Sure, somebody else by the same name has got my job.

COL. VAN ALSTYNE. That's funny.

MACDONALD. Yes, isn't it? You see, she—well—they took my job while I went and fought for Uncle Sam.

PHIL BISHOP. *Cooked* for Uncle Sam, you mean, Mack.

MACDONALD. (*Testily.*) All right, all right! You fellows can't let me get away with a thing, can you?

COL. VAN ALSTYNE. And when you came back your job was filled?

MACDONALD. That's it, Colonel. I wish you'd see what you can do, Colonel.

COL. VAN ALSTYNE. I'll try.

MACDONALD. Can't you just kick this—this fellow out and give me back my job?

COL. VAN ALSTYNE. Well, of course, this new man has to be taken care of.

MACDONALD. Oh, I'll take care of her—him, I mean, him.

COL. VAN ALSTYNE. Her? Say, just what is this?

MACDONALD. I guess I'd better tell you the whole sad story, Colonel. This new "man" is my squaw, and she hasn't got the proper feeling about a returned soldier, Colonel. The fact that I've been standing for six months with shells fallin' all around me don't mean a thing to her.

PHIL BISHOP. He means *egg*-shells.

MACDONALD. Go on, spring your other one: "Mack didn't stand *under* fire—he stood *over* fire." Gee, you're about as funny as a gas-attack.

COL. VAN ALSTYNE. Haven't you got any sort of position, Mr. MacDonald?

MACDONALD. Well, yes, in a way, I'm a cook.

DOUGLAS. *Cook*? This is a new one.

MACDONALD. I thought as long as the wife had taken my job, I might as well take her's!

DOUGLAS. So you're doing housework?

MACDONALD. That's the idea. She gives me fifty dollars a month.

PHIL BISHOP. I s'pose you get every other Thursday night off?

MACDONALD. No, Holidays only.

DOUGLAS. Tell me, Mack, does she allow you any company?

PHIL BISHOP. I understand they're talkin' of havin' lady police officers—pretty soft for Mack if they do!

It is inevitable that sooner or later Douglas Adams must discover that his sweetheart, Ruth Hunter, had accepted the attentions of Bert Weaver. This revelation comes when, in a rage, Weaver himself proclaims it to Adams. The returned soldier is forced to ask the girl for confirmation:

DOUGLAS. (*In a low voice.*) You went round with that fellow all the time I was away?

RUTH. (*In about same tone as Douglas.*) Not just at first. When you first went away I felt—well—sort of uplifted. You were a hero and it all seemed very romantic and beautiful, and your first letter came—the one you wrote on the ship—and I was thrilled and I spent long evenings writing to you, and I told myself that, if anything should happen to you, there never *could* be another man for me—I was dedicated to *you*. But after a while the novelty wore off. There was no longer the same thrill in getting a letter from Over There. I began to feel envious when the other girls talked about the parties and dances they were going to. I found myself wishing I had someone to take me to parties, and then Bert came along and— (*She pauses as if she can't go on. Then:*) Oh, a girl loves attention, Doug—she lives on it. It may have been different in your mother's time, but now-a-days you can't go away and leave a girl for a year and a half and expect to find her just the same when you get back.

DOUGLAS. (*Bitterly.*) Yet all the while you kept on writing letters to me, letting me think things *were* just the same.

RUTH. (*Gently.*) I didn't want to hurt you.

DOUGLAS. (*With a bitter laugh.*) Hurt me!

RUTH. And that's why I didn't tell you when you came back—how could I? It was just as tho you'd stepped out of your grave.

DOUGLAS. Yes, you were wearing a gold star on your arm. (*Ruth drops her head.*) Even that beautiful symbol which the grief of thousands has made sacred was a lie! Your pretence of joy at my return was a lie, each kiss you have given me another lie. (*Turning away from her.*) Everything was lies.

RUTH. I *couldn't* tell you, Doug—I *couldn't*. You'd been to the war and—

DOUGLAS. (*Interrupting her.*) Yes, I'd been to the war! And I wish now that I had never come back from it!

RUTH. Doug!

DOUGLAS. It's not such a hard thing to lose your life, but to lose your faith—your faith in everything that's sweet and good—that is the bitterest experience a man can have. I shall never trust a woman again, never! That is what you've done to me, Ruth, with your lies and your broken faith.

(*Midge Monahan enters. She hesitates in the door, not knowing whether to come in or not, seeing the constrained attitude.*)

MIDGE. Oh, excuse me—

RUTH. (*Relaxed by the entrance of the new-comer.*) I may as well go now. There's nothing more to say. (*She looks to Doug a moment and, as he doesn't*

speaks.) Good-by, Doug. (She looks at him and then goes out the door.)

DOUGLAS. Good-by, Ruth.

MIDGE. I'm afraid I came in at an awkward time—

DOUGLAS. No, no, it's all right. (Turning to his desk.)

MIDGE. (A little twistfully.) They say half the fun of being engaged is in quarreling and making up again.

DOUGLAS. Ruth and I aren't engaged any more. So, you see, that hardly applies.

MIDGE. Not engaged? (A bit nervously.)

DOUGLAS. No, so perhaps now you won't mind letting me have one of those vacant rooms.

MIDGE. How do you mean?

DOUGLAS. Well, your objection was that if I intended to get married, I wouldn't be permanent—I can promise you that I'll be "permanent" enough to suit you now!

MIDGE. Why, of course you can have the room if you want it; but I'm sorry that things haven't turned out right for you.

DOUGLAS. Thanks, little girl, but it's my own fault, I guess. I expected too much. I thought you could trust a woman to stick to you in good luck or bad—to be a real pal; but it seems that kind of girl is out of date. She lived in our mother's time.

MIDGE. (Slowly and a little invitingly.) You'll find a good many out-of-date girls if you take the trouble to look around.

Miss Monahan's uncle is an impractical and impractical inventor who has placed his latest invention in the hands of the Weavers. "Doug" has discovered their dishonesty and is convinced that they are attempting to steal the old man's idea. At the end of his patience, "Doug" decides to obtain the evidence of their fraudulent methods. He breaks open the safe in full view of the Weavers. They finally confess that the paper he is looking for is in another room. During his absence they telephone for a special police officer. He returns:

OTIS WEAVER. (Into phone.) Hello! The Bank? This is Otis Weaver speaking. There is some trouble up here and I want you to send up your Special Police Officer. Yes. Tell him to knock on my door and say: "It's Monahan"—nothing else, just "It's Monahan." Have you got that? Thanks. (Hangs up.)

BERT WEAVER. That's a great idea. That will make him unlock the door. (Doug enters.)

DOUGLAS. It looks very much as if you'd lied to me. I couldn't find any receipt there.

OTIS WEAVER. I'm sure it's there. You had better look again.

DOUGLAS. Yes, but I won't look in there. I'll look here in the safe. (Goes to the safe, unlocks drawer, takes out papers.) Just as I supposed. Here's the application, and made out in Harry Mann's name!

OTIS WEAVER. (With an oily, confident



VETERANS

The old G. A. R. veteran contrasts the Civil War with the World War much to the disadvantage of the latter.

tial tone.) The whole thing is only a coincidence, Adams. Harry Mann and Monahan hit on the same idea at the same time.

BERT WEAVER. Yes, we saw the situation was awkward, that's why we tried to get Monahan to sell.

DOUGLAS. Not quite comical enough. (Looking at papers in his hands.) I see you've got the description of Monahan's patent right here in the same envelope. The two are practically identical.

OTIS WEAVER. That's all right, Adams. We'll straighten it all out. You give me those papers and I'll write a letter to the patent office and tell them there has been a mistake.

DOUGLAS. No, sir. I'll keep these till you have straightened it out. (There is a knock at the door.)

OTIS WEAVER. Who's that?

VOICE OUTSIDE. It's Monahan.

(Otis and Bert Weaver are very pleased, thinking it the police.)

DOUGLAS. (Goes to the door.) One minute—I'll open the door. (He does so—Dan Monahan enters.)

DAN MONAHAN. (As Dan Monahan enters the Weavers are very disappointed. Dan is all out of breath.) Am I in time for the fun?

DOUGLAS. Mr. Weaver is going to straighten out your patent application.

DAN MONAHAN. Good Lord, how did you manage that?

DOUGLAS. I want to keep these papers as evidence till he does. (There is a knock at the door.)

DAN MONAHAN. Who's that?

VOICE. It's Monahan!

DAN MONAHAN. For the love of heaven!

BERT WEAVER. Thank God!

OTIS WEAVER. Come in. (The door opens and a policeman enters.)

POLICEMAN. What is all this?

OTIS WEAVER. (Pointing to Douglas.) Officer, arrest that man!

BERT WEAVER. Look out! He's carry-

ing a gun! (Policeman looks at Douglas.)

POLICEMAN. Hello, Lieutenant—don't you remember me? Al Higgins—assistant mechanic—Marine Flying Corps—I helped you get off the day you copped Von Ragen. (Douglas is shaking hands with the policeman and they grin at each other delightedly.)

OTIS WEAVER. (Furious.) Don't you understand me? Arrest him—he's stolen some important papers of mine and is going to take them away with him.

POLICEMAN. Arrest him? Arrest hell! (With a laugh at such an idea.)

DOUGLAS. (With an arm about the policeman, laughing.) Yes, come on, Weaver, tell it to the Marines!

The third and last act takes us into the Monahan boarding-house. The Weavers are persistent in their efforts to effect the arrest of Douglas Adams, to prove his dishonesty. They have come into possession of the unpleasant story of the theft of the bonds and have secured a warrant for his arrest for that crime. The elder Weaver is scheduled to become the next district attorney of the county. Then the happy idea enters "Midge's" head that "Doug" must be independently nominated for this office on a "soldiers' ticket":

JEFF ADAMS. Who'd be popular enough to beat the entire organization?

MIDGE. I know someone who would—Doug!

JEFF ADAMS. What?

MIDGE. Nominate Lieutenant Adams. He beat Von Ragen. He can beat Weaver!

JEFF ADAMS. (Shaking his head.) Not a chance!

MIDGE. Yes, he can—if you get all the soldiers back of him! Don't forget, ten Presidents of the United States were

soldiers, and at least half of them were elected by the soldier vote!

JEFF ADAMS. By gum!

DAN MONAHAN. Oh, you've got to hand it to them. The women don't make such bad politicians as we thought they would.

MIDGE. Yes, and that's another thing—the women will vote for him, too. You see if they don't.

DAN MONAHAN. He is certainly a damn sight better lookin' than Weaver.

MIDGE. Oh, it isn't that. He's honest and fine and fearless, and women will see that, no matter what Weaver may try to tell them. (*Mack enters, stands listening.*) Women can tell when they're being lied to much better than men. I guess that's only natural; they've had more experience!

MACDONALD. Good night! (*Everybody turns to Mack as he is starting out of door.*)

DAN MONAHAN. Hello, Mack, you're in on this.

MACDONALD. In on what?

DAN MONAHAN. We're going to put up Douglas Adams for district attorney.

MIDGE. Yes.

MACDONALD. Great work! What ticket is he running on?

JEFF ADAMS. The soldiers' ticket. (*To Dan.*) We'll nominate him by petition.

MACDONALD. But you'll have to get up an organization.

JEFF ADAMS. That's true—and we'll need money!

MACDONALD. Say, wait, wait! Little Charlie Wiseman has an idea. My old boss, Col. Van Alstyne, is in town staying with his married daughter.

JEFF ADAMS. (*Getting the idea.*) By Jiminy!

MACDONALD. The Colonel is so strong for Doug that he'd agree to back him if he was trying to get appointed ambassador for Flatbush! Now, what do you say—shall we beat it down and see the old Colonel, and ask him to furnish the roll to get the game started?

DAN MONAHAN. It's a great idea.

MACDONALD. You bet it is.

JEFF ADAMS. Come on, let's go now, Mack.

MACDONALD. All righty. I want to see the Colonel on my own account, too. He promised to try and find me another job.

MIDGE. Why, are you tired of housework?

MACDONALD. I'm tired of having the ball and chain blow in about six-ten and kick because she don't find dinner on the table. And the other night she puts the lid on it by comin' and tellin' me she had to take a customer out to see the ball game. Can you tie that?

JEFF ADAMS. Say, we'd better hurry. I want to get the news around town that Doug is running against Weaver before that warrant is served.

DAN MONAHAN. Sure, that'll make it sound like a political attack.

JEFF ADAMS. We'll bury Weaver so deep next November it'll take a mining shovel to locate him.

MACDONALD. Oh, I tell you when we soldiers get together nothing can beat us—eh, Sergeant?

JEFF ADAMS. You're dead right. We

certainly showed 'em that when we elected Grant. And I guess what the G. A. R. did in '67 the A. E. F. can do to-day.

But faced with the threatened exposure of the theft of the bonds, and refusing to put the blame upon the shoulders of the real culprit, "Doug" refuses, and announces his intention of leaving Clinton Falls. But his brother finally redeems himself and secures a pardon. The play ends with the suggested solution of the difficulties of the returned soldiers:

MACDONALD. Say, boys, set 'em up all round! I've got my job back again.

JEFF ADAMS. What?

MACDONALD. Yep, Rhy and me has changed places again.

DOUGLAS. How in the world did you manage that?

MACDONALD. Never mind—I told you I'd fix it and I fixed it.

JEFF ADAMS. Do you know what I'm going to do—I'm going to find the Colonel and tell him you've agreed, Doug, and that the fight's on!

MACDONALD. Gee, is that what it was all about? Why couldn't you have told me, too? Oh, say, but that's great!

JEFF ADAMS. Come on, Grant, that's up your way.

GRANT ADAMS. All right.

JEFF ADAMS. (*Chuckling.*) I'd like to see Weaver's face when he hears about it! He'll be madder'n blue blazes. . . .

MACDONALD. Say, Doug, we seem to be gettin' back again all right to where we were before the war.

DOUGLAS. You bet!

MACDONALD. Remember how we used to wonder how it would be like when we came home?

DOUGLAS. And there was always a sporting chance that we mightn't come home at all.

MACDONALD. That's right, most of the time we were standing with one foot in the grave and the other one on a banana peel. Still, I guess—(*Rhy enters from kitchen.*)—the old scrap didn't hurt us much after all, and it sure did teach us a thing or two, didn't it?

RHY. And it taught women that stayed behind a thing or two—don't forget that.

MACDONALD. You mean the insurance business.

RHY. No, I don't. I mean it taught us women to appreciate the men we sent over there. (*Rhy puts her arm through Mack's.*)

MACDONALD. Well, what do you think of that? Soft stuff from Rhy. We ought to be sitting on the beach, darling, listening to distant music, with the moonlight shimmering on the water.

RHY. (*Throwing his arm aside.*) Oh, you make me tired!

MACDONALD. Ah, that sounds more like my little old Rhy.

RHY. (*Pulling Mack toward door.*) Midge has something private she wants to tell Doug.

MACDONALD. What, more secret stuff? Good Lord, what is this place, the whispering gallery? (*Midge enters from kitchen.*)

MIDGE. When am I going to see you again, Rhy?

RHY. Pretty soon. Of course I'll be busy for a while showing Mack how to handle the business; but they're getting in a stenographer to help him.

MACDONALD. Gee, you didn't tell me that.

RHY. Yes, I'm going down there now to pick her out. (*Rhy exits. Midge follows Rhy out on porch.*)

MACDONALD. Save up your pennies for the christening cup, Doug. We're going to ask you to be godfather.

DOUGLAS. What's that?

MACDONALD. Don't you tumble? That's how I got my job back again. I told you I'd fix it somehow.

DOUGLAS. Congratulations! (*Midge enters door.*)

MACDONALD. Thanks! Gee, but it's great to feel like a man again! (*Mack exits.*)

DOUGLAS. You say you've got a message from Ruth?

MIDGE. Yes. She came here to see you, but she lost her courage and she asked me to explain to you the way she felt.

DOUGLAS. Yes.

MIDGE. Well, she's found out at last what a fool she's been. She realizes your worth and she wants you to forgive her.

DOUGLAS. I do forgive her.

MIDGE. (*On verge of tears, but fighting them back.*) Oh, that's fine—then everything's all right. (*Backing away from table.*) She's going to be home to-night, but I guess you won't want to wait that long.

DOUGLAS. After all, there isn't any reason why I shouldn't forgive her. She didn't do anything so very terrible.

MIDGE. (*Her voice almost choked up with the tears which she will not let Doug see.*) No-o-no, of course not!

DOUGLAS. She only changed her mind.

MIDGE. Yes, and now she's changed it back again.

DOUGLAS. Of course I felt pretty bad when I found out the way she's gone back on me, but I'm beginning to think that feeling must have been largely wounded vanity.

MIDGE. Oh, no!

DOUGLAS. Listen, Midge, have you ever seen a necklace of near-pearls that looked simply wonderful, and everybody said, "Why, you couldn't tell them from real pearls," and it's quite true you couldn't—not till you saw them alongside some real pearls.

MIDGE. I don't understand.

DOUGLAS. Well, that's what happened to me, Midge—I've been looking a lot at the real thing and the nearly article can never seem the same.

MIDGE. (*Almost speechless.*) You mean—uh—? (*With a motion to herself.*)

DOUGLAS. I mean that I love you and if you don't come around that table (*starts to climb over chairs to her*) I'm going over the top! (*Dan enters.*)

DAN MONAHAN. Say, I've got the greatest idea on earth!

DOUGLAS. So have I! Beat it!

DAN MONAHAN. (*After a comprehensive glance.*) Oh-h-h! (*Turns.*) I told you that he loved you, but you wouldn't believe it. (*Douglas holds Midge in his arms, kisses her. The band outside strikes up, "Where Do We Go From Here?"*)

ENIGMATIC FOLKSONGS OF THE SOUTHERN UNDERWORLD

A YOUNG woman appeared for no more than five minutes in a Broadway revue and crooned a ditty in a minor key. Few of the words of the text were comprehensible. The singer made no effort to point their meaning, but mechanically kept on staring ahead of her. A reference to the graveyard, writes the critic of the *N. Y. Sun*, added to the decadent, macabre impression of as much of the song as the audience could hear. "High cheek-bones, short, rather kinky hair of an ashy blond, and her unaccustomed rich attire gave her the look of a Nubian page in a Veronese drawing. Then she suggested a Beardsley drawing for Salome's head. She drawled out her song, looking straight into the audience without the least expression in her odd face." The young woman was Gilda Gray, the song was "The Bealstreet Blues." Her sensational triumph in the "Gaieties of 1919" led to a lawsuit between claimants for her services, and aroused widespread discussion of the origin of the "blues," a type of folksong of the underworld, upon which Miss Gray bases her singing and dancing. The archeology of these communal chants is worthy of as serious study as Cecil Sharp and others have given to the ballads of the Appalachians. The *N. Y. Herald* declares:

"It is a form of art new to Broadway, that which Miss Gray has introduced, for as the carvings of Dahomey and the totem poles of Alaska are art, crude, even repulsive tho it is at times, so the 'blues' are a form of art, an expression of the moods of a certain class of individuals. Indigenous to sections of Southern cities which men frequent only after night has cast her pall over their doings—ask any one who knows Memphis what Beal Street is—they have been transplanted on the stage in New York. And Miss Gray's art is that she treats the illegitimate so deftly that her success is legitimate."

In an interview in the *Herald*, Miss Gray, who might be described as a sort of Yvette Guilbert of the "blues," confessed familiarity with no less than 200 of these anonymous, nameless and yet often strangely expressive songs:

"There's 'The Yellow Dog Rag,' 'The Dirty Dozen,' 'The Regretful Blues,' 'The Memphis Blues,' 'The Beal Street,' which I am now doing; 'The St. Louis,' 'The Doggone.'"

"'The Dirty Dozen' has a wayward sound. I don't suppose there'd be room enough to give all twelve verses."

"The chorus runs like this:

"'Oh, the old dirty dozen,
The old dirty dozen;

Brothers and cousins,
Livin' like a hive of bees.
They keep a buzzin', fussin' and muzzin'.
There wasn't a good one in the bunch.
(Believe me, boy, that ain't no bluff.)
Ah-h, daddy, that's enough.
Git over dirty!'

"The lyrics were incomprehensible enough, yet the singer fairly froze in atmosphere of red lights. While her minor notes tore at the auditory nerves she had a peculiar quality of impassiveness which showed her complete control over the swaying muscles in what now is called 'the shimmy.'"



SHE SANG ONE SONG

Miss Gilda Gray sang the "Blues." She "shimmied" her way into success by the artistry and authenticity of her recreation of the fugitive songs of the underworld.

It would require no less a person than Nicholas Vachel Lindsay to explain the composition of the song which has created such widespread discussion. As reprinted by the dramatic editor of the *Sun*, it runs as follows:

I have seen all the lights of gay Broadway,
Of Market Street down to 'Frisco Bay.
I have strolled the Prado, I have gambled on
the Bourse,
I have seen pretty browns, beautiful gowns,
tailor-made and hand me downs,
I have seen 'honest men, pickpockets skilled,
The place never closes until somebody gets
killed.
I'd rather be here than any place I know,
For it's going to take a sergeant to make
me go.
I have been in jail with my face to the wall,
And a great big tall man is the cause of it all.
The graveyard is a nasty old place,
They lay you on your back and throw dirt
in your face,
(Get over, dirty)
Ashes to ashes and dust to dust,
If my singing don't get you, my shimmy must.
(Step on it, boys.)

The writer on the *Sun* offers this explanation of the origin of the "blues":

Miss Gilda Gray's "Blues" Arouse a Discussion Concerning Their Questionable Origin

"Listeners have sometimes thought that a blue must be founded on a negro spiritual. It has the musical character as well as the reflective nature of some of the negro hymns. Walter Kingsley says the missionaries did sing these hymns to the inhabitants of Beale and similar streets in the South in their efforts to change the ways of life that maintained there. Perhaps this was not accomplished so often as the good men and women hoped. But the hymn made its effect. It remained in the knowledge of the negroes who had heard it shot at their ears in the attempt to make them better."

"So the 'blue' is the song of their aspirations and desires, good or evil, and it assumes the form and sometimes the tune of the hymn, since that appears to Beale Street the only spiritual form of expression that ever came into its knowledge. The blue may be about an altogether unmentionable aspiration. It may on the other hand be expressive of a temporary piety. Sometimes the words of the missionaries and the desires of the singer become most incongruously blended, as in Miss Gray's song. As the 'blue,' which must inevitably be syncopated in tune and more or less affected by the rubato of jazz, comes to the public now, it mingles the voice of the dweller in the depths of Beale Street with the hoarse calls of the missionary to higher things."

Mr. Walter Kingsley, who has taken the time to investigate the origins of most of our distinctly popular American forms and methods in music, writes with some authority to the *Sun* on the origin of the songs of the underworld:

"'Blues' are not for the expression of religious aspiration or the normalities of home and wife and mother. 'Blues' are not written to relieve the soul of church wardens, commuters, disciples of Dr. Crane, and the pure in heart of the theater. They are the little songs of the wayward, the impenitent sinners, of the men and women who have lost their way in the world. 'Blues' are for the outlaws of society; they are little plaintive or humorous stanzas of irregular rhythm set to music not of the conservatories. When one laments a season in prison one sings 'The Jail House Blues.' For the girl whose 'sweetheart' of the dark alleys has gone elsewhere there are many blues, such as 'He Left Me Flat Blues,' 'Kidded Again Blues,' and 'A Rat at Heart Blues.' The forsaken male has his own repertoire, which includes 'Lying Skirt Blues,' 'She Done Him Dirt Blues' and 'He's Sore on the Dames Blues.' The loser at craps, the luckless sport ruined by slow horses and fast women, the mourner for rum, the profiteer in things forbidden whom the law has evicted, the sick and lonely woman—all these have their appropriate blues. On the other side there are blues for luck at cards and women and horses, for big nights in the restricted districts, for pungent pleasures in

the sectors of society that have no thought of the morrow; and again there are blues with just a laugh for their object—low comedy fun in subterranean experiences. Just as Henley and Farmer's seven vol-

umes of slang and naughty words covers the outlaw vocabulary of the English language, so do the blues embrace the outlaw emotions. They are right down on the ground in the matter of expression

and packed with human nature and always interesting. As Wellington said, 'There's no damned talk about merit' in them. They are gruff and sincere and as authentic as a ballad by François Villon."

THE UNSOLVED MYSTERY OF PARNELL IN LENNOX ROBINSON'S NEW PLAY

NO less provocative of discussion in the London press than John Drinkwater's "Abraham Lincoln," is a new drama by Lennox Robinson entitled "The Lost Leader." This lost leader is Parnell. While Mr. Drinkwater's play is a chronicle play, Mr. Robinson's is an imaginative recreation quite independent of history, tho with a political background. The play opens in a small fishing hotel in a remote Irish village, kept by Mary Lenihan and her old uncle Lucius. In the smoking-room one evening, a psychanalyst from London and his companion foregather with a bustling young reporter, Augustus Smith, who has come over to work up the political situation. They are discussing hypnotism as a possible cure for insomnia, scarcely noticing the presence of old Lucius Lenihan. Nevertheless Lucius pays close attention to the remark of the doctor (to Smith): "In your case, just by suggestion, I would begin by suggesting to you sleep, a deep, dreamless sleep, a sleep like black velvet, a sleep as deep and as dark and as calm as Poulmore Lake when, on a still autumn evening, the mountain throws across it a deep purple shadow." He holds up a bright coin and bids Augustus Smith to look at it. But Lucius Lenihan has also intently followed the directions of the doctor and succumbs to the influence. Presently the others find him with his head fallen forward on the table, in a state of deep hypnosis. An unusual scene follows:

HARPER. Mr. Lenihan! (*Lucius stirs slightly.*) Mr. Lenihan! Sit up, I have something to say to you. (*Lucius struggles to sit up.*) Sit up straight. You can, perfectly well—straight. (*Lucius sits up straight.*) You sleep badly, don't you? (*Lucius bows his head.*) Answer me, you are able to speak.

LUCIUS. (*In a very low voice.*) Yes.

HARPER. Speak louder, please.

LUCIUS. (*Loudly.*) Yes.

HARPER. That's better. To-night you are going to sleep soundly.

LUCIUS. (*Uneasily.*) I can't, I can't.

HARPER. You mean your dreams will keep you from sound sleep?

LUCIUS. Yes, the dreams of twenty years ago. They come back, they come back.

HARPER. Quite so. But now I am going to take them away.

LUCIUS. Right away?

HARPER. Yes. (*He takes the cigar*

box, empties it of the half-dozen cigars it contains, and holds it up.) Look, I am going to take your bad dreams and shut them up in this box, and tie a big stone to it and drop it in the lake and there they will lie.

LUCIUS. For ever?

HARPER. For ever. There they go. One, two, three, four.

LUCIUS. I have more than that.

HARPER. I have room for more. . . . We'll name the bad dreams as we put them in. Here's the first. What is it called?

LUCIUS. A coffin.

HARPER. Good. (*He places a cigar in the box.*) There goes the coffin. Now the next.

LUCIUS. A woman.

HARPER. (*Dropping in a cigar.*) There she is, in the coffin.

LUCIUS. (*Excitedly.*) No, no, she's not. I'm in the coffin.

HARPER. My mistake. I beg your pardon. A coffin and a woman. Now the third?

LUCIUS. My false friends.

HARPER. (*Dropping a cigar in.*) They're gone. The fourth?

LUCIUS. My name. (*There is a little stir of surprise.*)

HARPER. Your name?

ORMSBY. For God's sake stop this, Jim. I don't like it, it's not fair. He doesn't know what he's saying.

SMITH. But it's dashed exciting. . . .

ORMSBY. It's none of our business.

HARPER. (*Dropping in a cigar.*) There goes your name—Lucius Lenihan.

LUCIUS. No, no, that's not it, that's not my name.

HARPER. You're right. Beg pardon, I can't read the name. But as you're ashamed of it, we'll drop it in and say no more about it.

LUCIUS. (*Vehemently.*) I was never ashamed of it. My name, sir, is Charles Stewart Parnell.

This gave the London audiences one of those subtle thrills, says William Archer (whose account we follow in the *N. Y. Review*), that are among the triumphs of the theater. Lucius Lenihan is put off to sleep again, and when he is awakened he knows nothing of what has passed. The episode of the first act ends:

LUCIUS. (*Rising a little shakily.*) Was I asleep, gentlemen?

HARPER. I believe you did not nod off for a minute. As I was saying, the first day I only got half a dozen, the next day I hired a boat from old Peter, and we fished the upper lake. You've fished it, haven't you, Frank?

The Great Moment in an Irish Play that Has Aroused London

ORMSBY. I—oh—ah—yes, yes.

(*They are watching Lucius, who has crossed to the door.*)

HARPER. (*Softly.*) Mr. Parnell! (*The standing figure seems to grow slightly more rigid.*) Mr. Parnell! (*The figure seems to grow taller, seems to be holding itself in and back.*) What about turning in, Frank?

ORMSBY. Yes, let's.

(*Lucius turns, he is holding himself up, he is taller, his eye is flashing, he looks rather formidable. He makes a step towards the group at the fire, and they instinctively shrink back a little.*)

LUCIUS. Sir—(*He pauses, he appears to change his mind, and stalks from the room.*)

Augustus Smith, the London reporter (admirably acted, by the way, by the young dramatist, Miles Malleson), telegraphs to London the news of the reappearance of Parnell. Excitement grows in the village of Poulmore. There are demands for rooms at the little hotel. Mary Lenihan does not believe her uncle is Parnell. "And to the end—such is the author's delicate art—we do not know which theory is the true one." Mr. Archer continues:

"In our hearts, however, under the glamour of the scene, we have not the least doubt that Lucius is the real Parnell. He himself has no doubt that the time has come for him to cast off his masquerade and stand forth to save Ireland. He has his plan:

"I knew that there must be a way out, there must be a solution of the problem; and fishing one day, between two casts of my fly, I found it. It was so simple, it could be told in twenty words. I let my rod drop, and I sat down on the bank, laughing at the simplicity of it. It only needed to be told to Ireland by a man with personality, a man who was loved and feared, and the problem was solved for ever. . . . I hadn't courage to take the plunge, I hadn't faith enough in myself, I—I—And then a voice out of the darkness—like the voice of the Almighty God himself—some one called me by my name. And then I had no longer any doubts. It seemed to me to be a sign from heaven itself."

The last act has been criticized as anti-climax, but Mr. Archer thinks unjustly. It is, he thinks, instinct with character and drama. "You're not Parnell," cries one. "Parnell never spoke like that!" To which Lucius replies:

Of course he didn't. Do you expect me to speak as I did twenty-five years ago,

to forget nothing, to learn nothing? Do you expect Ireland to change and me to stand still? Bah, the world's crumbling to pieces under your feet and none of you seem to feel it. There'll be a new heaven and a new earth, and you're blinder to it than Tomas Houlihan."

Apart from the works of J. M. Synge—which of course are *hors concours*—"The Lost Leader" is decidedly, in the opinion of William Archer, the best thing the Irish movement has given us. It has produced many delightful sketches of manners and character, local satires and bucolic farces; but this is a solid piece of dramatic architecture.

Mr. Massingham of the London *Nation* does not conceal his disappointment with the anti-climactic character of the final effect achieved by Lennox Robinson. The singular power of his opening act is not sustained:

"It was almost inevitable that in thinking of Parnell his imagination should fix itself on the legend that the great Irish chieftain had never really died and would, one day, reappear.

"Yet it happens that this choice of Mr. Robinson has been almost fatal to his play. For it made a call on him to which only the highest genius could adequately respond. To bring Parnell to life again, to make him rally the ranks of the Clann-Gael, or to see it passing from one spiritual command to another, how impossible a task is this unless a Shakespeare or an Ibsen control it! We know the *revenants* of the spiritualists' table: that race of almost speechless drivelers. Mr. Robinson, being an artist, has done far better than this; yet he has not contrived an adequate return for the soul or the body of Parnell. Not the man himself is made to live again, but his ghost, a specter from whom the original force has departed, or been replaced by a far milder spirit. But even his ghost is only a reincarnation, passing through the medium of a simple, half-crazed Irish peasant. Was Lucius Lenihan Parnell? Mr. Robinson does not say. He does not allow Parnell's familiar friend to say. The face was like Parnell's, but—he could not tell. And in shrinking from the full assumption on which the drama hangs, Lenihan's identity with the lost leader, its author lets the true problem—the psycho-



"MY NAME IS CHARLES STEWART PARNELL!"

Not in our generation, asserts Rebecca West, has there been such a thrilling moment on the English stage as this one, which occurs in the first act of Lennox Robinson's enigmatic play, "The Lost Leader."

logical one—go and condemns his work to unreality."

It was the great thrilling moment in the first act when the old Irishman revealed his name as *Charles Stewart Parnell*. It was here, declares Rebecca West in the London *Outlook*, that Lennox Robinson, aided by Norman McKinnel as Lucius, reached the highest point of his achievement:

"Not for long, not perhaps in our generation, has there been such a moment as this on the stage. One has never before seen an audience so visibly thrilled. It was plain that for the moment they had ceased to be spectators of the play, and were involved in it even as the actors on the stage, and like them leaned forward and stared at the tranced old man and wondered. Surely there is something great about him, a kind of light? Did he not look as tho he might once have been the uncrowned King of Ireland? Wasn't there a legend that Parnell never died, that the tale of his death was but an invention to hide his flight to some quiet place where he would wait the hour when Ireland would need him again? . . .

And that incommunicable thrill came once again, after the doctor, with an uneasy sense of having eavesdropped on the old man's soul, brings him out of the trance. The men chatter among themselves of their day's fishing to cover the old man's dazed awakening, but as he slinks to the door the doctor whispers after him, 'Mr. Parnell, Mr. Parnell.' The old man turns before he goes from the room. So might the face of a dead king look when it first felt the finger of some resurrecting power. . . .

"The end of the play—the beautiful speech of Parnell in which he tells the spiritual discoveries he has made in his years of silence; his sudden death before he has had time to give out his plan under a blow of a hurly stick aimed by the blind singer at a gombeen man who mocks his speech. The subsequent arrival of the men from Dublin and their wondering scrutiny of the dead man's face. 'Is that Parnell? . . . It might be. . . I don't know. . . .—these things belong to the first order of drama. And they are, moreover, an allegory of the spirit of her old leaders that sometimes revisits Ireland, and is distrusted and killed by wranglers before it can be recognized and obeyed."

THE VITAL MYTH OF OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN

THE Arabian Nights impresario—so the N. Y. *Globe* characterizes the late Oscar Hammerstein. The passing of this unique figure in the world of opera has led to a further blooming of the romantic Hammerstein legend—the inevitable legend that grows out of the life of such a remarkable man, so full of strange and bizarre notions, ready, as the *Globe* notes, with short cuts and brilliant expedients

where nobody had thought of them before, creating new conditions by the very force of his mental impact and the seduction of his personality:

"There was never a subject better made to the hand of the romancer. The only difficulty lay in exceeding by any number of superlatives the actual life he lived and the things he did. He was Sindbad the Sailor and Aladdin rolled in one.

"Nobody in our generation has been a more perfect indicator of the possibilities

Passing of the Most Picturesque Impresario of American Opera

and limitations of human achievement. Sheer intellect rising from the cigar-maker's bench only to find itself baffled on the threshold of momentous opportunities by the inexplicable workings of whim and mood, a brain in which dreamer and realist combine, functioning perfectly until some sudden clouding results in the London operatic disaster. Yet Hammerstein was certainly a genius. What we saw of him was a sombre and brilliant fellow bent on having his own way, and what he was to himself behind the spec-

tacular melodrama of his career we are barred from knowing. We can only judge him by his works.

"And he put a soul in American opera. The cold and effortful productions that came before his time were as they were because nobody at the Metropolitan had a vision of what an opera should be. Not till Hammerstein had shown New York what was wrong was there any suspicion that there was anything lacking in grand opera as we knew it. But the cigarmaker and inventor had a vision. Where he got it may be left to the limbo of eternally unanswered questions; but he not only possessed it—he knew how to give it bodily form. His productions will not easily be forgotten, and so long as his influence lives there will be more humanity and more stirring life in the art of opera."

The restless energy of his mind and his inexhaustible fertility of invention made him, according to the *N. Y. Times*, during one brief period, the regenerator of our musical life; but first and always he was "a character of almost titanic force and picturesqueness." The Manhattan Opera House episode was the summit of Hammerstein's musical achievement. His opera seasons there were from 1906 to 1910. He succeeded in infusing a new vitality into the American operatic world, as well as a first glimpse of modernity in operatic music. Says the *Times*:

"Hammerstein's venture at the Manhattan was fortunate in many ways. The acoustics of the auditorium were well-nigh perfect—no slight consideration in view of the intimate quality of his repertory. In Campanini he found a conductor of the first order, who has an almost unique gift in handling an operatic ensemble, down to the last member of the chorus. His singers included a large number of artists of the first rank, notably Mary Garden, who was invaluable in works of the modern school because of her intelligence and great lustrous versatility. But most fortunate of all was the fact that he had at hand a number of operas of note which for years had been neglected—'Salome,' 'Elektra,' 'Thais,' 'Pelleas et Melisande,' 'Les Contes d'Hoffmann,' 'Louise,' 'Le Jongleur de Notre Dame.' As long as this repertory was fresh the house was successful, financially as artistically. But it was the accumulation of many years, and when it was spent, with no new works of note forthcoming, the public interest declined. Hammerstein sought to bolster up his organizations by building an Opera House in Philadelphia and by making productions in Chicago. But in the end he was forced to capitulate. His invasion of London followed, with the great house which he built in Kingsway; but the result was disaster. It seems to be established that no city will support permanently more than one opera. The true monument to Hammerstein's achievement lies in the public taste, which has learned to demand novelty and modernity, and in the household of his great rival, which has learned to supply the demand."

Hammerstein's black cigar and tiled hat, both set at impossible and defiant

angles, were typical of much within, says the *Tribune*. "He was more than half myth. . . . But it is of myths and by myths that art and cities arise and disappear."

"No wonder the people took to Oscar and performed wonders to make his shot at the moon a financial success! It is the way of institutions always to run into



HERO OF A THOUSAND AND ONE NIGHTS

Oscar Hammerstein was Aladdin and Sinbad and all the rest in one, and his adventures were in the world of theater, opera and music.

fixed channels and become stale and conservative and inflexible. Perhaps Oscar Hammerstein with full success might have become similarly ossified. But always failure—financial failure, that is—dogged him like a fate, tripping him into calamities fit to sour and destroy a score of impresarios—but for Oscar merely the needed filip to his glass of life, the precise slap on the back calculated to stir him to higher endeavors and grander,

newer experiments with the public, with the muses and with those strange creatures of another world, operatic stars.

"A queer combination of tawdriness and the highest art was the result. The setting, the public forthputtings, might be the cheapest. The music was often, more often than not, at a rarely high level. The audiences helped for one thing. There was a tingle in the air at the Manhattan that the sober, dignified Metropolitan seldom achieved. Above all, there was a sense of experiment and adventure and newness and zest. For better, for worse, the show was Oscar's own personality."

"A pity that he was so soon choked off by fate and wiser rivals. A pity that the city knows no other adventurer in art his equal in courage and will to shoot at the sky. We have missed him and shall miss him. Another such figure in opera and another on the stage could do more for music and the play than a score of leagues and all the armies of excellently intentioned critics."

There was something in the nature of Oscar Hammerstein that appealed to the radical and rebel. Perhaps it was the venturesome spirit of the argonaut in uncharted realms of music and art. At any rate, he defied the absolute power of money as the first factor of any high artistic enterprise. Thus we find a charming tribute to his memory by the "Drifter," of the *N. Y. Nation*:

"His obituaries mark him as 'the eccentric impresario,' and justly; for in the dominant civilization of the world, the civilization of Gradgrind, Quinion, Chadband and Pecksniff, there was no more distinguished or irreconcilable alien. He worked incessantly, but not for money—which was eccentric. His brain teemed with inventive genius, which he commercialized only incidentally and with a grudging impatience of the necessity which interrupted the pursuit of what, with almost unimaginable eccentricity, he regarded as his true vocation. He might have been a commanding figure in industry or in commerce, yet he chose to be neither. His main interest was in the development of a purely spiritual activity. Above all, he believed in joy and in the formulative power of joy. All this was the very height of eccentricity. Alien and eccentric as he was, yet how fortunate to have lived his seventy-two years before we all go quite into drab! Some of us there are, perhaps as eccentric as himself, who now remember with thankfulness how far his ideal of industry lay apart from Gradgrind's, of religion from Chadband's, of human happiness from Quinion's, of organized society from Pecksniff's. We rejoice to remember his vain and valiant service against the triumph of those saturnine ideals, his hatred of dismalness and hideousness, and his belief that they formed no part of man's natural lot. *Expectat vitam venturi saeculi!* He once said that the only reason he was afraid to go to heaven was that he might find a chorus that he had not picked out; but he now knows that it was only Chadband's heaven that he feared."

Science and Discovery

RESTORATION OF THE WARRIOR'S LOST FACE

SURGERY of the plastic kind has worked something like miracles in restoring the mutilated human countenance. French surgeons, working upon victims of the great war, have rebuilt jaws, restored chins, put new and beautiful noses where old ones had been shot away. A study of photographs revealing this science in its exemplifications and a study of the innumerable case histories in the reports of brilliant surgeons might justify optimistic prophecy of even more striking results in this field, according to Doctor William Seaman Bainbridge, of the navy medical corps, in an official report to the government. It is wiser, he warns us, to be moderate in expectations, lest some unfortunate be deluded into the belief that plastic surgery can do the impossible. All that can safely be said now is that mutilations of the victim's countenance too horrible for contemplation can easily be converted into comparatively trifling scar effects by the surgeon who has mastered the new technique.

The remarkable reconstructive work of Delagenière on bones and joints ranks among the foremost of the victories of the surgeon over the shell wound. This has led to the development of a facial surgery beyond anything yet recorded in history. The means or method is as a rule a graft from the tibia—the name of the larger of the two bones in the leg. One surface of the tibia lies immediately beneath the skin in front, and towards the inner side of the leg, forming the shin. It is not yet quite apparent why grafts from this region are so valuable for the restoration, or rather the reconstruction, of bones elsewhere, but they are invaluable in the repair of lost bone substance, even in the repair of bony defects of the skull after trephining.* The fresh grafts from the tibia are immediately transferred to the operation wound, without intermediaries of any kind, care being taken to handle them only with sterile compresses or instruments. The tibia is

treated simply by skin suture over the denuded bone surface from which the periosteum has been stripped, a small drain being left under the skin for forty-eight hours. The wound heals in eight or ten days without complications.

The graft from the tibia must be transferred without delay to its new position. It is not necessary to use antiseptic agents and they might conceivably interfere with the vitality of the graft. As far as possible, the two surfaces of the graft must be in contact with living tissues. The entire graft must be well covered with skin in order to guard against necrosis and sequestration of the bony portions of the grafts. Such, speaking in very general terms, is the outline of the technique of an operation which has effected so many recent reconstructions of the face. The transformation by the operator's skill of those unfortunates whose countenances had lost all semblance to humanity through the ravages of bomb and shell is, Doctor Bainbridge says, "little short of miraculous," and must be deemed "one of the greatest triumphs ever achieved by the beneficent art of surgery." The point to bear in mind here is the operator's skill. However perfectly the surgeon may have grasped the theory of the reconstruction, he will fail unless his technique be equal to his knowledge. It is also true that in certain cases of injury to the face and jaw it may be found that defects are too great for immediate repair or that the condition of the patient precludes operative treatment. Sometimes it takes months or years to do the necessary work because it must be done in stages. On the other hand, conditions in the facial region are especially favorable for the healing of the grafts, which can be placed in living tissues where it is easy to avoid dead spaces. Failure is accordingly rare. The bony framework of the nose can be entirely repaired by means of these grafts. "It is perhaps superfluous to comment upon the marvelous vista opened up in the formerly so discouraging treatment of maimed and mutilated warriors." The results obtained through this proceeding are lasting, so that the function of any bone

Wonders of Plastic Surgery that Make Monstrosities Over Into Pleasant Countenances

can be restored with the assistance of these grafts.

Striking as are the results, we must not draw erroneous conclusions from the mere novelty of the technique and from the necessity for its perfection. The restoration of the face is a pressing task for plastic surgery in view of the war, but the period of peace had its victories here, too:

"In our enthusiasm over the results being obtained in plastic surgery during the present war, we are apt to regard the work as a recent development and to overlook the fact that there is no other branch of surgery in which such advance has been made during the 25 years preceding the war. Indeed, while antisepsis and asepsis have done much toward making possible the successful treatment of cases requiring bone and tissue transplanting, plastic surgery is by no means a discovery of our own day. The ancient Hindus, to whom so many wonderful achievements are popularly attributed, are credited with having performed plastic operations 2,000 years ago. Doubtless this was brought about by reason of the fact that quite a popular form of punishment was the cutting off of the nose. Strange as it may seem, the tile makers, who are reputed to have been a more or less despised class, delegated to themselves the task of nose-mending. Presumably the thought came to these particular artisans as a result of their familiarity with cements and repairs calling for the adhesion of one substance to another.

"In more modern times, the ingenuity of the most skilful surgeons has been taxed to enable them to remedy congenital defects, such as cleft palate and harelip, or the results of accidents, such as extensive burns, and also deformities from lupus or malignant disease. Pieces taken from the ribs and from other parts of the framework of the body have been successfully utilized. Lane, Brophy and a host of others were doing wonderful work along these lines before the horrors of war multiplied many times the number of patients requiring such treatment.

"Restorative surgery, in the broad sense of the term, includes plastic work in many lines, such as bone grafting, the restoring of nerve continuity, tendon transplanting, and the implanting of adipose tissue to fill bone or lung cavities; but perhaps the most gratifying results have been obtained in cases involving the restoring of the

* MEDICAL AND SURGICAL DEVELOPMENTS OF THE WAR. By William Seaman Bainbridge. Washington: Government Printing Office.

jaw and the remedying of gross defects of face and mouth.

"Modern warfare has resulted in much deformity, especially horrible when the head and face are involved, and it is to

plastic surgery that all are hopefully looking for relief for those who have suffered such injury. The injury may be slight and only of cosmetic interest, or so great as to endanger life. Between these ex-

trems there is a multitude of unfortunates who must have repair work performed in order that they may be made more presentable before they can go back either to the fighting force or to civil life."

A DEAD ARTIST WHO CAME BACK TO PAINT

SOME fourteen years ago, Mr. Frederic L. Thompson, who was a goldsmith and not an artist, was suddenly and inexplicably seized with an impulse to sketch and paint pictures. Accompanying this impulse were numerous hallucinations or visions of trees or landscapes which served as models for his work. Mr. Thompson had had no training in art. Whatever merit his paintings may have do not represent the usual result of education or practice. In the language of Professor James H. Hyslop, who gives this case careful elaboration in his work on the latest evidence as to communication with the dead:*

"When he was seized with the impulse to sketch and paint he seemed to lose his interest in the work of a goldsmith and began to show some unusual powers as an artist in oils. While he did this work he often felt that he was Mr. Gifford, Robert Swain Gifford, and remarked to his wife at times, 'Gifford wants to sketch.' He did not know at this time that Mr. Gifford was dead. He had some years before been slightly acquainted with Mr. Gifford, having met him once or twice on the marshes about New Bedford while Mr. Gifford was sketching there, Mr. Thompson himself being out hunting. He talked with him a few minutes only on one of these occasions, and on the others merely saw him sketching. Once he called on Mr. Gifford in New York to show him some jewelry, but saw nothing more of him.

"Between the period indicated, the summer and autumn of 1905, and the latter part of January, 1906, Mr. Thompson kept on at his sketching and painting. In the latter part of January he saw notice of an exhibition of the late R. Swain Gifford's paintings at the American Art Galleries and went in to see them. He learned at this time and not before that Mr. Gifford was dead. Mr. Gifford had died on January 15, 1905, some six months before the impulse seized Mr. Thompson to sketch and paint. While looking at Mr. Gifford's paintings on exhibition he seemed to hear a voice, apparently issuing from the invisible, say, 'You see what I have done. Can you not take up and finish my work?' This incident may be treated as an hallucination or as a fabrication, unless evidence can be produced to make it credible. Whether genuine or not it had sufficient influence on the mind of Mr.

Thompson to induce him to go on with his sketching and painting."

At last Mr. Thompson went to Professor Hyslop with the fear that his visions and hallucinations were threatening his sanity. He had been constantly the subject of them ever since he saw the exhibition of Gifford pictures. A scene of gnarled oak trees haunted him perpetually, with the strong impulse to paint them. While considering the bearings of the case, it suddenly occurred to Professor Hyslop to make a test along psychic lines. He thought that if the hallucinations were really inspired by the source apparently claimed for them, he ought to get traces of Mr. Gifford through a medium. If Hyslop did not get any trace of him, the presumption would be the stronger that the phenomena were ordinary and not supernatural. Professor Hyslop proceeds:

"I did not tell Mr. Thompson whom he was to see nor where we were going. I had him meet me at my house at a suitable hour and took him to a medium whom I here call Mrs. Rathbun. I introduced him as Mr. Smith and took the notes myself, also requiring Mr. Thompson not to say anything and not to ask any questions until I signified permission. In a few minutes after we sat down the medium apparently described some one whom Mr. Thompson recognized as his grandmother, the evidence not being of

He Used a Man Who Knew Nothing of Colors or of Brush, Guiding Him with Hallucinations

the kind to assure any one of its genuineness, and then allusion was made to a man behind him who was said to be fond of painting. No hint whatever had been given of either Mr. Thompson's character or the nature of his experiences. Mr. Gifford was described in terms recognizable by Mr. Thompson, and in a few minutes the locality of Mr. Gifford's birth was described, and a group of oak trees, even to the fallen branches and the color of the leaves that had appeared in his apparitions. The communicator said that it was a place near the ocean, that it was not England, but that you had to take a boat to the locality. It was this group of trees that had haunted Mr. Thompson's vision for eighteen months, and that he had described in our conversation two evenings before. The real group was afterward found in the locality described. It was on one of the Elizabeth Islands on the New England coast.

"The outcome of this experiment pacified Mr. Thompson's mind and relieved my own as to the cause of his hallucinations, and he resolved to go on with his painting. Before this time he had painted only six or eight pictures, but had a large number of sketches, rather crude, all of them, sketches and paintings, being based on his visions."

While Mr. Thompson went on with his work, Professor Hyslop resolved to make a second mediumistic experiment. He was experimenting at the time with Mrs. Chenoweth, and he brought Mr. Thompson to a sitting. Mr. Thompson



THE SCENE THRUST INTO CONSCIOUSNESS BY THE SPIRIT

"There is a picture of an old group of trees near the ocean," said Mr. Thompson to the medium. "I would like to get it. Can you see it?" He had reference to his vision.

* CONTACT WITH THE OTHER WORLD. By James H. Hyslop. New York: The Century Company.



THE APPARITION VERIFIED IN THE WORLD OF LIVING MEN

Mr. Thompson determined to go out to some islands and there verify his apparition. He had known nothing about this place except that it was the summer home of the dead artist whose ideas haunted him.

was not admitted to the room until after Mrs. Chenoweth had gone into a trance and left it before she came out of the trance, so that at no time in her normal state did she either see or hear him. Mr. Thompson said to the psychic: "There is a picture of an old group of trees near the ocean. I would like to get it. Can you see it?" He had reference to his vision. Mr. Thompson thought that possibly Mr. Gifford had painted such a picture but he wanted to learn where the trees could be found. Then Mr. Thompson would paint them himself. The following was the result of the inquiry, taken down by a stenographer at the time, the matter in parentheses representing what Mr. Thompson said:

"Do you think that it is one that he is giving you?"

(I think it is, yes. I feel that I must go out into nature and paint those trees.)

"I want to tell you, little boy, I think he has seen the trees and I think he is giving you the picture of it. I think you will see them too. I don't know the place, but it looks like that to me. When you go up here on this hill, as I told you about, and ocean in front of you, it will be to your left, and you will go down a little incline, almost a gulley, and then up a little bit and a jut out. This is just the way it seems. Now you have this so that you can follow, can't you? They look like gnarled old trees. There is one that stands up quite straight, and some roots that you can see, not dead, but part dead. Some are roots and gnarled and then the rest. They are nice."

(Beautiful coloring.)

"O, beautiful! But that is what you will get if you are right on the spot. You will get those soft colors, just like this old rug, that he likes very much that has some soft colors."

When the group of trees was finally found it was proved that this description was perfectly accurate. They

were gnarled oak trees and standing as described. Mr. Thompson went first to Nonquitt, Massachusetts, where he expected to find the scenes which had haunted his visions. He had known nothing about this place except that it was the summer home of Mr. Gifford. Mr. Thompson found a few of the scenes of his visions but ascertained that Mr. Gifford's favorite haunts were along one of the Elizabeth Islands. He resolved to go out on the islands and try to verify his apparitions. As fortune would have it, Mrs. Gifford took him into the studio of Mr. Gifford, which had not been greatly altered since his death nearly three years before. To his surprise, Mr. Thompson saw on the easel an unfinished sketch which was identical with one of the sketches he had left in Professor Hyslop's hands a month previously. Mr. Thompson said in his diary at the time that it took his breath away to see the identity of this painting with his sketches and pictures. Professor Hyslop adds:

"The case does not wholly depend on the veracity of Mr. Thompson. He had left the sketch in my hands before he saw the painting by Mr. Gifford. Mrs. Gifford testifies that the picture was rolled up and put away until after Mr. Gifford's death, when it was taken out and put on the easel. Mr. Thompson had had no opportunity to see it, and his impulse to paint did not arise until six months after Mr. Gifford's death.

"Mr. Thompson then went out to the islands and accidentally on the island of Nashawena came upon the exact scene of this picture by Mr. Gifford, and painted it. He had never been on this island before and hence had never seen this particular view.

"In his rambles over another of the islands, whose name I am not permitted by the owner to give, Mr. Thompson found a large number of scenes that had appeared in his visions. He states, and

the evidence is fairly conclusive, that he had never before been on this island. It is extremely difficult for visitors to get to the island without a permit, and Mr. Thompson had to obtain one to visit it. He painted several pictures of actual scenes which he had seen in his visions, and some of which he had sketched from his visions before he visited the islands. Among these is a peculiar group of trees. He stumbled upon them in his wanderings about this island and had started to sketch them, when he heard a voice similar to the one he had heard at the art gallery say: 'Go and look on the other side of the tree.' Tho some sixty feet away he went forward and on the opposite side of the tree found the initials of Mr. Gifford carved in the bark of a beach tree in 1902.

"I photographed the initials about two months later and they had long grown up and could not have been cut by Mr. Thompson."

There is no link in the chain of evidence here which can be styled weak. Every incident has been verified by an investigator who is not only an expert but is at the same time experienced in this class of investigations. In the novelty of the circumstances and in the completeness with which they have been verified the case here reported is one of the most wonderful in the annals of psychical research.



A FANCIER OF PHANTOMS

Doctor James H. Hyslop was brought up practically on a farm and springs from a long line of prosaic ancestors, nevertheless he is the most incorrigible and insistent of all the explorers of the ghostly, however ghastly.

PITFALLS IN ANTHROPOLOGY INTO WHICH SPENCER FELL

PERHAPS the greatest sinner in the so-called "particularist" method of building up an anthropological system is Herbert Spencer, who sees the origin of so much in the worship of ancestors and who derives all the learned and artistic professions from the medicine man. All sorts of errors and wrong modes of thought in this department of science can be traced to Herbert Spencer, in fact, and Professor George Winter Mitchell indicates these in *Queens Quarterly* (Queens University, Kingston, Canada). The anthropological argument for the origin of religion advanced by Spencer, for instance, pictures a savage lying gorged with food and having the nightmare as a result. He thinks himself in the clutches of a bear and wakes with a shriek. He has not the dimmest notion that a mere subjective state can have any such effect. He concludes that he has two individualities, the bodily one, lying beside his squaw, and the spiritual one, which had wandered into the clutches of a bear. Thus the idea of spirit is begotten. In dreams, too, the savage sees the ghosts of departed friends. He comes to believe in the existence of other souls after death. Thus ancestor worship arises. Animal worship is the result of it because there is a belief that human beings disguise themselves by taking the form of the animal. Plant worship also comes from ancestor worship. Savages get drunk from fermented juices extracted from plants. They think the drunkenness caused by demons or spirits. Nature worship arises from the same ancestor worship. Thus does Herbert Spencer go on with his series of arguments, building up a belief in gods and the immortality of the soul arising from the nightmare of a drunken savage. It would not be worth while to combat such preposterous anthropology, says Professor Mitchell, were it not that the prestige of Herbert Spencer's name has gained wide acceptance for this "ghost theory," as it is called.

In the first place, there are many things which cause the savage to speculate and to reach the belief in spirits. The fact of death is sufficient. The echo of his voice from a cliff and things of the sort incline the savage to belief in a double.

"The mysterious movements of the serpent, coupled with the power of its poison, caused men to worship it apart altogether from the belief that it might contain the spirit of a dead ancestor. The fact is that worship of ancestors, nature, animals and plants sprang up in different ways in different environment.

No one of these elements will account for all forms of worship. . . . Spencer's proposition has only to be stated negatively and the absurdity of his theory is evident—if savages had never had the nightmare, they would never have reached a belief in gods."

Spencer's theory that all the learned and artistic occupations are derived from the medicine-man is equally absurd to Professor Mitchell.

"His argument is that originally the medicine-man, who was also the priest, cured or was supposed to cure the sick. Therefore he is the predecessor of the physician because the physician now cures or is supposed to cure the sick. Now it is true that the medicine-man professed to cure the sick but he was not the only practitioner, and he did not even practise all branches of the healing art. He worked through magic and suggestion only, and is therefore the forerunner of that kind of modern physician dubbed the psychological, and of that kind of priest found in some of our very up-to-date churches where the parishioners, generally female, gather together and between gulps of tea pour their fancied ailments into the ear of the priest, who cures them by his wise sympathy and artful suggestion. But the practitioner who practises his profession by means of drugs is not descendant of the medicine-man."

All this false reasoning comes from Spencer's armchair philosophy. If we look at the facts, we find that there are races which make, recite and act poems and yet are in so low a state of social organization that they have no political rulers living or dead whose deeds they could be said to celebrate in the manner Spencer suggests. The truth is that Herbert Spencer has made so many bulls that it is comparatively easy for others to hit the bull's-eye.

"Some writers, and Herbert Spencer is not an exception, have a habit of selecting evidence favorable to a preconceived theory, and neglecting any evidence which is unfavorable. In the science of anthropology you can prove almost anything by this method, for you can find almost any practice among savage peoples if you hunt in the right quarter. For example, suppose I wish to establish the thesis that savages are driven to cultivating the soil from lack of food and that this is the origin of agriculture. I first prove that it is the nature of the savage to make provision for his future needs. I therefore point to the Fuegians, who, when they find a stranded whale, bury large portions in the sand; to the Esquimaux, who store up large quantities of meat for winter's use; to the Wapato and other Hyperboreans who preserved flesh in honey in hollow trees hermetically sealed with clay. Such painstaking foresight shows

How the Great Thinker Got a Whole Department of Science Into a Blind Alley

that, given the right conditions, savages would take to a primitive agriculture in order to ensure a continuous supply of food.

"If I wish to prove the opposite theory, namely, that savages never think of making provision for the future, I quote Major W. F. Butler on the half-breeds of Manitoba: 'Even starvation, that most potent inducement to toil, seems powerless to promote habits of industry and agriculture.' The Rev. W. Ellis reports that the Tahitians could not be induced to plant fresh bread-fruit trees, altho the missionaries pointed out that these trees were dying out. Therefore savages having no forethought could never have taken to agriculture as a means of providing for future wants.

"Instead of speculating as to what savages might or might not do, the fact is that there is no instance on record in which a savage race was driven to agriculture by lack of food. The simple truth is that agriculture presupposes a comparatively advanced stage of mental development. When that stage is reached the savage will take to agriculture even if his habitat is a desert. Before that stage is reached not even actual starvation will drive him to it."

The attempt to discover whether the first weapon used by man was a club, a round stone or a sharp-edged stone affords another instance of the "particularist" pitfall to which, as we have seen, Herbert Spencer was prone. The first weapon used by man was the object at hand when the idea first occurred to him. This idea would occur to him no doubt very soon after he realized that he could balance himself perfectly on his legs with his hands set free for some other purpose. Nor should a uniform development be looked for among all races. In one environment a stick might be the first weapon at hand. In another it might be a stone.

Again, the classification of culture by epochs will not hold good, if made absolute. The usual classification is the frugivorous, the hunting, the pastoral and the agricultural stages.

"But you find hunting and primitive agricultural side by side, the men devoted to hunting and the women to agriculture. Among the Africans the pastoral, agricultural and hunting stages flourish without difference in cultural status. All tribes do not take steps in culture in the same order, and the order depends on the environment and the external influence which has been brought to bear in any given case. For example, the Zulus changed from a pastoral to a military people because their chiefs happened to see European soldiers at maneuvers in Cape Colony. Thus it is futile to argue that the mind of a child passes through epochs corresponding to epochs of culture in races. The savage is not a mod-

ern child. He is not influenced by the copies set in civilization, and the white child is not a savage, but one whose mind is not yet dominated by the white type of culture. The savage is a being of defi-

nately fixed aims and habits, while the child is perfectly plastic and its habits may grow in any direction. This is not to deny that there is a rough likeness between the mental development of the

child and the course of civilization. Both begin with motor activities and simple habits, and proceed to reflective activities and complex habits. But there the similarity ends."

WE GASP FOR BLOOD, NOT FOR OXYGEN

NO movement in modern medicine has been more striking than that which has directed attention away from disease as a fixed point and turned it towards health. No movement has been more speedily productive of results. We are on the threshold of a new vision of healing.

In these words the medical correspondent of the *London Times* introduces the subject of what he calls the "struggle for blood." He takes a single illustration from modern work, "upon which the ink is not yet dry," and around which storms of controversy are bound to rage—criticism of the theory of the need of more oxygen during effort. According to this theory, when effort is undertaken more oxygen is required for the body, and so active and forcible breathing takes place. The lungs are expanded. The man brings into play additional means of securing needed oxygen, and so on. This theory has dominated medicine for a very long time and it has been used to explain all manner of disease symptoms. It has scarcely been questioned. Children in schools are taught it and instructed to act upon it. In a hundred ways it has affected the current of modern life.

"Its apparent simplicity has made it welcome in the sick-room. The patient suffering from pneumonia, who is manifestly in difficulties with his breathing, is accepted as an illustration. He struggles for breath; he is fighting for oxygen. It is pointed out that the inflammatory condition in his lungs has 'left him only a little lung space to breathe with.' Hence, no doubt, his efforts to secure enough oxygen. And the reasoning stops there.

"Had the reasoning been carried only a little farther, disaster must have overtaken it. Because patients who recover from pneumonia pass, as a rule, through a 'crisis.' That crisis is admittedly one of the most dramatic events in the whole of the realm of disease. A man who has been in obvious distress, who has seemed to be within sight of death, who has been struggling for breath, often blue in the face, suddenly passes, as at the stroke of a wand, into rest and peace. The anxious look disappears, the struggle for breath ends. Easy and comfortable respiration follows upon the agony of an hour ago. The blue color is dissipated.

"And yet every medical man knows that after the crisis the lungs of this man are just as greatly out of commission as they

were before it. He is still vastly restricted in his lung space, and should therefore be just as greatly in want of oxygen as ever. Why, then, is he not now struggling for breath? Why have his struggles ceased?"

Those questions were asked by a group of workers recently. While they were being asked, the influenza epidemic came with its terrible "septic pneumonias." In the case of these pneumonias the "struggle for breath" was all too apparent, the blue look, supposed to denote blood which had been insufficiently oxygenated owing to failing circulation, the anxieties, these were all present. The lung space, however, as proved by post mortem, was not affected. These patients died of blood poisoning. Often there were no gross lesions in the lungs at all. Thus the questions were answered. Whatever else this "struggle for breath" might denote, it did not denote desire for more oxygen. What, then, was it? Why do so many of the victims of disease show this struggle towards the end?

"The research workers turned to health in search of guidance. The first thing that struck them was that the public, the man in the street, thought quite differently on the subject, as the expressions commonly used by them in regard to it showed. The man in the street did not talk of 'breathing himself' while working. He spoke, on the contrary, of 'stopping to breathe himself'—a very important distinction. It was therefore decided to watch various persons engaged in hard work and at exercise. The result was interesting. It was found, for example, that during most strenuous efforts the breath, far from becoming freer and fuller, was held altogether. The runner in the last lap of a race always holds his breath—or, in other words, always stops breathing. The blacksmith, swinging his hammer, always holds his breath at the moment of greatest activity—expelling it later with an audible sound. The same applies to every other form of hard bodily exertion.

"But it applies to light exertion, too, even to mental exertion. An ingenious apparatus was assembled whereby it was possible to record on a drum the closing and opening of the windpipe and the movement of the muscles of the abdomen. It was found that when a man is told to listen intently, for example, to the distant ticking of a watch, to look intently, to think closely, *e.g.*, adding up figures mentally, his windpipe at once closes, he holds

his breath, and his abdominal muscles contract."

For what reason? The chest of every animal contains air and blood in considerable volume and as, with the windpipe shut, air cannot leave the chest, blood must do so, if pressure is applied. The contraction of the abdominal muscles supplies this pressure from below, much as does the piston of a syringe. Blood is consequently driven out of the abdomen and chest, the air in the lungs, which cannot meantime escape because of the closing of the windpipe, serving as a kind of pneumatic buffer or lever. This blood can go only to two situations—the muscles and the brain:

"Here, then, is a beautiful mechanism, whereby, when close attention is required, the brain receives more blood, and when muscular effort is required, the muscles receive more blood. Oxygen plays no part in the process, because the windpipe is shut while it is being carried out.

"But it was noted further that the 'muscular picture' of effort is similar to the muscular picture seen during severe pneumonia. The chest is expanded, the abdominal muscles are tense, the windpipe opens and shuts in a spasmodic fashion, the face may become dusky, and so on. It was at once evident that the patient suffering from severe disease is trying to do, in his bed, what the athlete is doing on the field—namely, charge his brain and muscles with blood. The healthy man by this means is rising above the normal level of his strength, the sick man is struggling to reach or to maintain his normal level."

At once a new conception of the effect of disease was secured. It was seen that in some manner the poison of disease tends to cause the blood to stagnate in the body and to leave the brain and muscles. As the brain loses its blood supply great efforts are called for to "pump" the blood back to it. The "struggle for breath" is not a struggle for breath at all but a struggle for blood to supply the brain, a pumping action, upon the success or failure of which the patient's future depends. The need for this pumping action is obviously determined by the amount of disease poison present. At the crisis, when the poison is finally overcome by the patient's blood, the struggle ends. The man is at rest. He has won his fight.

"The practical value of this knowledge is bound to be great. For one thing, the

administration of oxygen, long held in doubt, is seen to be useless. For another, the giving of morphia 'to ease the struggle' is seen to be a doubtful proceeding—as many of the older clinicians believed—because if the struggle or pumping process is eased, or stopped, the patient is likely to die.

"But the value of the work goes beyond this, because it suggests a new explanation of the manner in which disease operates. The reason why blood tends to stagnate in the body can only be a weakening of the circulation in conjunction with a loss of tone of the vessels of the lungs and abdomen. There is good reason to believe

that this weakening and this loss of tone is produced by a direct action on the nerves controlling these vessels, or, in other words, that the poisons of disease act primarily on the nervous system, not on the organs themselves. This, at least, is one of the vast new fields which open to-day to the disciple of the new medicine."

SIR OLIVER LODGE ON MARCONI'S LATEST DREAM

TALK between two planets may be less dependent than we now suspect, in the opinion of Sir Oliver Lodge, upon the means known to physics at present. Nevertheless, he admits, wireless telephony presents the most strikingly obvious expedient, with wireless telegraphy as an accessory. He introduces the topic to readers of the *London Mail* by reminding them that the wonders of wireless telegraphy and telephony are the outcome of researches in pure science which were originally initiated and pursued with no thought of practical application. By combining all that was known about oscillating electric currents and about the emission of electric waves in accordance with Maxwell's theory, the problem of tuned or selective wireless telegraphy was solved. Recently other researches have improved the receiving capacity of wireless stations so that it is possible in America, with quite a small receiving area, to hear the great power stations in Europe. Recondite mathematical investigations have proved that hearing at the antipodes is far from theoretically impossible:

"Telephony, however, goes a step beyond all this, and is really far more remarkable. That human speech can be translated into the fluctuations of an electric current so as to be transmissible by a wire was essentially marvelous, tho it is a marvel to which by every-day use we have grown thoroly accustomed. But that human speech can be transmuted from sound waves into ether waves, which are capable of traveling enormous distances, and can then be retranslated into sound waves, with all their distinguishing features accurately preserved and reproduced, is still more marvelous.

"Speech cannot be translated through a submarine cable: the fine crispations and significant peculiarities get smoothed or wiped out, so that the result of transmission over anything much more than 50 miles becomes a mere unintelligible hum.

"But in free space there are no such disabilities as are met with in the cramped space of a submerged cable; and speech, said to be of remarkable distinctness, can be reobtained from electric oscillations which have encountered nothing more perturbing than the air. Air does not help—so far as it acts it hinders; vacuum

would be better, but the ether is sufficiently forcible to overpower minor obstructions, and it is found capable of transmitting securely and squarely whatever is ingeniously given to it and still more ingeniously received."

The chief instrument made use of for this purpose is the vacuum relay. The essential power which has been harnessed, both for sending and for receiving, is the extraordinary mobility and tractability of the little electric units or electrons which are given off by matter under certain conditions in great numbers, which fly with incredible speed, approaching the speed of light, and which in a sufficiently high vacuum are beautifully amenable to control.

"Electrons in motion constitute a current, and a stream of them can be deflected either by a magnet or by an electric charge brought near them. Suppose, then, that an oscillating electric charge, oscillating in correspondence with the vibrations of the human voice, is brought into the neighborhood of a stream of electrons, this stream can be made to vibrate in unison. It can be laterally deflected or waved to and fro if that is what is wanted; or it can be alternately encouraged or retarded if that is preferable. It responds to every impulse, and it responds instantaneously.

"Ordinary mechanical relays, tho quick in the ordinary sense of quickness, are not instantaneous. They necessarily possess inertia, and so to some extent they lag. But the lag of a stream of electrons, if anything at all, is a matter of millionths or billionths of a second. They act instantaneously. Hence the response is perfect and follows the minutest detail."

To get such a stream of electrons many ways might be employed. Ultra-violet light, falling on a metal, is one method. X-rays afford another. The simplest plan is to employ a hot wire. A suitable wire can be kept hot by an electric current, and it can be made one of the poles of a battery so that a stream of electrons constantly emerges from it. This stream can then be controlled by a multitude of devices, some of which have been used effectively but none of which is as yet likely to have reached perfection.

The Mechanism of Conversation Between One Planet and Another at Last Contrived

That is the principle. The rest is detail:

"Fine and ingenious detail, but detail which can take many forms; and these forms are more suitable for description in the technical press. Suffice it to say that such a device, if talked to, can supply a current varying with all tones of the voice; and this varying current can be used to transmit electric waves after the usual methods adopted in wireless telegraphy, which has been brought to such practical success by Mr. Marconi.

"Then at the other end an ordinary wireless collector can receive them, can reproduce feebly the varying electric currents which originated them, and can then hand them over to a vacuum relay supplied with local energy, where they will modify an electron-stream in the way above indicated. The feeble received current can, in fact, so control the stronger electric current which the relay is emitting from a local battery that every fluctuation can be imparted to that stronger current. This electron-derived current, relayed again if desired, can then be applied so as to be heard in an ordinary telephone—the marvelously simple familiar instrument which translates varying electric currents into articulate sound and applies it to the human ear."

What the ultimate outcome of this power of long-distance telephony may be Sir Oliver Lodge will not attempt to prophesy:

"The ether waves, once generated, are quite independent of matter. Matter is employed at the sending and at the receiving end, but in all the space between the efficient and necessary transmitting medium is vacuum, ether, the space between the words.

"I do not wonder that Mr. Marconi, in his enthusiasm at the power of speech-transmission which is thus coming into being, speaks of possible communication with other planets. Everyone, including himself, must foresee immense difficulties about that—and for myself, I venture to anticipate that science will recognize a simpler and more direct mode of interchange of thoughts and ideas, tho perhaps not with dwellers, if there be any, in other planets—before a physical process of transmission from world to world, in the complicated code called language, is feasible.

"However, there may be room for both methods, and posterity will know more than we do. Let us leave it at that."

THE LAST OF THE GREAT MATHEMATICAL PHYSICISTS

RAYLEIGH was the last survivor of a particular group of physicists distinguished alike for mathematical and philosophical power which it would be difficult to parallel in any age. So affirms Sir Ernest Rutherford, in his estimate of the genius who has passed on. It would be difficult to institute a comparison, he adds, between men of such diverse gifts as Kelvin, Maxwell and Rayleigh, while to place them in any sort of order of merit would be futile. It may be said that none of them could have done the work which was the special distinction of either of the others. Of the late Lord Rayleigh it may be affirmed that he combined mathematical talent of the highest order with a remarkable aptitude for accurate experiment. The achievement by which he is best known to the general public and which has led to the most momentous consequences is undoubtedly the discovery of argon. But it is scarcely the most difficult, or the one requiring the highest degree of scientific acumen. Long before this particular achievement his fame was securely established as an accomplished

investigator in the theories of sound, light and electricity.

Were the layman to ask for a term describing the essential characteristic of Rayleigh's work, the term would be "illuminating." Things familiar are by Rayleigh set in a new light, vague assumptions are scrutinized and corrected, latent affinities are detected and explained. Rayleigh had a way of going to the core of a subject straight and true, disregarding irrelevant issues and attacking it by the simplest method available, whether experimental or mathematical. He took things as they came, one investigation led to another, and even the discovery of argon was in a sense the sequel to the apparently trivial investigations on the bending of elastic shells. These again were related to his work on the theory of sound, a subject which like that of light he particularly affected and has entirely transformed. To quote from the *London Telegraph*:

"Physics, the study of the elemental forces of the universe, is not a branch of science which makes the strongest appeal to the popular imagination; some of its problems are the most abstruse and the

The Late Lord Rayleigh Had Won a Place with Kelvin and Maxwell

most arid that are offered to the mind, and the very nature and terms of many of the questions it proposes, to say nothing of their discussion and solution, are far beyond the depth of the uninstructed. Only the born mathematician can attack these; and some of the most striking triumphs of research in physics have no discernible bearing upon the common circumstances of man's life. But it is not so with the work of the physicists as a whole; and we are in their debt, little as we realize it, for many of the foundational things of modern existence. To name the first which come to mind, every man who wears glasses, uses a telephone, or travels by the 'tube,' does so by virtue of the labor of those who discovered and laid down the laws of light and sound and electrical energy; and it may be noted that the work of settling the standards of electrical measurement, on which the practical use of that force depends—and which was one of the most laborious and delicate tasks that a man could set himself—was done by Lord Rayleigh. At the other end of the scale of the physicist's achievement is such a discovery as that which crowned Lord Rayleigh's scientific fame. He proved the existence of a hitherto unknown and unsuspected gas in that part of the physical universe which science believed itself to know thoroly."

WONDERFUL ASSOCIATION OF A BEE AND A BEETLE

ONE of the earliest bees to appear in spring is a small black insect with a little patch of red on each hind leg. At first one would think it had been gathering red pollen. Closer inspection reveals the patch as a part of the bee itself, formed by tufts of red hair. We have here a black bee with red patches on the hind legs. There can be no mistake, for there is no other bee in its environment of whom that can be said in France, and it was Henri Fabre, the brilliant entomologist, who brought this curious truth to light in the course of patient observations.* This black bee with the red patches on the hind legs may be seen, upon favorable occasions, on the polyanthus flowers, according to *Chambers's Journal*, which has unearthed this peculiar observation from the notes of Fabre.

Now, if the bee in question be watched closely there will in all likelihood be seen another bee—a brown one—hovering over it and following it as it goes from flower to flower. This is the male pursuing the female. The

fact that they are so unlike in color makes it again easy to recognize the species. About the same time of year a small brown bee may be seen in a similar manner rifling the polyanthus flowers. It, too, is shadowed by a brown bee, ready to pounce upon it. Again, we have a male pursuing a female. Both of these belong to a small group of bees native to England to which the name of *Anthophora* has been given. For want of another we will continue to use this word:

"It is a species of *Anthophora* which is associated in such a remarkable way with a minute beetle. Many beetles are parasites, but none, in the matter of parasitism, excels in wonder this parasite of the bee *Anthophora*. It is one of the blister beetles; the precise name of which we need not trouble about. Fabre, in his wonderfully detailed and painstaking way, found out its extraordinary life-history.

"When the tiny beetle is hatched out in the autumn it is not as other young beetles are, a fat little grub, like the 'worm i' the bud.' It is an active creature with the proper insect supply of six legs. The first marvel in its life-history, perhaps, is that it can do without food until it has met with its bee; and this will not be till the following spring. The bee *Anthophora* burrows in the ground in the spring, and

A Bit of Natural History Brought to Light by the Great Henri Fabre

lays up stores of honey and pollen for her offspring. In each little store she lays an egg. The object of the beetle is to breakfast—a very long fast—on the egg, followed by unlimited honey."

The beetle arrives at the entrance of one of the numerous burrows of *Anthophora*. It is a sunny morning day in spring, and presently a male *Anthophora* emerges, and perhaps stays to sun itself at the mouth. The beetle is on the alert and promptly attaches itself to some of the hairs on the bee. But still it seems no nearer breakfast. The male bee gathers no honey, nor does it provide the desired egg. Soon, however, the females emerge from the burrows and seek the flowers—perhaps the polyanthus blossoms in the nearest garden. They are sought out by the males, some of them carrying beetles. When the bees mate, the beetle transfers itself to the female. By and by she goes to a little store that she has laid up and lays an egg in the honey. The beetle then cleverly manages to drop off on to the egg. If it got into the honey, it is said it would be drowned. At any rate, it eats the egg and, having done so, it acquires the power of feeding on honey.

* WORKS OF HENRI FABRE. Five volumes. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

Religion and Ethics

JAPANESE ATROCITIES IN KOREA DENOUNCED BY AMERICAN CHURCHMEN

An Account of "Horrible Deeds Perpetrated Upon Unresisting Koreans"

TWO reports, recently published by American religious bodies, intimate that Korea is "another Belgium," in which the militarism of Japan is repeating the works of the militarism of Prussia. Christian believers, it seems, have been the most conspicuous victims of Japanese brutality. Missionaries assert that hundreds of Christian natives have been driven at the points of bayonets into churches, fired upon and left to perish in the flames. As a result of these barbarities, the Federal Council of Churches in America has cabled to Premier Hara. It has his assurance that the Japanese government is giving its most serious attention to the reports of abuses committed by its agents in Korea.

The first of the reports, issued at the headquarters of the Presbyterian Church in America, embodies a statement made by H. H. Underwood, a missionary living in Seoul. Mr. Underwood says that he visited in April, 1919, the market town of Pal Tan, near Buwon, in Kyongki Province. He was told that Japanese troops had massacred the inhabitants and burned thirty-six of the forty homes of the village of Chay Am Ni, and he subsequently visited the village. The following account of a conversation that took place between Mr. Underwood and a Korean near the smoking ruins is given:

H. H. U.—"How did it start?"

Korean—"Why, the soldiers."

H. H. U.—"Were many people burned or hurt?"

Korean—"The soldiers killed all the Christians who were in the church."

H. H. U.—"What were they in the church on a Tuesday afternoon for?"

K.—"The soldiers came and ordered all the Christians to gather in the church."

H. H. U.—"Were there women in the church too?"

K.—"No. The women were told not to come."

H. H. U.—"Well, after the Christians gathered in the church, what happened?"

K.—"The soldiers fired on them, and also used their knives, swords and bayonets, and then set fire to the church."

H. H. U.—"How did the houses catch?"

K.—"Some caught from the church and

others on the other side, where the wind did not carry the flames, were set on fire by the soldiers."

H. H. U.—"How is it you are alive?"

K.—"I am not a Christian, and only the Christians were ordered to gather."

H. H. U.—"Your house was also burned?"

K.—"Yes. There are the ruins" (*pointing*).

H. H. U.—"About how many were killed in the church?"

K.—"Thirty."

The burning of Christian church buildings is described by the same witness as "a favorite pastime of the military, including the police." He continues:

"We give two accounts herewith of the burning of the church at Tyumgju, North Pyengen Province. The one is by the *Seoul Press*, a government-controlled paper, and the other by the pastor of the church, an American missionary, who saw the church and made careful investigation. The reader is at liberty to draw his conclusions:

"'Christian Church Burned.'—*Seoul Press*, April 13, 1919.

"'On Tuesday, at 6 A. M., fire broke out in a Christian church at Tyumgju, site of a district office in North Pyengen Province, and the whole building was reduced to ashes.

"'The loss is estimated at 10,000 yen. It is suspected that some Koreans, detesting the purposeless agitation, have been driven by their bitter indignation to commit incendiarism at the expense of the church.'

"The following is from the pastor of the church:

"'Burning of Tyumgju Church.—On April 8, gendarmes came to the large, newly-built church in Tyumgju City, gathered the mats and other furniture together, and set fire to them. They also put out the fire. The Christians have been bending every energy to the building and paying for this building.

"'On April 9, at night, as on the 8th, a large pile of combustible material was heaped upon the pulpit and set on fire. A deacon of the church rang the bell, and a few Christians came together and put it out. The next morning the police commanded the Christians who had houses near the church to move away, the pretext being that they had set fire to the church.

"'On April 10, combustibles were put all about the church, and soaked in coal-oil, and then set on fire. They also rang

the bell, but no one came, and the church burned to the ground."

The second report on Korean atrocities was given out by the Commission on Relations with the Orient of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, of which commission Dr. William I. Haven is chairman and Dr. Sidney L. Gulick secretary. The statement says that the alleged atrocities against the Korean population, and especially against the native Christians, are confirmed in abundant detail. It adds that from March 1 to April 11, 361 Koreans were known to have been killed and 860 wounded. Most of these participated in the movement for Korean independence, but none carried arms or met violence with violence. We are told:

"Beating and torture are the cardinal principles of police methods in Korea. When making arrests, usually the victim is cuffed and kicked by several policemen.

"From released prisoners stories of cruelty and torture are now pouring out. One student was asked to tell who the leaders were, and his finger-nails were pushed back from the skin to assist his memory. Still another prisoner had his finger-tips burned for the same purpose. Still another was put in an upright press, which operated with a screw from the back. When the screw is turned, the four sides contract, and while the pressure becomes stronger, the questioning is carried on—a way of squeezing out information. After being subjected to this torture the same man had a strong cord tied around the middle finger of his right hand; the cord was then passed through a hook in the ceiling, and his body was pulled up until he was resting on the tips of his toes. He became insensible during the process, and when he awoke found himself lying down while a salve was being applied to his wounds. He left the jail with a swollen hand, which had to be lanced immediately.

"The girls fared even worse. For the first few days after being arrested they were confined in the several police stations. As far as can be ascertained, no matrons were on duty in those jails. One girl was brought before an officer, questioned and beaten by him on the face, shoulders and legs. The following day the same process was repeated before a second officer. The third day she was taken before a third officer. She was



Courtesy of the Christian Herald

KOREAN REVOLUTIONARIES EXECUTED BY JAPANESE SOLDIERS

This photograph bears vivid testimony to the ruthlessness of Japanese rule in Korea. The victims were placed in a kneeling position, their arms extended and attached to the arms of rudely constructed crosses. With their eyes bandaged and their heads and bodies securely tied to the upright of the crosses, they awaited the firing squad. Japanese soldiers can be seen in the rear of the picture keeping back a crowd of sympathizers and curious spectators.

again beaten, and the fourth day before still another officer she was questioned and beaten again. One of her ordeals was to kneel down on the floor and hold a heavy board at arm's length for an hour. If her arm trembled she was beaten again."

On all of this, the Philadelphia *Presbyterian* makes the comment: "The groans of these innocent people have ascended to heaven, and it is time that Christian nations entered their protest, and the mission boards, who either condone this violence or fail to protest against it, are already condemned."

The New York *Christian Advocate*

thinks that "so far as the political relations of Japan and Korea are concerned, neutrality is probably the proper policy of America at the present time." It adds:

"But America can not and should not be silent when brutality, torture, inhuman treatment, religious persecution and massacre are practiced upon an extensive scale by any nation. It is the disgrace of Christendom that the Turk was so long allowed to terrorize the Bulgars and the Armenians. It is to the honor of Christendom that it took arms against the Teuton when he began his reign of terror over the Belgians. It is the duty of hu-

manity to hold the Japanese government to account for the horrible deeds which have been perpetrated upon the unresisting Koreans in the past four months."

The New York *Christian Herald* goes farther in expressing its hope that Korea may attain "full freedom." It says: "Tho still but a child in the Gospel, Korea has suddenly become a spiritual example to all the Oriental races, through her splendid fidelity to the faith. Christians everywhere will hope and pray that she may attain full freedom, and that some practical way may open in the near future to that accomplishment."

THE RELIGION OF ROBINSON CRUSOE

WE have been accustomed to think of "Robinson Crusoe" as a story of adventure without ethical significance; but this, in the opinion of Dr. James Moffatt, a writer in the *Contemporary Review*, is a mistake. Returning to the book in middle life, he is surprised to find something that he had not noticed before—a thread, and more than a thread, of what may be called "preaching." He speaks of the matter in connection with the bicentenary of the great romance, and he goes on to say:

"Robinson Crusoe's religion is well marked. It is Defoe's, of course, but we

had better not dull the impression by dallying with the notion that the tale is an allegory. This extraordinary idea would be the ruin of the book, either as fiction or as a work of religious interest, and we have Professor Saintsbury's authority for holding that it has no serious foundation. Take Robinson Crusoe on his island, unspoiled by allegory, and we find he has definite religious convictions. Defoe hated heartily three things—Jacobites, the devil, and Papists. There were no Jacobites on the island, but the devil was there as palpably as he was to Wesley in England. Or, at least, he might be. For our hero reasoned himself out of the fear that the print of the naked foot on the sand was the devil's.

"Huxley remarked that 'Robinson Cru-

soe did not feel bound to conclude from the single human footprint which he saw in the sand, that the maker of the impression had only one leg.' He did not; but, as he ran home in terror, one of his first thoughts was that it might be the devil. However, he reflected that Satan was too acute to try to frighten him by such a trick. Why should the devil take human shape 'in such a place where there could be no manner of occasion for it, but to leave the print of his foot behind him, and that even for no purpose too, for he could not be sure I should see it?' Besides, Satan would not have put the mark where any wave might obliterate it. No; this was inconsistent 'with all the notions we usually entertain of the subtlety of the devil.'

Belief in Providence Was Its Outstanding Feature

"But he carefully taught Friday about the devil. Indeed, he confesses, 'I found it was not so easy to imprint right notions in his mind about the devil as it was about the being of a God'; for, when Crusoe informed the savage that God was stronger than the devil, the awkward question came, 'Why God no kill the devil, so make him no more do mischief?' This was a poser. Crusoe pretended at first that he did not hear the inconvenient question, and, when he replied that the devil would be punished at the end of the world, Friday remarked, 'Why not kill the devil now, not kill great ago?' Crusoe countered with, 'God no more kills the devil at once than He kills us; He spares us to repent. But this only landed him in a worse plight, for Friday instantly suggested what Burns afterwards conceived, the possibility of the devil himself being pardoned. 'Well, well,' says he, mighty affectionately, 'that well; so you, I, devil, all wicked, all preserve, repent, God pardon all.' Whereupon Crusoe hurriedly went out for a walk. He was more ready to encounter the devil than to argue about him. . . .

"The few allusions to popery are invariably antagonistic, as antagonistic as we might expect from a man who had fought for Monmouth."

Crusoe believed in the Bible as the embodiment of Christian religion. Among the spoils which he rescued from the ship from which he escaped were three "very good Bibles," and they proved his strength and comfort. He began with the New Testament. "I impos'd upon myself to read awhile every morning and every night, not tying myself to the number of chapters, but as long as my thoughts should en-

gage me." But he did not confine himself to the New Testament. And he found, like Bunyan, that a text could find him. For example, when he was worried by the footprint on the sand, he woke one morning in fear of savages. "Upon which those words of the Scripture came into my thoughts: 'Call upon Me in the day of trouble, I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify Me.' Upon this, rising cheerfully out of bed, my heart was not only comforted, but I was guided and encouraged to pray earnestly to God for deliverance. When I had done praying, I took up my Bible and, opening it to read, the first words that presented to me were: 'Wait on the Lord, and be of good cheer, and He shall strengthen thy heart; wait, I say, on the Lord.' It is impossible to express the comfort this gave me. In answer, I thankfully laid down the book and was no more sad; at least, not on that occasion."

But the outstanding feature of his religion was a belief in Providence. Dr. Moffatt writes on this point:

"No word occurs more often in 'Robinson Crusoe' than 'Providence.' Newman once wrote three sentences to connect this belief, so common among English people, with their love of the Bible. 'What Scripture especially illustrates from its first page to its last is God's Providence; and that is nearly the only doctrine held with a real assent by the mass of religious Englishmen. Hence the Bible is so great a solace and refuge to them in trouble. I repeat, I am not speaking of particular schools and parties in England, whether of the High Church or the Low; but of

the mass of piously-minded and well-living people in all ranks of the community.' Now Robinson Crusoe had not been well-living. He had run away from home and disobeyed his parents. But, on reflection, he sees Providence sending him retribution for that in his wreck and solitude. He acknowledges the justice of it all. And from that he manages usually to rise to a position of contentment. He struggles with doubts and bitterness till he wins what is often mis-called resignation. He might be worse off than he is. That is one source of peace. And his state has compensations. He solemnly sets down the good and the bad sides of his lot, and honestly finds that the discomforts are outweighed by the advantages. 'Let this stand as a direction from the experience of the most miserable conditions in this world, that we may always find in it something to comfort ourselves from, and to set, in the description of good and evil, on the credit side of the account.' He can even rise eventually to thank God for his circumstances. And he realizes the profound religious truth that thankfulness is not merely an extra but an essential note of moral strength. 'I learned to look more on the bright side of my condition and less upon the dark side, and to consider what I enjoyed rather than what I wanted; and this gave me sometimes such secret comforts that I cannot express them. All our discontents about what we want appeared to me to spring from the want of thankfulness for what we have.' This is good doctrine for an island or a continent. Crusoe discovers that he is a happier as well as a better man upon the island than he had been before when he was at liberty. He has learned the real values of life, and the lesson is worth what he has to pay for it."

METHODISM'S GREAT MISSIONARY CENTENNIAL AT COLUMBUS

A World's Fair With the Emphasis on Religion

"THE greatest religious demonstration ever staged," "a turning point in the history of Protestantism," are two phrases used to describe the Centenary Celebration of American Methodism, lately closed at Columbus, Ohio, where for nearly a month not only the followers of John Wesley, but those who owe allegiance to other great leaders of Protestantism, thronged the Ohio State Fair Grounds, which cover over one hundred acres.

One of the chief reasons why the celebration was held in Columbus, Charles Stelzle tells us in *The Outlook*, was because this is the center of American Methodism. The Methodist Church, North and South, was responsible for the enterprise. It was the first time that the two churches have united in a really comprehensive program, and the attendance at the celebration was largely from the South.

The celebration cost Methodism a million dollars; it was attended by

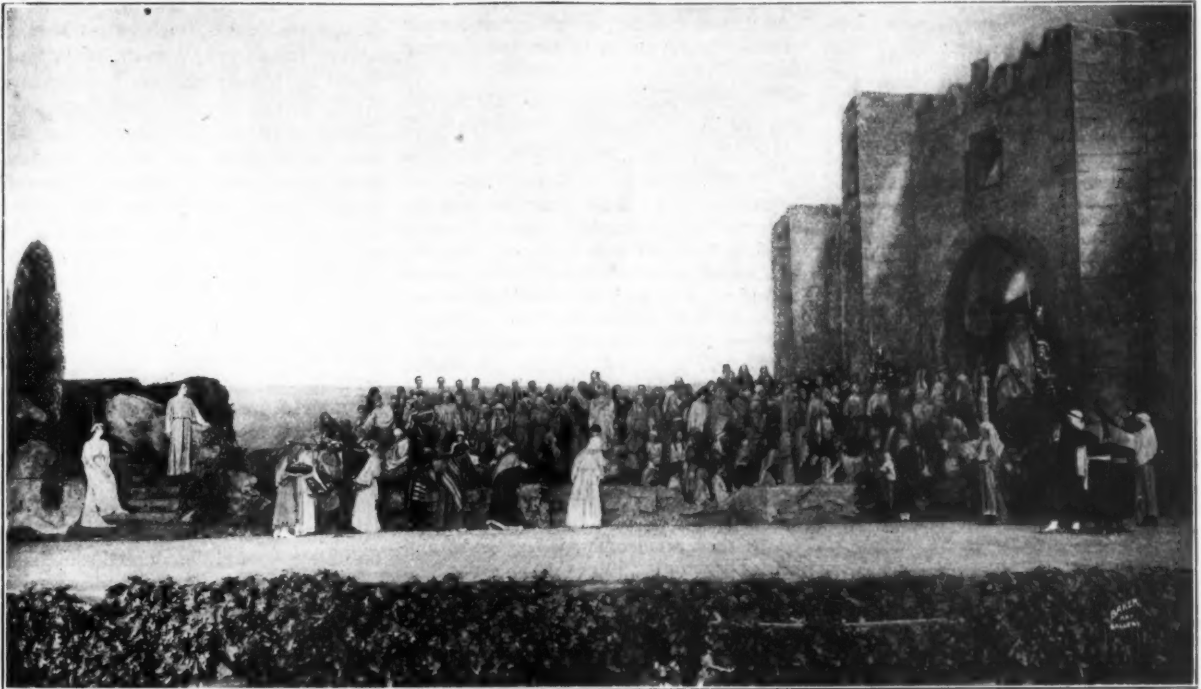
nearly a million people; it was held, in part, to celebrate the raising of one hundred and sixty million dollars for missions. "It was a jubilee," as Mr. Stelzle puts it, "engaged in with an abandon that for once made the world understand that the Church could do a big thing in a big way."

Eight great buildings housed exhibits from every part of the world. India, China, Japan, Korea, Malaysia, Africa, the Philippines, Hawaii, Mexico and Porto Rico were all represented. The exhibits included temples, native houses, native schools and natives themselves. Each exhibit was a bit out of the country it represented, supplemented by colored photographs, slides and moving pictures. One could see a Malay wedding, a Mohammedan funeral, an Indian rite, life in an African kraal, Pueblos making their pottery or Navahos weaving their blankets. And the purpose of all was educational—to teach what the rest of the world is doing, what is being accomplished in

mission work, and what the millions recently raised in the centenary drive are expected to do.

On July 1—the day that the country went dry—the Prohibition forces held a field day the like of which has never been seen. There were twenty-four great days, every one a feature day, with men of national and international prominence speaking to immense audiences. One of these, Dr. John R. Mott, offered the following suggestions for a constructive policy for Methodism for the next hundred years:

1. It should be world-wide in its scope.
2. It should minister to the whole range of the life of men and nations.
3. It should give right of way to the most vital and highly multiplied processes, such as making Christianity indigenous, raising up leaders, and releasing the superhuman.
4. It should identify itself with the great onward movement within the realm of broadened Christianity in the direction of closer cooperation, federation and unity.



THE CLIMACTERIC SCENE IN THE METHODIST PAGEANT

We see here the "triumphal entry" scene in the master pageant, "The Wayfarer," as given at the Methodist Centenary Exhibition at Columbus, Ohio. On the right is the city gate of Jerusalem. The figure of Christ is suggested, but not impersonated. Two thousand persons took part in the performance, and all were in period costumes.

5. It must proclaim in the new century even more loudly and insistently than in the last century the three great distinctive notes of Methodism—hope, immanency and immediacy.

The most striking single feature of the celebration was the performance of a pageant entitled, "The Wayfarer," written by Dr. J. E. Crowther, of the First Methodist Episcopal Church, of Seattle, Washington. Every night a Coliseum seating about seven thousand people was packed with eager spectators. The pageant consisted of three episodes, and illustrated the journey of the hero out of doubt and despair to the foot of the Cross. Christ was suggested, but was not actually impersonated.

One of the chief lessons conveyed to the Church by the celebration, according to Mr. Stelzle, is the value of publicity. He writes on this point:

"No other single enterprise of the Protestant Church in all of its history obtained as much publicity as did the Centenary Celebration. High-grade 'graphics' dealing with the great problems and work of the Church were widely used. A supplement to the *Ohio State Journal* was issued daily dealing exclusively with the celebration and its program. Very carefully edited and selected literature was widely distributed.

"Never again will a religious body engage in a great campaign without securing the cooperation of the newspapers and other periodicals. Money was also spent

for newspaper advertising, to say nothing about immense posters which were freely used throughout the State."

Most of the great denominational bodies sent their executives to Columbus with a view of utilizing in their own work such features of the celebration as might seem most feasible, and the Interchurch World Movement, which has already launched the greatest evangelical campaign in the history of the church, may conduct a somewhat similar enterprise on its own account. The Director-General of the Centenary Celebration was Dr. S. Earl Taylor, a layman, who is also at the head of the Interchurch World Movement.

EMERSON'S THEORY OF COMPENSATION ASSAILED AS UNTRUE AND PITILESS

IN one of his best-known essays, Ralph Waldo Emerson propounds the law of compensation. He speaks of polarity, or action and reaction. He says that light and darkness, heat and cold, male and female, all indicate that the world is dual. "So is every one of its parts," he adds. Emerson talks of mechanical forces: "What we gain in power is lost in time." He wants to apply this formula to men: "Dualism underlies the nature and condition of man." He continues:

"Every sweet hath its sour; every evil its good. Every faculty which is a receiver of pleasure has an equal penalty put on its abuse."

All this appeals to Maria Moravsky, a Russian writer now living in this country, as the effort of a disappointed religionist to find a harmony which the old religion could not furnish. She writes (in the *New York Nation*):

"A philosopher draws a design of his world exactly as a sweet maiden in the old-fashioned home would draw a design

Flaws in the Philosophy of "America's Greatest Idealist"

of embroidery. The maiden has thousands of multicolored beads; she selects them carefully and puts on her needle one after the other—and out of this mass of colored crumbs there grow roses and birds, garlands and the initials of her beloved. So a philosopher works with facts. He carefully selects only those which fit his design, his outline of the universe. But the sweet maiden grows old, and when she is a grandmother, her little grandchild finds the dusty embroidery and breaks all the weakened threads with her irreverent fingers, and the flowers and letters of the

old design again become just a mass of multicolored beads—material for new designs."

Emerson thinks Nature wise and just, but, as a matter of fact, this writer continues, "Nature is cruel to man." It is not true that she "hates monopolies and exceptions." She has her favorites and Parsees, many of them.

"The cold climate invigorates," says Emerson. "The barren soil does not breed fevers, crocodiles, tigers or scorpions." A poor consolation! The barren soil of Moravia does not breed these plagues, but it does not breed bread enough, either. I wonder if the philosopher of fertile America ever saw the picture of Moravian women in harness, plowing their unkind, stingy fields. It made me weep when I saw it for the first time. Would Emerson repeat to these poor women his heartless consolation: "The cold climate invigorates"? I personally would prefer to live in a warm, enervating climate (which does not invariably breed scorpions and crocodiles) somewhere on the Caucasian coast of the Black Sea, where the soil gives harvests several times a year, without asking too much work from the owners. It is a glorious life to be an idle Caucasian, to live on fruits, lambs and wine, to play dice and drink Turkish coffee all day long, and to have a quiet conscience in addition. A Caucasian does

not need to exploit cheap labor to have all these luxuries. Nature is kind to him, and it is easy to be just when you are not under the pressure of a too 'invigorating climate.'"

There is no harmony in the world, we are further assured; "thousands of male mosquitoes perish, and only one of thousands gets his mate."

"Nature is a waster and produces the sexes in unequal numbers. And she is as cruel to human beings as to the mosquitoes: whole races, fine and noble, die out and give place to less refined specimens. Splendid mastodons lie in their icy graves in Siberia, and their inferior relatives, the elephants, live and prosper in India. Emerson would say that they do not prosper, that they are compelled to work hard on the fields of the British landowners, and so Nature acted generously in killing the noble mastodons—which thus escaped slavery. But in Siam there are sacred elephants. If they happen to be white, they are worshipped as gods, and enjoy life eating sugar cane dampened with rum. So it was in the South of your country in Emerson's time: those who happened to be born white owned the sugar plantations, drank rum, and beat their slaves. You see how easy it is to jump from one parallel to the other to prove your theory?"

In Emerson's theories, according to this critic, there is too much emphasis

on the law of justice and too little emphasis on the law of love: "All things are double, one against another; an eye for an eye; a tooth for a tooth; blood for blood; measure for measure." And: "Every crime is punished." And: "Thou shalt be paid exactly for what thou hast done, no more, no less." How about mercy, Maria Moravsky asks,—great mercy for the sake of which Jesus Christ was crucified? Did he ever preach exact compensation? "No," she replies, "that was the justice of the Old Testament, the cruel law of honest merchants, who knew the exact price of every deed. Christianity rejects it. We reject it, too, even in our common, imperfect, every-day life; we contradict it when we forgive criminals." The argument concludes: "The greatest thing in life is love, and the joy of love is to give more than we receive. If we lived on compensation only, we should be denied the happiness of making gifts and offerings. We should never go unpunished, but we should be deprived of sacrifice. While most of us are too weak for 'just compensation,' a few are above it. Emerson was mistaken when he wanted us to live on the basis of two cents for two cents, be it the real coins or the moral ones."

THE PROBLEM OF TRUTH IN JOURNALISM

"THE journalist," says Sir Charles Walston, in a new book entitled "Truth: An Essay in Moral Reconstruction" (Putnam), "more than any other class of men, has helped to lower and vitiate the sense of truth." How far is this statement accurate, and how best, whether it is accurate or not, can the problem it raises be solved? It would be encouraging, in some ways, to be able to believe that men and women outside of newspaper offices are as guiltless, relatively, as Sir Charles implies. It would be pleasant to think that lawyers, politicians, clergymen, auctioneers, manufacturers, philosophers, doctors, historians and soldiers are all natural seekers after truth, who would form themselves into a long procession at the heels of George Washington if it were not for the misleading will-o'-the-wisps of the journalists. But the *New Statesman*, of London, which suggests this line of thought, denies that journalists have left the general "sense of truth" in a worse condition than they found it. It asks Sir Charles: "Does he really believe that the average European has a less lively sense of truth at the present day than he had, say, in the thirteenth or

the sixteenth century, when there was neither a *Daily Mail* nor a *Daily News*, neither a *Times* nor a *Manchester Guardian* to entice him into error? Does he believe even that, if all the newspapers were suppressed to-morrow, Truth would flutter naked and unashamed into the vacuum?" It states, flatly: "Our experiences during the war incline us to doubt it." It continues:

"During the war the newspapers were practically suppressed as regards a considerable part of their work. The result was the popularization of a series of myths beyond the dreams of the most sensational news-editor who ever sweated his soul out in Fleet Street. It was the general public, not the sensational newspapers, that invented the train-loads of Russian soldiers on their way through England and the countless Belgian children with their hands cut off. The journalists may possibly claim a limb or so of the Belgian child as their own, but the Russians sprang full-armed from the many heads of the many-headed long before ever they were mentioned in a newspaper. This is not to absolve journalism from its many sins. We suggest, however, that there is some reason for pausing before putting our signature to the belief that journalism has turned a world of honest men into a world of liars. . . . A history of

An Argument Which Tends to Show That the Press Panders to the Public Love of Error

human error would take us back some thousands of years before the birth of the first journalist. Cain was the first liar, and he had never read a newspaper in his life."

Can one doubt, the *New Statesman* goes on to ask, that the press as a whole panders to the public love of error? During a war or a strike this tendency is especially marked. When a strike occurs, it is often all but impossible to find what the men are striking for. There is too little of the spirit of inquiry, we are told, in newspaper offices. How many newspapers have ever taken the trouble to find out what Bolshevism is, or what Sinn Fein is? What is the Bolshevik theory of government? To what extent are the crimes committed by Bolsheviks the sort of crimes committed by Russian parties in general? These are simple questions to which the *New Statesman* looks in vain for simple answers in newspapers. "What the propertied classes want," it says, "is not an understanding of Bolshevism but a denunciation of it. The atrocities committed by the Bolsheviks they dwell on as a shining sun among facts; the atrocities committed by the enemies of the Bolsheviks they take no more notice

of than a dark star." The argument concludes:

"The press, by its lack of inquisitiveness into simple facts, allows the public to base its opinions with regard to too many matters on sensational irrelevancies. The distorted story of an atrocity on the other side is usually given far more space than the principle involved in the quarrel. It was so, however, before newspapers. Every newspaper, for instance, is in our opinion bound in honor not to suppress facts of great public interest merely because they conflict with editorial prejudices. The suppression of the Bolshevik wireless message about Kolchak's defeat the other day by two great London newspapers was a flagrant instance of the

degradation of journalism. We are aware that every newspaper has to make a selection of its news, and that this can hardly be done without bias. A licensed victualer's paper will naturally give prominence to a speech on the whisky question; a temperance paper will prefer to give its space to a speech by Mr. Leif Jones. Selection of this kind is not dishonest. It is not a deliberate falsification of contemporary history. The newspaper that falsifies the day's history, be its purpose in doing so as noble as can be, is committing an act at once dishonorable and dangerous. The political opinions of men and women are formed largely by what they read in the newspapers—more, perhaps, by what they read in the news columns even than by the leading articles.

The only thing that will ensure sanity and intelligence in public opinion is a fresh stream of facts constantly poured into the minds of the people through the channels of the press. If the stream of facts is not kept pure, we shall have a people of muddled minds and foolish purposes. The newspaper should be as intent upon discovering facts as a chemist in a laboratory. A fact in politics is not unfortunately so definite and indubitable a thing as a fact in a laboratory. Still, facts are usually discoverable, given a decent regard for the truth.

"The difficulty is that what the public wants is not invariably the truth. And the public molds the newspaper quite as much as the newspaper molds the public."

TWO NEW APPRAISALS OF VOLTAIRE

THE publication of a new book* on Voltaire has led to two noteworthy articles by distinguished English writers.

Mr. Lytton Strachey, who recently leaped into fame as the author of a volume of biographical essays entitled "Eminent Victorians," calls Voltaire "the commander-in-chief of the great war against medievalism," and declares further (in *The New Republic*): "The doctrine which he preached—that life should be ruled, not by the dictates of tyranny and superstition, but by those of reason and humanity—can never be obliterated from the minds of men." The Right Hon. Augustine Birrell, the famous English statesman and bookman, remarks (in the *London Nation*): "To-day we are not much concerned with Voltaire's anti-religion, or with his lack of reverence, for it is his humanity and fundamental sound good sense that have kept him alive and sweet, and make it possible for me, for example, who hate both bawd and blasphemy, to keep a recast of his famous bust on the mantelpiece in the library."

Mr. Birrell sums up his view of Voltaire in this passage:

"Was he not right, eternally right, to be furiously angry with the church as that institution worked and had her horrid way in his day? Was not the time, the money, the energy, he expended in the case of Calas, of Barre, of Lally, even of our own unfortunate Byng, well and nobly spent? Voltaire was a practical man, who never made the slightest pretence to be a High Priest of Humanity. He tried his hardest, in *tempore* Louis XV., to believe in God, and, perhaps, occasionally succeeded, but when cruelty raised its head he smote it, when he saw suffering he ran to relieve it. In an age

of savage war, he alone of the servants of God then extant, renounced it. His life was one fierce 'will to live,' in order that he might go on exposing the evil deeds of enthroned authority, that he was able, by extreme mobility and cunning, to dodge the risks and baffle the devil.

"In a certain sense Voltaire was a forerunner of a League of Nations. Voltaire's writs ran through Europe, Russia, Prussia, Austria, even the Vatican knew that superscription. Nor was he always ridiculing—he was often down on his knees before tyranny and superstition beseeching them to hold their cruel hands.

"Voltaire was no revolutionary. He belonged, in part, at all events, to the old régime. He hated priests far more than kings, but he would not have hated either could they but have learnt the principles of toleration.

"To the last, the news he loved best to hear was that justice, however tardy, had been done to someone. Mrs. Tallentyre in her final pages tells us how on May the 26th, 1778, when the old man was on his death-bed in Paris, Louis XVI. in Council publicly vindicated General Lally, and how Voltaire's last letter, bearing the same date, runs as follows:

May 26, 1778.

The dying man returns to life on hearing this great news; he tenderly embraces M. de Lally (the son); he sees that the King is the defender of justice, and he dies content.

"Four days later he was dead. And so Voltaire made his exit from a world he did his best to make habitable. We are still engaged about the same job, but with a lamentable lack of his courage and zeal. As for his wit—who can hope to possess a tithe of it? Never before or since has wit (always a frisky steed) been so well harnessed to the chariot of human justice!"

Mr. Strachey's article is in the nature of a historic *résumé*, and starts with the statement: "Between the collapse of the Roman Empire and the Industrial Revolution, three men were the intellectual masters of Europe—Ber-

Augustine Birrell and Lytton Strachey Pay Tributes to the Great French Skeptic

nard of Clairvaux, Erasmus and Voltaire." In Bernard the piety and the superstition of the Middle Ages attained their supreme embodiment; in Erasmus the learning and the humanity of the Renaissance. But Erasmus, Mr. Strachey says, was a tragic figure. The great revolution in the human mind, of which he had been the presiding genius, ended in failure; he lived to see the tide of barbarism rising once more over the world; and it was left to Voltaire to carry off the final victory.

"By a curious irony, the Renaissance contained within itself the seeds of its ruin. That very enlightenment which seemed to be leading the way to the unlimited progress of the race, involved Europe in the internecine struggles of nationalism and religion. England alone, by a series of accidents, of which the complexion of Anne Boleyn, a storm in the Channel, and the character of Charles I. were the most important, escaped disaster. There the spirit of Reason found for itself a not too precarious home; and by the beginning of the eighteenth century a civilization had been evolved which, in essentials, was not very far distant from the great ideals of the Renaissance. In the meantime the rest of Europe had relapsed into medievalism. If Bernard of Clairvaux had returned to life at the end of the seventeenth century, he would have been perfectly at home at Madrid, and not at all uncomfortable at Versailles. At last, in France, the beginnings of a change became discernible. The incompetence of Louis XIV.'s government threw discredit upon the principles of bigotry and obscurantism; with the death of the old King there was a reaction among thinking men towards skepticism and toleration; and the movement was set on foot which ended, seventy-five years later, in the French Revolution. Of this movement Voltaire was the master spirit. For a generation he was the commander-in-chief in the great war against medievalism. Eventually, by virtue of his extraordinary literary skill, his incredible

* VOLTAIRE IN HIS LETTERS: BEING A SELECTION FROM HIS CORRESPONDENCE. Tr., with a Preface and Foreword, by S. G. Tallentyre. Putnam.

energy and his tremendous force of character, he dominated Europe, and the victory was won."

Voltaire's personal history is pronounced by Mr. Strachey quite as remarkable as his public achievement.

"Sense and sensibility were the two qualities which formed the woof and the warp of his life. Good sense was the basis of his being—that supreme good sense which shows itself not only in taste and judgment, but in every field of activity—in an agile adaptation of means to ends, in an unerring acumen in the practical affairs of the world; and Voltaire would probably have become a great lawyer, or possibly a great statesman, had not this fundamental characteristic of his been shot through and through by a vehement sensitiveness—a nervous susceptibility of amazing intensity, which impregnated his solidity with a fierce electric fluid, and made him an artist, an egotist, a delirious enthusiast, dancing, screaming and gesticulating to the last moment of an extreme old age. This latter quality was no doubt largely the product of physical causes—of an over-strung ner-

vous system and a highly capricious digestion. He was in fact an excellent example of his own theory, propounded when he was over eighty in the delicious 'Les Oreilles du Comte de Chesterfield,' that the prime factor in the world's history has always been *la chaise percée*. So constituted, it was almost inevitable that he should take to the profession of letters—the obvious career for a lively and intelligent young man—and, in particular, that he should write tragedies, the tragedy holding in those days the place of the novel in our own."

Mr. Strachey closes his article with a characteristic protest against a prevailing tendency to "embellish" great men:

"There is a natural tendency—visible in England, perhaps, especially—towards the elegant embellishment of great men; and Voltaire has not escaped the process. In Mrs. Tallentyre's translation, for instance, of a small selection from his letters, with an introduction and notes, Voltaire is presented to us as a kindly, gentle, respectable personage, a tolerant, broad-minded author, who ended his life as a country

gentleman much interested in the drama and social reform. Such a picture would be merely ridiculous, if it were not calculated to mislead. The fact that Voltaire devoted his life to one of the noblest of causes must not blind us to another fact—that he was personally a very ugly customer. He was a frantic, desperate fighter, to whom all means were excusable; he was a scoundrel, a rogue; he lied, he blasphemed, and he was extremely indecent. He was, too, quite devoid of dignity, adopting, whenever he saw fit, the wildest expedients and the most extravagant postures; there was in fact a strong element of farce in his character, which he had the wit to exploit for his own ends. At the same time he was inordinately vain, and mercilessly revengeful; he was as mischievous as a monkey and as cruel as a cat. At times one fancies him as a puppet on wires, a creature raving in a mechanical frenzy—and then one remembers that lucid, piercing intellect, that overwhelming passion for reason and liberty. The contradiction is strange; but the world is full of strange contradictions; and, on the whole, it is more interesting, and also wiser, to face them than to hush them up."

A HEDONIST WHO ANTICIPATED OMAR KHAYYAM

Morris Jastrow's Interpretation of Ecclesiastes

THERE is nothing new under the sun, according to Koheleth, the author of the Book of Ecclesiastes. But there is, rejoins Benjamin De Casseres, in the New York *Sun*, and "it is nothing less than the appearance of Koheleth himself. Standing before us with his sublime poem in his hand as he wrote it, and not as it was amended, annotated and garbled by the George Creels of his time." Just this uncensored Koheleth is what Prof. Morris Jastrow, of the University of Pennsylvania, offers in a new book.* He calls Koheleth the Omar Khayyam of the Old Testament.

The poem, as Professor Jastrow gives it to us, stands out in all its stark magnificence. Professor Jastrow, as Mr. De Casseres puts it, "has cleared a great masterpiece of the thumbings of conventional decency." He "has dug the statue of Koheleth, the Epicurus, the Schopenhauer, the Heraclitus, the Anatole France of Palestine, out of the rubbish that the 'unco guid' had buried him in." Mr. De Casseres proceeds:

"Koheleth had conceived life as something immeasurably disastrous and futile. He put the stupidity of the cycles to marvelous music. He indicted the great god Pan for his lack of originality. He lifted the veil of Isis and saw the face of the Furies.

"But who would publish such a poem?"

Then, as now, not a chance. Unless, said to him the city editors of literature and the janitors of the Temple of the Only Faith, you put this in and that in and limber this time up a little so that it comes nearer Our little fiction about Things in General. Our subscribers are a little weary after swindling one another all day long in the market place, and they need a little of the Uplift Stuff on their way home. . . . So they took the poem and did things to it."

Koheleth, cleansed and rewritten, is not so much the "gentle cynic" of Professor Jastrow's title as a somber pessimist who finds his satisfaction in an enlightened sensualism. "He is an Amiel, a Schopenhauer," Mr. De Casseres tells us, "but an Amiel and Schopenhauer who does not renounce life retiring to the frigid bournes of the ice fields, whence no Brand returns. He is a Nietzschean, something of a Blond Beast who understands the Ninth Symphony, who worships at Paphos, who travels with the wings of Hugo, Swinburne and Shelley. In a word, he is Genius, that dread apparition on the planet, half Caliban, half Apollo. We read further:

"All is vanity, so drink and be merry, for to-morrow you die, is the perpetual refrain of Koheleth. And it only looks dangerous because it is said beautifully by a great poet. A thing may be universally true, but let a poet announce it epigrammatically, without camouflage, and it becomes 'dangerous.' Is it really the secret doctrine of every mortal; and weaklings become ascetics because they believe

they will collect their oysters, Nesselrode puddings and Pommard in another world. Unveil Rabelais and find a hair shirt; unveil a Tolstoy and find silk mesh underwear. But the current creed, the 'social fabric' and the conventions of the flapped middle classes must be conserved at any cost. So they even Comstocked the Bible—in places. The Book of Ecclesiastes was one of those places. They also inserted several eighteenth amendments in the Book of Job.

"Variety is not progress (Remy de Gourmont, Koheleth come to a full-rounded paganism, would have said variety is more beautiful than progress) is the burden of the philosopher of the Preacher in the Jastrow version.

"The day is a bitter almond; the night a version of falsehoods—and the 'truths' of open-eyed sentiency and the fantastic jiggling of images in the brain we call our dreams are fiction. To live is a kind of guilt. Man is paid for his labor in pain and worms. We are phantoms crawling on a star toward a hole in the ground. Pleasure is an excuse for not committing suicide. Wisdom is the egotism of stupidity. Solomon in all his glory is a corpse, because there is nothing left for him to desire. Who shall palliate the crimes of the sun? The heart of woman is a pin-cushion studded with males. All is nothing in the Eternal Return. But we are endowed with certain inalienable rights—among which are music, literature, love and the pursuit of alcoholic Hedonism (or the pursuit of Pleasure)—is the only philosophy. From Epicurus to Herbert Spencer the note is sounded.

"Modern? As Prof. Jastrow says, he is more modern than modernity. Koheleth is more modern than the next century."

* A GENTLE CYNIC: BEING A TRANSLATION OF THE BOOK OF KOHELETH, COMMONLY KNOWN AS ECCLESIASTES, STRIPPED OF LATER ADDITIONS. By Morris Jastrow, Jr. Lippincott.

Literature and Art

PLOWING TIME FOR AMERICAN CULTURE

IT is plowing time for the worldsoil in enriching it for its higher and again, plowing time not only because we turn from instruments of war to those of peace, symbolized since the days of Isaiah by the 'plowshares' beaten from swords, but because we must turn to the cultivation with *thoronest* and *patience* not only of our acres but of the minds that are alike to have world horizons in this new season of the earth." In his brilliant address at the recent National Classical Conference in Milwaukee, John H. Finley, Commissioner of Education of New York, thus based his defence of classical education upon the undying laws of agriculture. Dr. Finley's address was not merely a plea for classical education; it deserves a high place, despite its brevity, as a classical plea for education. This distinguished authority on American education takes as his text the remarks on Roman farming by a "Virginia Farmer" (also, by the way, a railroad president) who in "Roman Farm Management" quotes the proverb: *Romanus sedendo vincit*. "The Romans achieved their results by *thoronest* and *patience*. . . . They seemed to have realized that there are no short cuts in the processes of nature and that the law of compensations are invariable. The foundation of their culture was the *fallow*." The "Virginia Farmer" concluded: "One can find instruction in their practice even to-day, one can benefit even more from their agricultural philosophy, for the characteristic of the American farmer is that he is in too much of a hurry." Dr. Finley goes on to point out our need of the *fallow* in education:

"The need in our educational philosophy, or, at any rate, in our educational practice, as in agriculture, is the need of the *fallow*."

"It will be known to philologists, even to those who have no agricultural knowledge, that the 'fallow field' is not an idle field, tho that is the popular notion. 'Fallow' as a noun meant originally a 'harrow,' and as a verb, 'to plow,' 'to harrow.' 'A fallow field is a field plowed and tilled,' but left unsown for a time as to the main crop of its productivity; or, in better modern practice, I believe, sown to a crop valuable not for what it will bring in the market (for it may be utterly unsalable), but for what it will give to the

longer productivity. . . .

"The classics are needed as the *fallow* to give lasting and increasing fertility to the natural mind out upon democracy's great levels, into which so much has been washed down and laid down from the Olympic mountains and eternal hills of the classical world."

"In the war days we naturally ignored the *fallow*. We cultivated with Hooverian haste. It was necessary to put our soil in peril of exhaustion even as we put our men in peril of death. Forty million added acres were commandeered, six billions of bushels of the leading cereals were added to the annual product of earlier seasons. The land could be let to think only of immediate defense. Crops only could be grown which would help promptly to win the war. Vetch and clover and all else that permanently enriched must be given up for war gardening or war farming. The motto was not *Americanus sedendo vincit* but *Americanus accelerando vincit*."

"But on this day of my writing (the day of the signing of the peace) I am thinking that in agriculture and in education as well, we must again turn our thoughts to the virtues of *thoronest* and *patience*—the virtues of the *fallow*, that is, to plowing and harrowing and tilling, not for the immediate crop, but for the enrichment of the soil and of the mind, according as our thought is of agriculture or education."

"Cato, when asked what the first principle of good agriculture was, answered 'To plow well.' When asked what the second was, replied 'To plow again.' And when asked what the third was, said 'To apply fertilizer.' And a later Latin writer speaks of the farmer who does not plow thoroly as one who becomes a mere 'clodhopper.' You will notice that it is not sowing, nor hoeing after the sowing, but plowing that is the basic operation."

"It is the sowing, however, that is popularly put first in our agricultural and educational theory. 'A sower went forth to sow.' A teacher went forth to teach, that is, to scatter information, facts—arithmetical, historical, geographical, linguistic facts. But the emphasis of the greatest agricultural parable in our literature was after all not on the sowing but on the soil, on that upon which or into which the seed fell,—or as it might be better expressed, upon the *fallow*. It was only the fallow ground, the ground that had been properly cleared of stones, thorns and other shallowing or choking encumbrances, that gave point to the parable. It was the same seed that fell upon

John H. Finley Finds a Lesson in Roman Farming for All American Teachers

the stony, thorny and fallow ground alike."

There is a time to sow, to sow the seed for the special crop you want, Dr. Finley went on, but it is after you have plowed the field. There is a time to specialize, to give that information which the life is to produce in kind, but first of all the mind must be prepared by plowing disciplines. For greater productivity we must have deep plowing. In education there must be not mere scratchings on the surface by oral and choral repetitions. If roots are to be deep, plowing cannot be shallow.

"There must be plowing before the sowing, and deep plowing if things with root are to find abundant life and fruit. And the classics to my thought furnish the best plows for the mind—at any rate for minds that have depth of soil. For shallow minds, 'where there is not much depth of earth,' where, because there cannot be much root, that which springs up withers away, it were perhaps not worth while to risk this precious implement. And then, too, there are geniuses whose fertility needs not the same disciplines. . . .

"There are many kinds of fallow as I have already intimated. The more modern is not the 'bare fallow' which lets the land so plowed and harrowed lie unsown even for a season, but the fallow, of varied name, where the land is sown to crops whose purpose is to gather the free nitrogen back into the ground for its enrichment. So is our fallowing by the classics not only to prepare the ground, clear it of weeds, aerate it, break up the clods, but also to enrich it by bringing back into the mind of the youth of to-day that which has escaped into the air of the ages past through the great human minds that have lived and loved upon this earth and laid themselves down into its dust to die."

"In New York City, a young man, born out upon the prairies, was lying, as it was thought, near to death, in a hospital. He turned to the nurse and asked what month it was. She answered that it was early May. He thought of the prairies, glorified to him by Horace's *Odes*. He heard the frogs in the swales amid the virgin prairie flowers as Aristophanes had heard them in the ponds of Greece. He saw the springing oats in a neighboring field that should furnish the pipes for the winds of Pan. He saw, as the dying poet Ibycus, the cranes go honking overhead. And he said, 'I can die now. It's plowing time.'"

BOOKS MORE LIED ABOUT THAN READ

BACON said there were three classes of books—books to be tasted, to be chewed, and to be digested. Nowadays, there is a fourth class, declares the N. Y. *Evening Post*—books to be airily referred to as tho we knew them. These are the “books we lie about.” Perhaps we should introduce scientific management into our reading, and make an inventory of the masterpieces we have actually and honestly read. Some time ago Don Marquis inaugurated a confessional of “masterpieces I have never read.” But most of us, thinks the *Post*, are not honest enough to admit our literary omissions. “By dint of repeated references . . . we come to believe ourselves. And if a wish to know often fathers the innocent thought that we do know, does not a wish to seem to know often father hypocrisy in boasting of our reading?”

“It is not only superficial talk and writing about books which beguile some into the belief they have read volumes which they have never touched. After barely tasting many books, we look on ourselves as having chewed them. How many people, having been given in childhood a much abridged, large print, illustrated edition of the first volume of ‘Robinson Crusoe,’ go through life believing they have read all Defoe’s masterpiece, even the Chinese and Siberian adventures? The high-school exercise of reading the first three books of ‘Paradise Lost’ lulls many a man into belief that he is something of a Milton scholar. As for the Bible, the weekly Sunday-school les-

sons, presented in disjointed selections, operate to discourage reading the book as a whole. Our grandparents went through it once a year. Abbreviated school classics are a similar snare; for shortened versions of even such works as ‘Silas Marner’ are used, and persuade thousands that they know authors to whom they have barely bowed. Contributions are made to the same result by five-foot shelves, libraries of the world’s best literature (in selections), and manuals which for fifty cents and an hour give you a *coup d’œil* of Dante or Euripides. The dawdling of readers over long works is also to be considered. Having gone through the first volume of ‘Don Quixote,’ we look at the illustrations in the second, and assure first our friends and then ourselves that we have read every word. In fact, we grow fond (in imagination) of rereading that immortal work entire.”

Many a professor, continues the *Post*, must go through life praying that he may “never be found out.” He is not the only sinner. Every writer on liberal education proceeds on the assumption that all educated people have some real acquaintance with Homer, Virgil, Molière, Dante, Cervantes and Shakespeare. “An’ they would, those who pass candidates for the Ph.D. could tell much of the hollowness of this assumption.”

“One does not advocate too ruthless exposure. The accepted belief that we ought to be ashamed to confess ignorance of the greatest authors is one of the driving forces in self-education. If a man who has had ‘advantages’ does not

A Suggestion to Make an Inventory of the Masterpieces You Have Honestly and Thoroly Read

know the Bible and Shakespeare, the shame may drive him to make amends. To a certain point, the old demand should be maintained. Yet more truth-telling would be refreshing. Men cannot read everything ‘worth reading,’ or a tithe of it—the sea of literature is far too vast. A healthy No, I’ve not ready ‘David Copperfield,’ is a thousand times better than ‘Yes,’ with an effort to change the topic.”

In a communication to the *Post* on “Books We Lie About,” G. Nash Morton confirms the allegation that few have read all the way through “Paradise Lost”—not even the college professors—and attributes much of our present-day carelessness in thoro reading to the increase of abridged editions of masterpieces. Nevertheless, adds Mr. Morton, there are distinguished precedents *per contra*:

“Was it not Dr. Johnson who was accustomed to spend hours in the libraries looking over the titles and contents of books and who said that next to knowing a thing was to know where to find it; and then, when he did make use of what he had so found, would you say he had lied about the book so used because he had not read it? In that grand sermon of Paul’s on Mars Hill, supposing him never to have read the Greek poets, would you have him omit the quotation from Aratus or Cleanthes, so well suited to his argument, because he thus posed as a learned Greek when he was not?”

“Macaulay, that omnivorous reader and man of almost universal knowledge, said that in these days of multiplied books a man should have the courage not to know some things. So what is the use of lying?”

ANOTHER SIGNIFICANT AMERICAN CENTENARY

WITH the passing of the centenary of his birth on the first of August, the literary reputation of Herman Melville as a writer of sea tales goes on increasing in importance and fascination. This is the opinion of the N. Y. *Times*. “Typee,” “Omoo,” “Redburn,” “White Jacket,” and above all the inimitable “Moby Dick”—these are books that are not merely fiction, but books of travel, autobiography, filled, as Melville himself confessed in a preface to “Typee,” with “many things which to fireside people appear strange and romantic,” but to the sailors who people these pages “seem as commonplace as a jacket out at elbows.”

Melville was the precursor, by a good fifty years, of such masters of the sea

as Kipling and Conrad. His realism was as vivid as Zola’s or the Goncourts. Amazing as the events, scenery, customs and peoples he describes may be, as the *Times* so justly notes, they are set forth with a verisimilitude that is seldom found even in the best of our novelists. Melville, of course, lived these truths that were so much stranger than fiction. “But it takes the eye and the pen of the trueborn romancer to recognize the possibilities of this kind of fact—and it was just this literary instinct and this art that Melville had in superlative degree.”

He went to sea for a few months as a cabin boy. He came home. He became a schoolmaster. In 1840 Dana published “Two Years Before the Mast.” Melville read it. He took to the sea again! His mind inflamed by

Born Like Whitman and Lowell in 1819, Herman Melville Retains a Unique Place in Our Literature

Dana’s book, he shipped on a Bedford whaler. For six years Melville followed the sea. Those six years furnished him with enough material for the six books that his name lives by. Not merely adventure, but vivid descriptions and portrait prove Melville a master. Here is “a shipmate called Jackson” from “Redburn”:

“Did you ever see a man with his hair shaved off, and just recovered from the yellow fever? Well, just such a looking man was this sailor. He was as ugly as gamboge, had no more whiskers on his cheek than I have on my elbows. His hair had fallen out, and left him very bald, except in the nape of his neck and just behind the ears, where it was stuck over with short little tufts and looked like a wornout shoebrush. His nose had broken down in the middle and he squinted with one eye and

did not look very straight out of the other. He dressed a good deal like a Bowery boy; for he despised the ordinary sailor rig, wearing a pair of over-all blue trousers, fastened with suspenders, and three red woolen shirts, one over the other; for he was subject to the rheumatism and was not in good health, he said, and he had a large white wool hat, with a broad rolling brim. . . . Then, one glance of his squinting eye was as good as a knockdown, for it was the most deep, subtle, infernal-looking eye that I ever saw lodged in a human head. I believe that by good rights it must have belonged to a wolf or starved tiger; at any rate, I would defy any oculist to turn out a glass eye half so cold and snaky and deadly. It was a horrible thing, and I would give much to forget that I have ever seen it; for it haunts me to this day."

Melville was finally captured by New England mysticism, but not before writing "Moby Dick," the last of his books belonging, according to the *Times*, to what one might call human literature. This book was dedicated to Hawthorne. Despite its incipient misty supernaturalism, Melville has not lost his sense of humor, for we find him writing to Hawthorne:

"If ever, my dear Hawthorne, in the eternal times that are to come, you and I shall sit down in Paradise, in some little shady corner by ourselves; and if we shall by any means be able to smuggle a basket of champagne there (I won't believe in a Temperance Heaven), and if we shall then cross our celestial legs in the celestial grass that is forever tropical, and strike our glasses and our heads together, till both musically ring in concert—then, O my dear fellow mortal, how shall we pleasantly discourse of all the things manifold which now so distress us—when all the earth shall be but a reminiscence, yea, its final dissolution an antiquity."

There are passages in "Typee" that bring to mind some of the charm of the South America of W. H. Hudson. There are descriptions of the dances and feasts of the calabash, girls crowned with flowers, coconuts and breadfruit, long lazy siestas—all the radiance and vivid blues and greens of the South Seas that seem to antedate and suggest Gauguin and his "Noa Noa." In an editorial celebrating the centenary of this undeservedly neglected figure of American literature, the *Times* interprets further:

"Melville was one of the most tolerant of men. People of all colors and races are one to his philosophic eye. A deserter from his ship, an easy-going tramp in a paradise of tramps and hospitalities, the future son-in-law of stern old Chief Justice Shaw was certainly liberal in his youthful wanderings. He appreciates cannibals, tho he was a little afraid of the habits which the anthropologists have since explained. Your cannibal resorts to anthropophagy for the sake of incorporating within himself the intellectual and moral virtues of his enemy. Thus, properly considered, cannibalism is a ban-

quet-school of education, an educational process, if not a biological necessity.

"In 'Omoo,' the Rover, there are some good sailors, including that mate of the Little Jule whose men admire him when he knocks them down, he is so good-natured about it; there is Dr. Long Ghost, there are the calaboose and glimpses of the Broom Road of Tahiti between the sea and the verdure. We see Queen Pomare, pattern of all the improprieties, wearing the crown bestowed on her by Queen Victoria, nodding affably to whaling captains, or boxing the ears of her consort No. 2, a henpecked chief who takes refuge in drink, breaks the royal pottery, even batters the royal person, and is exiled a season for his sin. We see those strange old disreputables, happy renegades who married into the royal line, tattooed foreign cupbearers and barbers to the eccentric majesties of the Pacific.

The *Times* writer can scarcely forgive Melville's later lapse into mysticism and supernaturalism, an influence that begins to permeate his art in "Moby Dick." Nevertheless this must remain the most famous and popular of Melville's works. It is the epic and history of a whale. He writes in it, sometimes even with romantic exaggeration and melodrama, of a trade he knew intimately:

"When Nantucket was a barren hillock, whose inhabitants were said to go to toadstools for shade; when inns bore names like The Crossed Harpoons and The Trying Pots, when harpooners were capable of tall hats, even in action, and Vermont rustics, eager for the sea, wore swallow-tailed coats and stovepipes and sou'westers in New Bedford's streets—in the brave days of whaling—there were whales known over all waters, gifted, legendary, not to be caught, full of diabolical craft. The whole myth, legend, story and practice of whaling is in Moby Dick. One thinks with respect of supercetaceous whales like Timer Tom and Don Miguel and New Zealand Jack, loaded with iron, snorting defiance at all harpoons. Moby Dick, the great white whale or devil, with his pyramidal hump, his wrinkled brow, his crooked jaw, the three holes punctured in his starboard fluke, is the hero of the book; a man-queller, a ship-queller, conqueror of the crazy Captain Ahab, bound to pursue him in all seas. If Captain Ahab talks strange, wildspouting language, somewhat in the manner of Mad Nat Lee or recalling the pampered jades of Asia, he is entitled so to talk, having his fixed idea, crazy to get his revenge on the monster who has made him wear an ivory leg. Starbuck, Stubb, Flask, Queequeg, Daggoo, Tashtego, the Gay Head Indian harpooner; Parsee, Sicilian, Chinese, a crew of all races, with strange figures smuggled in by Ahab; omens piled on omens with the gathering cumulative sense of calamity of 'The Bride of Lammermoor'; that last wild scene in which the Pequod is sucked down into the sea and every man lost but one; Tashtego's red arm rising above the waves to nail the flag to the mast and nailing an eagle with it—this is, was, and ever will be 'a rattling good' book, as we used to

say at school. Critics may mouth as much as they like about its digressions, improbabilities, moralizing reflections, swollen talk, imperfect art. It has elemental force, thrilling action. Like Mr. Kipling's Little Orficer Boy, it has 'bow'ls.'"

"Moby Dick" is an achievement, in the opinion of the N. Y. *Tribune*, which promises Melville the security of fame for long to come. This book is a classic, because of "its vitality, its steady spark of life, not by any bonfire of popular acclaim. Bonfires blaze up and die down. The sure firing of a few stalwart imaginations from generation to generation is a larger task, and counting by the ages, writes a wider mark on the sky."

Perhaps the most authentic estimate of the strange genius of Herman Melville is that of Raymond M. Weaver, which we find in the N. Y. *Nation*. The key-note of his character is found in his attitude to his work, as expressed in a letter to Hawthorne:

"Dollars damn me, and the malicious Devil is forever grinning in upon me, holding the door ajar. The calm, the cool, the silent grass-growing mood in which a man ought always to compose—that, I fear, can seldom be mine. What I feel most moved to write, that is banned—it will not pay. Yet, altogether, write in the other way I cannot. So the product is a final hash, and all my books are botches." Mr. Weaver emphasizes the perverse and diabolistic note in the genius of Melville:

"Like a frigate," Melville once wrote of himself, 'I am full with a thousand souls; and as on, on, on, I scud before the wind, many mariners rush up from the orlop below, like miners from caves; running shouting across my decks; opposite braces are pulled and boisterous speaking trumpets are heard, and contending orders, to save the good ship from the shoals. In my tropical calms, when my ship lies tranced on Eternity's main, the many, many souls in me speak one at a time, then all with one voice, rising and falling and swaying in golden calls and responses.' Because of this multiplicity of personality, Melville eludes summary classification. In his composite achievement he is severally a gentle Smollett, a glorified Whitman, an athletic Coleridge, a dandified Rabelais, a cynical Meredith, a doubting Sir Thomas Browne. Essentially was he a mystic, a treasure-seeker, a mystery-monger, a delver after hidden things spiritual and material. The world to him was a darkly-figured hieroglyph; and if he ever deciphered the cabalistic sign, the meaning he found was too terrible, or else too wonderful, to tell. Whenever he sat down to write, at his elbow stood ever the chosen emissary of Satan, the Comic Spirit—a demoniac familiar that saved him in many a trying pass. The versatility and power of his genius was extraordinary. If he does not eventually rank as a writer of overshadowing accomplishment, it will be owing not to any lack of genius, but to the perversity of his rare and lofty gifts."

ABORIGINAL AMERICAN ART IN THE PAN-AMERICAN GARDEN

Albert Kelsey's "Jade Fence" is Inspired by Mayan Art Motifs

ABORIGINAL American art, filled with forms suggesting strange memories and queer experiences—mysterious, exotic, uncanny—forms the inspiration of the new "Jade Fence" in the gardens of the Pan-American Union in Washington. In honor of the recent visit of Dr. Epitacio Pessoa, president-elect of Brazil, the first of the fifty-four panels of the "most unique garden in the world" were installed in the garden. The plan was conceived in the imagination of Albert Kelsey, a Philadelphia architect, and its realization is the result of extended studies in Yucatan and Latin-American countries of the ancient Mayan, Aztec and other aboriginal civilizations. This reconstruction is carried out in glazed and colored pottery. From a groove under the marble parapet concealed green lights are to cast a soft radiance through the blue tracery of these strangely fascinating reptilian designs. For the terminal feature of the "jade fence," Mr. Kelsey explains, the motif is that of the famous Serpent-Skirted Goddess, described by Spinden as "one of the most striking examples of barbaric imagination." Lights concealed beneath the headdress are to illuminate this uncanny figure. Other motifs are the Long-Nosed God of Yucatan and the Jaguar head found in the disk-shaped stones of San Salvador.

In a recently published essay, "Yucatecan Sounds and Scenes," Mr. Kelsey explains the origin of his unusual design, and pays an eloquent tribute to the overpowering strength of this

aboriginal American art, comparable only in its superhuman impressiveness to the ancient Egyptian monuments. "I tried to surrender myself to their point of view; tried to forget the imagined superiority of our own restless sky-scrapers, congested cities and flimsy half-hearted churches; for these ancient Maya buildings each had four finished elevations, which alone impressed me mightily; while most of them stood upon special terraces, and all had a wonderful air of sublime calm—a severe calm and a fine presence.

This is majesty. . . . Neither London nor New York, even with their structures at their very best, could possibly evoke such awe-inspiring feelings as these mighty ruins." Mr. Kelsey says further:

"Their infinite repose recalled the architecture of ancient Egypt; but it is a much more savage and a much more modest architecture. In its embellishment, for example, the human form is nearly always subordinated to the superhuman serpent, while in Egypt, as far as I can recall, the human form is nearly always dominant—the man in the beast is always the directing force. Compare, for instance, the reptilian Turtle of Quirigua with the human Colossi of Memnon. There is repose and dignity in those great seated figures facing the river Nile, but in the jungle-ridden Turtle there is life!

"Moreover, throughout Central America, it seems to me, the modest Maya has left many strange forms more vibrant with life than any carvings I know of in Egypt. True, many are not very large, delicate or subtle, certainly not so fine as the sensitive incised pictographs and ideographs of Egypt, but to me they represent an energy, an eloquence, a coiling, biting, squeezing force combined with an inscrutable repose, a calm in which strength is not relaxed (so typical of the snake they worshipped) that I could think of nothing more sublime (of course, having drifted back in spirit to the Maya cycle, uninfluenced by winged and haloed human forms, where I was able to think in terms apart from the Christian era). Moreover, it has become my belief that without such a sense of detachment it is quite impossible to understand or appreciate an art that springs from an ardent belief far stronger and more consuming than that which rears our flimsy places of



THAT SYMBOLICAL SERPENT

This is the first panel installed in the "jade fence" in the garden of the Pan-American Union in Washington. There are to be fifty-four in all, each typifying a phase of our aboriginal American art.



Courtesy Arts & Decoration

THE LONG-NOSED GOD

Five years spent in Yucatan investigating the vestiges of Aztec and Mayan civilization gave Albert Kelsey the courage to begin his ambitious decorative scheme.

worship to-day. Therefore, as an impartial architect, I ask you to look through my archaic lenses—barbarous lenses, if you will—look at the well-balanced façades of Uxmal. From a purely modern, academic point of view they defy criticism; their unknown architects' sense of dignity and scale was marvelous!"

The vast reptilian design, Mr. Kelsey continues, pierces and penetrates the very walls of these ancient monuments, twining and intertwining along its length in a manner that makes it impossible to say which is pure ornament and which is the supporting structure itself. "Surely," he exclaims, "there is no architecture so highly conventionalized and yet so replete with meaning!"

He knows of no architecture in which a consistent theme has been adhered to and worked out with such imaginative skill and ardent belief. "They believed in the serpent, those barbarous founders of the Maya empire. It was an all-divine concept to them and not a 'Me und Gott' working agreement presided over by men masquerading as angels and seraphs."

"From the great terraced pyramid at Chichen, Itza, marked by nine undulations in the bodies of the four great serpents stretching from its top to its base, representing the nine divisions of the Maya calendar, down to the richly intricate moldings in many dark vaulted interiors the rattles, fangs and teeth of snakes have

been conventionalized and used, as I have said before, with marvelous skill and knowledge—serpents single and intertwined, feathered serpents and scaly serpents have been used in endless variety with here and there other forms, often human, but only introduced as mere accessories. What does it all mean? How are we ever going to learn its full significance? . . .

"It is quite true that the Mayas were better designers than builders, better sculptors than architects, but as artists recording their ideals in an entirely germane and indigenous manner their work has probably never been excelled. As yet we may only guess at the deep significance of their work; but its weird, massive repose makes it truly wonderful to any impartial observer."

SOMERSET MAUGHAM'S IMAGINARY PORTRAIT OF A "MODERN" GENIUS

THERE have been several able replies to the statement of Henry Ford that he wouldn't give five cents for all the art in the world. But few have been saturated with as much irony, in dealing with the whole subject of the philistine's attitude to art, as W. Somerset Maugham's new novel, "The Moon and Sixpence" (Doran). Written in the form of a fragmentary biography of an "unpleasant genius," this book of the British dramatist and novelist has, as the critic of the N. Y. *Tribune* observes, gone upstream against the conventional current of Anglo-Saxon fiction. But this is a novel essentially for artists. "Charles Strickland" is a skilfully synthesized portrait of those geniuses of painting who have been misunderstood by family, friends and contemporaries, in whom is inherent such a hatred of conventional "civilization" that it becomes an overpowering centrifugal force, flinging them to the rims of the world or into provincial seclusion. Mr. Maugham's Strickland, who at forty is still a London broker, and who then deserts wife and children because he wants only to paint, is a British combination of Cézanne, Vincent Van Gogh and especially of Paul Gauguin—the latter the most obvious parallel, because he, like Strickland, sought spiritual peace in Tahiti. But Strickland is, perhaps, in character more like the misanthropic poet, Arthur Rimbaud, the most unpleasant and disliked genius of French literature, who buried himself, in his early twenties, in the depths of Africa.

Mr. Maugham reveals a character unmoved by sentimental or romantic impulse. His strange pictures are no sublimations of erotic impulses. They are the direct outcome of a consuming impulse even he himself could not comprehend. Nevertheless, the author

convinces us that he is describing a real genius. As pointed out in the N. Y. *Sun*:

"The ordinary alleged truth-telling novel is almost inevitably dull, even if it is supposed to be enlightening. The reason for the absorbing interest and vitality and excitement of Mr. Maugham's grotesque but tragically real study of an artistic genius must be just this—that he has come near to saying what he thinks, and to showing a man as he is, stripped of every convention and romantic trapping or realistic drab. The result is alternately shocking and exhilarating; and again moving. Mr. Maugham has found the

Rimbaud, Cézanne and Paul Gauguin Suggested as the Prototypes of an Unheroic Hero

bleeding wound in the artist; 'it's hell to paint,' says Strickland. He has also found the cloven hoof, and it is ugly.

"Charles Strickland wants to do only one thing in the world—paint. The sooner we get this into our heads the nearer shall we be to understanding him. Mr. Maugham makes the narrator of the story observe that it seems strange even to himself, after he has described a man as cruel, selfish, brutal, sensual, to say that he was a great idealist. But the fact remains. Strickland was brutal, sensual and all the rest, because he was an idealist. 'He was single-hearted in his aim, and to pursue it he was willing to sacrifice not only himself—many do that—but others. He had a vision. Strickland was an odious man, but I still think he was a great one.' This is the remarkable fact of Mr. Maugham's accomplishment. He makes his artist odious enough, heaven knows; but he also makes the reader believe in his genius, and to be a little in awe of it."

To a conventional illusion that flowers in most novels written nowadays in the English language we find in the Maugham novel this challenge: "There are few men to whom love is the most important thing in the world, and they are not the very interesting ones." Strickland thus expresses his own opinion on the subject:

"I don't want love. I haven't time for it. It's weakness. I am a man, and sometimes I want a woman. When I've satisfied my passion I'm ready for other things. I can't overcome my desire, but I hate it; it imprisons my spirit; I look forward to the time when I shall be free from all desire and can give myself without hindrance to my work. Because women can do nothing but love, they've given it a ridiculous importance. They want to persuade us that it's the whole of life. It's an insignificant part."

The narrator of the fragmentary biography confesses his own lack of ability to appreciate the strange canvases of Charles Strickland, which most of



A MASTER OF THE NEW IRONY

W. Somerset Maugham is best known as a writer of frivolous drawing-room comedies. But he wrote as well an arresting satire in "Our Betters" and a powerful novel in "Of Human Bondage." Now, with "The Moon and Sixpence" he has entered a new field for fiction—the tragedy of the revolutionist in art.

his contemporaries, like our Mr. Ford, thought were not worth a nickel, but which, after the death of the artist, were seized and searched for by connoisseurs, collectors and museums:

"I wish I could say that I recognized at once their beauty and their great originality. Now that I have seen many of them again and the rest are familiar to me in reproduction, I am astonished that at first sight I was bitterly disappointed. I felt nothing of the peculiar thrill which it is the property of art to give. The impression that Strickland's pictures gave me was disconcerting; and the fact remains, always to reproach me, that I never even thought of buying any. I missed a wonderful chance. Most of them have found their way into museums, and the rest are the treasured possessions of wealthy amateurs. I try to find excuses for myself. I think that my taste is good, but I am conscious that it has no originality. I know very little about painting, and I wander along trails that others have blazed for me. At that time I had the greatest admiration for the Impressionists. I longed to possess a Sisley and a Degas, and I worshipped Manet. . . ."

To appreciate such pictures, the nar-

rator confesses, it was necessary for others to chart "the country he was among the first to explore," and to prepare the minds of the less discerning.

"First of all I was taken aback by what seemed to me the clumsiness of his technique, accustomed to the drawing of the old masters. . . . I thought that Strickland drew very badly. I knew nothing of the simplification at which he aimed. I remember a still-life of oranges on a plate, and I was bothered because the plate was not round and the oranges were lopsided. The portraits were a little larger than life-size, and this gave them an ungainly look. To my eyes the faces looked like caricatures. They were painted in a way that was entirely new to me. The landscapes puzzled me even more. There were two or three pictures of the forest at Fontainebleau and several of streets in Paris; my first feeling was that they might have been painted by a drunken cab-driver. I was perfectly bewildered. . . . It passed through my mind that the whole thing was a stupendous, incomprehensible farce. . . ."

This seems an accurate description of many laymen, brought face to face for the first time with the audacities of

modern art, of many who visited the now historical Armory Exhibition in 1912, but who have lived through it all and some of whom have even become themselves champions of modernity in art.

"But if I was puzzled and disconcerted I was not unimpressed. Even I, in my colossal ignorance, could not help but feel that here, trying to express itself, was real power. I was excited and interested. I felt that these pictures had something to say to me that was very important for me to know, but I could not tell what it was. They seemed to me ugly, but they suggested without disclosing a secret of momentous significance. They were strangely tantalizing. They gave me an emotion that I could not analyze. They said something that words were powerless to utter. I fancy that Strickland saw vaguely some spiritual meaning in material things that was so strange that he could only suggest it with halting symbols. It was as tho he found in the chaos of the universe a new pattern, and was attempting clumsily, with anguish of soul, to set it down. I saw a tormented spirit striving for the release of expression."

OUR AWAKENING APPRECIATION OF JUVENILE LITERATURE AND ART

APPRECIATION of the artistic and literary efforts of children is growing slowly but surely. The novel of nine-year-old Daisy Ashford, entitled "The Young Visitors," is now creating as much excitement here as in England. In Russia was published a magazine devoted to reproduction of paintings and drawings, as well as poems and stories, by children—an enterprise worthy of imita-

tion elsewhere. In New York the sponsors of the "new" movement have held interesting exhibitions of juvenile art, including the imaginative work of negro children. Last year the war drawings of Romano Dazzo, an Italian boy who was inspired by "war movies," attracted international attention. The latest discovery in this field is Pamela Bianco, with her collection of drawings in black and white as well as in color. Writing in the *International Studio*,

We May Now Expect a Flood of Children's Books and Pictures



THE BEARDSLEY SUGGESTION

Has that clever little girl been studying the drawings of that naughty boy Beardsley? At any rate this reminds us of those drawings he made of Madame Réjane.



Drawings from *The International Studio*

THE PERSONAL NOTE

This drawing by Pamela Bianco is sophisticated, but not too sophisticated, and possessing the qualities one likes in a child but dislikes in the art of an adult.

J. B. Manson describes Pamela as a child of twelve, "moved to produce art as fine, in essence, as that of Botticelli, Piero della Francesca, and some few other examples of primitive inspiration." The work of this little girl was recently shown at the Leicester Galleries in London. Pamela's mind, it strikes us, is much more sophisticated than that of Miss Daisy Ashford. Of it Mr. Manson writes:

"Less gifted artists spend years in learning to draw and paint. They painfully acquire a means of expressing what is in them, and finally they are left with an elaborate means of expression and noth-

ing whatever to express; hence the art which fills our various Royal Societies and academies—ingeniously contrived methods of using paint to produce carefully evolved trivialities. This was not the case with Pamela Bianco any more than it has been with any true artist, any more than it was with the unknown primitive man who painted the unexcelled Bison on the walls of the caves in the Dordogne in those days when schools of painting were, happily, undreamed of. No! Pure art is essentially the expression of feeling; it grows and is born, none knows how, like the unfolding of a flower. Its

birth is always a miracle, and it is neither less nor more so when it occurs in a young child. Indeed there is a peculiarly poetic fitness in such occurrence. For there is a nature untrammelled by the impedimenta of intellectual knowledge, uncorrupted by useless, if inevitable, association, unhampered by concepts. The inspiration is direct, the spirit pure and free. The work is then the direct expression of the sensibility of the mind, fresh and immediate, with no thought other than that of the joyous expression of the fancy which seems to bubble up irresistibly from the well-springs of its nature.

"Pamela Bianco possesses an infallible instinct. Everything she produces has an inevitable rightness and fitness and a strange perfection, a grace and a spontaneous charm which no amount of thought could achieve—which thought, indeed, would frustrate.

"Whatever she chooses to do has the mystery of perfection and simplicity, be it a pen-and-ink drawing of a face, a painting of an incident of a dream, a child-like conception of fairies, or the interpretation of a moment in nature. Her work is always directly done without hesitation."

THE NOVELIST ENTERS THE ARISTOCRACY OF LETTERS

RECREATION of the world by means of imagination, the giving of form to life's chaos, the finest art and the rarest quality of the mind of man—this task is now divided between the poet and the novelist, and, in the opinion of the critic of the *London Times*, who thus points out the supreme position of the modern novelist in the hierarchy of literature, it is the novelist who more frequently, tho never so perfectly, accomplishes this task. Anatole France does for the French the work of Aristophanes, and Thomas Hardy performs for the English the ancient work of Euripides. The lyric and the novel have for the last fifty years superseded all other literary forms. There is ample evidence of the supreme place of the novel to-day:

"This new position of the novel may be measured by the change which has come over the official, or more or less *Almanac de Gotha*, status of the novelist. Such things always follow a generation or so behind the movements of intelligent opinion. They are not to be blamed for that. It is the business of intelligence to do pioneer work, which often gets on to a wrong track. Official bodies, which commit whole orders or nations, wisely follow only when the track has proved itself able to lead somewhere. But then they do follow. So we see to-day. Seventy years ago how many novelists were there elected, as novelists, to the French Academy? To-day any novelist of real imaginative power, any man who can both create and write, is almost certain of his place there, in spite of the fact that elections to the Academy are not always made on purely literary considerations.

"Seventy years ago Grote would have been thought a far fitter president for the London Library or the Society of Authors than Dickens or Thackeray. To-day it is Thomas Hardy whom the Society of Authors prefers above all others for its president, and yesterday George Meredith was among the three vice-presidents of the London Library. The most distinguished of all honors, the Order of Merit, has been given to three novelists, and not, as yet, to a single poet, for it seems cer-

tain that it was as novelists and not as poets that Meredith and Mr. Hardy were named to the order; and Henry James wrote no poetry. The National Gallery is at this moment exhibiting a portrait



THE SISTER
Here is one of the most interesting drawings of Pamela Bianco.

of Henry James presented to the writer by a body of subscribers who were moved as much by admiration of the artist as by love of the man; while it was accepted from him by the nation as the portrait of one whose high place among English men of letters is unquestioned and unquestionable. Has that ever happened before in the case of a novelist's portrait, and in his lifetime? For these arrangements were made before Henry James's death and before he became a British subject. Nor was he ever a popular figure, either as writer or as man. The tribute was paid to him by the intellectuals with the respectful acquiescence of the great public to whom the things which interested him and the way in which he expressed his interest were alike unintelligible. It was a public recognition that a great novelist, like a great poet, is a man to be honored even by those who themselves cannot read him."

The novelist is no longer a poor relation in the world of letters. But many of the workers in the field of fiction

No Longer a Poor Relation in the Field of Literature, He Must Observe a New Noblesse Oblige

have remained ignorant of the rigorous etiquette of this noble domain. To-day the novelist, if he is to assume to be to the manner born, cannot be "in trade," artistically speaking. He cannot be a profiteer.

"They must come in the right spirit. A poet who turns out poetry for the market as a tradesman turns out his wares, a poet who looks at the spectacle of life with the eye of a newspaper reporter, always seeing without ever perceiving, is not merely despised; he is hated for profaning the name and fellowship of the poets. So now it must be with the novelists. Nobody despises tradesmen or newspaper reporters, and if novelists had never chosen to be anything more nobody would have despised novelists. But after 'The Heart of Midlothian' and 'Far from the Madding Crowd' and 'Youth,' after 'La Vieille Fille' and 'Un Cœur Simple,' after 'A Sportsman's Sketches' and 'Anna Karenina' and 'The Brothers Karamazov,' there can be no going back. To-day a novelist can no longer be a journalist or a tradesman with impunity."

To-day we know, says the same London critic, that the art of the novelist has grown up. We have been educated to take it seriously. We can no longer endure with patience the punctual arrival every three months of another of Mr. A.'s "machine"-made fiction or another of Miss B.'s fashion-books:

"There lies one cause of the contempt of novels—in the antithesis between the greatness of the possibilities of the art as revealed by its masters and the vulgarity, triviality and commercialism of the bulk of its practitioners. The 'mediocre' poets, who annoy us also, are neither so numerous nor so vulgar; and the public gives them no chance of being so commercial. That is where their art helps even them; its nobility and its difficulty almost forbid vulgarity, and put serious obstacles in the way of commercialism. It is the advantage of sculpture as compared with painting. The sculptor has a more difficult art and much less chance of popularity. The result is that there are fifty bad painters for one bad sculptor,

The novelist and the painter find their art too easy. Applause of a kind, to say nothing of profit, can be bought in it at too cheap a rate; and the incompetent come in crowds to obtain it. To write a fourth-rate novel is a kind of trick requiring the fewest and lowest intellectual attainments, and in consequence winning and deserving no more respect than is paid to a juggler. Each has learnt to perform a trick which we cannot ourselves perform and do not desire to—that is all. It may, or may not, amuse us a little for ten minutes or a few hours. But even if it does, the performer, who is a mere tradesman selling his goods, has no claim to the respect and gratitude which are instantly given to the artist and to him alone."

The historian, the biographer, the writer of memoirs, the critic, has much given to him at the start; the novelist has nothing. "When he begins to talk of Becky or Bathsheba we care nothing for either. We do not believe in them

unless he can make us believe; we do not mind whether they are happy or miserable, live or die, unless he can compel us to do so. That is why in different novels are to some of us the most tedious reading in the world." But of the great novel we learn that only imagination can silence cold intelligence, and the imagination can be set working only by real power. The critic concludes:

"There, then, is his difficulty and his glory. He has chosen to be a creator and not a compiler. He has chosen to practise an art in which, if he cannot create, he is less interesting and less respectable than a compiler. That is why men of education and intelligence feel the contempt which they certainly do feel for the mass of novelists. 'This fellow has not got the knowledge or the mind to tell me anything I want to hear; and he has not got the power which would force me to listen to whatever he wanted to say.' So they

feel, consciously or unconsciously, even of the majority of the novelists who circulate in the libraries. They cannot respect or desire the acquaintance either of the men or of their works. Whether to meet or to read they prefer even the second-rate historian or critic or man of science. But the novelist's revenge, if he can take it, is glorious. If he or she can write 'Pride and Prejudice,' or 'Victory,' we all to-day (tho not when 'Pride and Prejudice' was written) bow down and worship at once. The second-rate or even first-rate critics and historians retire into the background; we salute with gratitude, with wonder, the strangely gifted being by whose magic touch the old clay of humanity is quickened to a new birth of life. Life and newness, they are the things. 'If the Lord should make a new thing,' said Moses; but it was a newness of death of which he was speaking. The only man who shares that divine privilege of making new things is the artist; and his creations are, or should be, always of new life."

BRITAIN'S CHALLENGE IN THE COMING ART WAR

IN the coming race for world trade, Great Britain, through the medium of a pamphlet recently published by the Ministry of Reconstruction, announces that her chief weapon is to be a superior industrial art. An institute of industrial art has already been established, we read in *Arts and Decoration*. This institute is to begin at once a campaign of education. "This campaign calls for the general and technical education of a large body of artists and craftsmen; the bringing of these artists into closer touch with manufacturers and distributors; the education of the general public of buyers; the initiation and encouragement of research; and propaganda throughout the civilized world through provincial and traveling exhibitions."

Art is the vitalizing factor of workmanship and design, continues the British exposition, as quoted by the American art journal. It is of the utmost practicability and necessity in industry. As an important implement of reconstruction, the British Ministry thus points out its value:

"In both making and marketing there is a real national need to recognize the importance of art in manufactures, all of which depend either directly or indirectly upon it. In a narrow sense of the word art, some manufactures may not in themselves be artistic or need artistic embellishment, but in common with all manufactures they need marketing, and the paraphernalia of their introduction to the public, the catalogs, advertisements, wrappings, bottles, tins, boxes and other necessary means of presentation, require the employment of a great deal of art and imagination to get a result which will attain the purpose of selling them and

extending trade. Great attention is now paid to these important accessories by foreign competitors who, whatever may be their appreciation of art as such, are at least fully alive to its commercial value.

"Many manufacturers obviously depend upon art in their production, such as textiles, articles of dress, pottery, glass, furniture, and other household appliances; and the artistry employed in potting by Josiah Wedgwood and in furniture by Chippendale made them world-famous.

"Design has far-reaching effects, and while the designer must show adaptability to the changing requirements of commerce and resource in invading new fields, industry must recognize, honor and adequately remunerate the artist, without whom it could hardly exist, and through whom alone it can progress. Our manufacturers should keep in touch with the amount and excellence of British design, which is ready to hand if they will but use and encourage it; for should they be so preoccupied with the financial side of business as to lose sight of the artistic qualities that make for the development of business, trade must suffer.

"British trade has two alternatives: Either it surrenders itself to commercialism in a conscienceless, destructive and competitive struggle for dividends based on the mere production of quantity, or, wisely using past experience and the best present means—and they are many—at its disposal, it decides for a clear and constructive tradition of quality."

This initial necessity of clearing the ground of sentimental far-fetched and high-flown illusions on the subject of art is noted:

"The great fact awaiting recognition is that art is indispensable in life, and therefore in education and in work. Art has become limited in meaning. It is generally understood to be a thing apart, the

Looking Forward to a Great Renaissance of Art in the Industries

product of picture painters and craftsmen and similarly gifted and lucky persons. It is spelled with a big A. It is a decorative and purchasable luxury, to be hung up, stood about, and applied to things. It is 'applied' or 'fine' (two of the most ignorant and misleading terms ever invented) according as it is useful or not; but it concerns the people only so far as they can afford to buy some of it as a demonstration of the possession of taste—or money. We must work for the restoration of the broader meaning of art, for the reunion of the many subdivisions of Art into art—one and indivisible in its association with life and work. It must be recognized as a necessity to give us a truer appreciation and use of our country and ourselves."

Writing recently in the N. Y. *Evening Post*, Joseph Pennell makes a vigorous plea for the immediate mobilization of the art forces of America, making a drastic criticism of the present state of affairs:

"In the coming art war and commercial war we have got to wake up, and at once. We have got to realize that instead of having three powerful allies with us we are going to have the whole world against us. We have got to realize that instead of being able to train soldiers and sailors in a few weeks or months by the million we have got to find the pupils worth training and then the teachers to train them, and where are we to find them? And when found it will take years to train them.

"We believe, because foreign products are now shut out to a great extent, that we are doing just as well as the foreigner. We are blind and fools, and furthermore we are so debauched and our children are so blinded by the comics and the movies that we as a nation are artistically rotten."

Voices of Living Poets

THE poets have always recommended themselves most highly. Professor Bliss Perry is no exception. In his Phi Beta Kappa address at Harvard a few weeks ago he attributed to them a leading part in the social regeneration of the world, which seems to the *N. Y. Times* to be laying on them a burden too great to be borne. It was the poets who first asserted that Napoleon's power could not endure, the poets who first depicted the social wrongs of the mid-Victorian period. We all wish for liberty and justice, "but the poets bring to such questions an insight, an imagination, a partisanship, beyond the grasp of the prose reason." Professor Perry is not without discrimination. He sees the shortcomings of poets as social architects. He says:

"It is hard for the laws to keep step with the music of the idealists, and the idealists are apt to be more eloquent in their denunciation of wrong than accurate in their sense of direction toward the right. For what are we to do with our liberties after we have won them? The oppressed should go free, certainly, but whither shall they go? Better wages, better hours, better housing are only steps toward something, and toward what?"

This brings us up to the same question that the preachers and the teachers have had to struggle with for years. Social reform is a tempting field for any of us who have opportunity to influence the minds of the public. But the application of the laws of social justice to, say, the running of the railroads, requires something more than poetic inspiration or religious emotion. In fact, while these may be tremendously useful in forcing a solution of some kind, they may be very much of a nuisance in the careful balancing of facts and figures that are requisite in reaching the solution itself.

The truth of the matter is that any attempt to bind the poet to any consciousness of duty along the lines of social reform is apt to be as bad for poetry as for sociology. We could name offhand modern poets who have run to seed along social reform lines. There is no necessary connection between poetry and social reform and there is no necessary division between them. It is a question of the individual and the true source of his poetic inspiration. Shelley found much of

his in the theme of social justice. Shakespeare found little or none of his in that theme. As the *N. Y. Times* says:

"If the young poet is to be terrorized at the outset of his career by the imposition of the responsibility for all human advancement, if he is to be burdened with an Aim in Life whether he takes to it naturally or not, we shall see large numbers of earnest young people turning from poetry in horror and taking up stenography or salesmanship."

The best part, to us, of Willard Wattles's book of poems—"Lanterns in Gethsemane," Dutton & Co.—is the title. Mr. Wattles is an authentic poet, but somehow his religious poems convey to us but little of the fervor and exaltation that seem to have been in the mind of the writer. He appears to be saying something all the time that he does not really say. It does not "get across." Once in a while it does and this is the happy result:

ACCEPTANCE.

BY WILLARD WATTLES.

I CANNOT think nor reason,
I only know he came
With hands and feet of healing
And wild heart all aflame,

With eyes that dimmed and softened
At all the things he saw;
And in his pillared singing
I read the marching Law.

I only know he loves me,
Enfolds and understands,—
And oh, his heart that holds me,
And oh, his certain hands!

We fear that when Alfred Noyes went to Princeton and became a teacher, the teaching habit got into his poetry and hurt it badly. His rhymes used to run with a certain glorious riot across the page. He had rollicking moods. But now he seems to be trying to teach us something all the time and not doing it very well. We keep wishing he would cut loose with some of the careless raptures of his younger days and be content just to bewitch us instead of instruct us or defend a thesis. Even the fine opening poem in his new book ("The New Morning," Stokes Company), "The Avenue of the Allies," doesn't read as well as it sounds when he reads it. We may be in a whimsical mood, but what we have enjoyed most in reading his book is the following:

THE NEW DUCKLING.

BY ALFRED NOYES.

"I WANT to be new," said the duckling.
"O, ho!" said the wise old owl,
While the guinea-hen clattered off
chuckling
To tell all the rest of the fowl.

"I should like a more elegant figure,"
That child of a duck went on.
"I should like to grow bigger and bigger,
Until I could swallow a swan.

"I won't be the bond slave of habit,
I won't have these webs on my toes.
I want to run round like a rabbit,
A rabbit as red as a rose.

"I don't want to waddle like mother,
Or quack like my silly old dad.
I want to be utterly other,
And frightfully modern and mad."

"Do you know," said the turkey, "you're
quacking!
There's a fox creeping up thro' the rye;
And, if you're not utterly lacking,
You'll make for that duck-pond. Good-
bye!"

"I won't," said the duckling. "I'll lift him
A beautiful song, like a sheep;
And when I have—as it were—biffed him,
I'll give him my feathers to keep."

Now the curious end of this fable,
So far as the rest ascertained,
Tho they searched from the barn to the
stable,
Was that *only his feathers remained.*

So he *wasn't* the bond slave of habit,
And he *didn't* have webs on his toes;
And *perhaps* he runs round like a rabbit,
A rabbit as red as a rose.

This from *Ainslee's* is delightful,
especially the surprise at the end:

DEPARTURE.

BY EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY.

IT'S little I care what path I take,
And where it leads it's little I care,
But out of this house, lest my heart
break,
I must go, and off somewhere!

It's little I know what's in my heart,
What's in my mind it's little I know,
But there's that in me must up and start,
And it's little I care where my feet go!

I wish I could walk for a day and a night
And find me at dawn in a desolate place,
With never the rut of a road in sight,
Or the roof of a house, or the eyes of a
face.

I wish I could walk till my blood should
spout,
And drop me, never to stir again,
On a shore that is wide, for the tide is
out,
And the weedy rocks are bare to the
rain.

But dump or dock, where the path I take
Brings up, it's little enough I care,
And it's little I'd mind the fuss they'll
make,
Huddled dead in a ditch somewhere.

"Is something the matter, dear," she said,
"That you sit at your work so silently?"
"No, mother, no—'twas a knot in my
thread.
There goes the kettle—I'll make the
tea."

The joint winner of the Poetry Society Prize for the best volume of poetry for the year 1918 has this unforgettable little poem in the *Century*:

CERTAINTIES.

BY MARGARET WIDDEMER.

WHETHER you dwell by hut or
throne,
Whether your feet tread silk or
grass,
Comes the one lad you shall never own,
Or the one lass.

Whether you've pence to spend, or gold,
Whether you've toil or time to weep,
Comes the one pain that may never be told
And may never sleep.

Whether you weep or mock in pride,
Whether you tell or still deny,
Comes the one scar that your heart must
hide
Till the day you die.

Berton Braley's "Sonnets of Six Cities," in the *Saturday Evening Post* (there were originally seven, but the one on Philadelphia was omitted by the *Post*!), is more of a poetical stunt than anything else, but it is a clever stunt excellently well done. Especially well done are these two:

FROM "SONNETS OF SIX CITIES."

BY BERTON BRALEY.

BOSTON.

ALADY somewhat dowdy as to
dress,
A gentle Brahman of old family
Sighing in shocked bewilderment
to see

How progress threatens her exclusiveness;
She shows a helpless, fluttering distress
Because her children somehow seem to
be
Raucously modern, wholly out of key
With what she feels true culture should
express.

And yet for all her well-bred scorn of
change
And chill defense of custom and of
caste,
Her stern resistance to the new and
strange,

This fine old gentlewoman of the past
Has eyes whose glance, with courteous
manner met,
Glow sweetly through her often raised
lorgnette.

SAN FRANCISCO.

HIGH-COLORED, sparkling, very
much alive,
Her feet atingle ever for a dance,
Her eyes agleam with laughter
and romance,
Her brain alert to vision and contrive,
Gayly she greets what fortune may arrive
Fearless of any turn of circumstance;
Gives Destiny a bright flirtatious glance
And Fate a wink—nor cares how they
connive.

She jazes to the music of the spheres
And then—'twixt dance and dance—
with sudden thought,
She stops to fashion miracles; the years
Will look with wonder on the dreams
she wrought.
And she smiles blithely on her work, and
then
Her syncopating feet dance on again!

John Masfield has not turned the
war into copy to any great extent. He
has been active, tho his pen has not,
during the recent days of struggle in
work on the side-lines, so to speak.
Now his pen speaks again and speaks
with its former magic. This is from
the *Atlantic*:

ON GROWING OLD.

BY JOHN MASEFIELD.

BE with me, Beauty, for the fire is
dying,
My dog and I are old, too old for
roving;

Man, whose young passion sets the spin-
drift flying,
Is soon too lame to march, too cold for
loving.

I take the book and gather to the fire,
Turning old yellow leaves. Minute by
minute

The clock ticks to my heart; a withered
wire

Moves a thin ghost of music in the spinet.
I cannot sail your seas, I cannot wander
Your mountains, nor your downlands, nor
your valleys,

Ever again, nor share the battle yonder
Where your young knight the broken
squadron rallies;

Only stay quiet, while my mind remem-
bers
The beauty of fire from the beauty of
embers.

Beauty, have pity; for the young have
power,

The rich their wealth, the beautiful their
grace,

Summer of man its fruit-time and its
flower,

Spring-time of man all April in a face.
Only, as in the jostling in the Strand,

Where the mob thrusts, or loiters, or is
loud,

The beggar with the saucer in his hand

Asks only a penny from the passing
crowd,

So, from this glittering world with all its
fashion,
Its fire and play of men, its stir, its march,
Let me have wisdom, Beauty, wisdom and
passion,
Bread to the soul, rain where the summers
parch.
Give me but these, and tho the darkness
close,
Even the night will blossom as the rose.

This from the *Bookman* comes out
of vital experience and speaks to the
heart:

THINGS.

BY ALINE KILMER.

SOMETIMES when I am at tea with
you
I catch my breath
At a thought that is old as the
world is old
And more bitter than death.

It is that the spoon that you just laid down
And the cup that you hold
May be here shining and insolent
When you are still and cold.

Your careless note that I laid away
May leap to my eyes like flame
When the world has almost forgotten
your voice
Or the sound of your name.

The golden Virgin da Vinci drew
May smile on over my head
And daffodils nod in the silver vase
When you are dead.

So let moth and dust corrupt and thieves
Break through and I shall be glad
Because of the hatred I bear to things
Instead of the love I had.

For life seems only a shuddering breath,
A smothered desperate cry,
And things have a terrible permanence
When people die.

It is the American habit to scrap the
old and the outworn. Efficiency de-
mands it. But old things have a beauty
of their own—old walls, old houses, old
trails and—as Agnes Lee points out in
the *Dial*—old canals:

TWO CANALS.

BY AGNES LEE.

THE old canal forlorn, forsaken
crawls,
Its locks decayed and its low
water stirred

By minnows, all its past ensepulchred
In whispering walls.

Here mystery holds the moments with
delight.

The banks are dark with groves; the
paths, half blotted,
Struggle along the edges bramble-knotted,
Scentful as night.

The rough-hewn chasm is never entered
now.

The steep walls, viny with forgetfulness,
Out from their crevices push flower and
cress
And greening bough.

And parallel, and half a mile away,
The new canal, a broad deep channel,
reaches
Across the prairie where the sunshine
bleaches
The grass all day.

Its lines are open to the eye and clear.
New minds laid out the granite with new
science,
And new invention wrought for time's
defiance
The perfect gear.

Soon it shall bear high steamers on its
breast;
Soon, with the shedding forth of its re-
nown,
River shall tell to river, town to town
The world's unrest.

Ah, but a tree, a vine, a rose? Not one!
The banks stretch out monotonous and
bare.
Naked and smooth the peerless walls up-
glare
When the day is done.

Modernity, build strong! The price we
know.
Bring to the land new steel, new stone,
new faces!
But it's in the crannies of the old, old
places
The flowers grow.

William Griffith has an indefinable
attraction—a blend of melody, thistle-
down fancies and emotion just hinted
at rather than expressed. There is not
much body to his poetry, but it floats
and flies and has an iridescence of its
own. This is from *Ainslee's*:

I, WHO LAUGHED MY YOUTH AWAY.

BY WILLIAM GRIFFITH.

I WHO laughed my youth away
And blew bubbles to the sky,
Thin as air and frail as fire,
Opals, pearls of such desire
As a saint could but admire;
Now as azure as a sigh,
Then with passion all aglow—
Golden, crimson, purple, gray
Moods and moments of a day—
Have been gay,

Yea,
As they,
Sailing high,
Sinking low;
Even so

I,
Pierrot,
Walking Paris in a trance,
With my weary feet in France
And my heart in Bergamo,
Loved—and lost my laughing way.

I, of course, have never had
Any great amount of gold
Other than my bubbles hold.
Love? I have no loving plan
As a guide to beast or man,
Being neither good nor bad,
Just a sort of sorry lad.

Mr. Broadus is not the first one to
have observed the way in which death
brings back into the face the funda-
mental lines of character which sorrow
and pain have covered for a time. In
that fact, indeed, lies much of the dig-

nity of death that has been so often
remarked. But Mr. Broadus is the
first, so far as we know, to turn this
observation into a poem. From the
new weekly called *The Review*:

PALIMPSEST.

BY EDMUND KEMPER BROADUS.

I KNEW him when the wistful dreams
of youth
Dwelt in his eyes, and all men said
of him:

"His face is as a book where God doth
limn
The love of beauty and the search for
truth."

I watched his face through all the crowd-
ing years
Of struggle and bereavement and mis-
chance;

And saw the heavy hand of circum-
stance

O'erwriting histories of doubts and fears
And gray discomfitures—until, indeed,
The beauty was quite gone, and only
sorrow,

Regret for yesterday, dread of to-mor-
row,
Were written for the casual eye to read.

But I who loved him read the old lines
still,

And knew that what I saw all men
should see—
Beauty and truth once more writ visibly,
When time should purge what time had
written ill.

I waited, but the years went by in vain;
Till now—a moment since, it was, his
breath

Fluttered and ended—the quiet hand of
death

Has made that fair scroll visible again.

Walter Adolphe Roberts is a fresh
voice in what might be called the
younger choir. His verse, as repre-
sented in a first slender volume,
"Pierrot Wounded" (Britton), is dis-
tinguished by grace and lyric fluency.
Unless we err in prophecy, however,
the note it strikes is a prelude to a
deeper music yet to come. Meanwhile,
we quote two poems of protest:

THE CONQUERORS.

BY WALTER ADOLPHE ROBERTS.

THEY have gone by above our
broken dead,
With lifted spears and eagles to
the sky.

Azure and gold and crimson ban-
ners fly

In salutation of each laureled head.
The thunder of their chariot wheels, the
tread

Of conscript hosts, have stunned us to
comply.

Their martial music has brayed down
the cry

Of women hearts that mourn for those
who bled.

Aye, through the cycles of ensanguined
days,

Over our piteous and defeated dead,
In splendor and in pomp they have gone
by.

Yet once we sang the rebel Marseillaise,
And once the Commune chilled their
hearts with dread:
We do but wait—the Great Revenge
draws nigh!

THE BARRICADES.

BY WALTER ADOLPHE ROBERTS.

*Ballade for France in an Hour of
Darkness.*

I, THE France of the Marseillaise,
I would have none of the German
thrall.

Flaming, I fought at the Marne's
red ways,
Made of my breast a brazen wall,
Bulwarked the Meuse lest Verdun fall,
Proudly massing a million blades.
Now I cry to you, rebels all:
Tear up stones for the barricades!

I, the France of the brave, bright torch,
I have been raped and have drunk of
gall.

Ruthless, the alien cannons scorch
Forest and orchard, hovel, hall.
Soldiers of kings and tyrants crawl,
Serving their masters, down my glades.
Freemen, answer with bomb and ball.
Tear up stones for the barricades!

I, the France of the rebel hope,
I am sore stricken, after all.
Grimly my shattered legions grope,
Striving to pierce the battle's pall.
You who would free a world in thrall,
Rally about your palisades!
Rally before I falter, fall!
Tear up stones for the barricades!

Envoy.

Comrades, rise at the bugle call,
Workers and dreamers, men and maids!
Crimson flags to the wind for Gaul!
Tear up stones for the barricades!

Mr. Chase S. Osborn (one time gov-
ernor of Michigan) writes to us calling
attention to the fact that the poem "The
Yanks on the Marne," in our July num-
ber, was written by Emerson Hough.

Another poem reprinted in our July
number, "Wooden Ships," by David
Morton, is one of the two poems that
divides between them the National Arts
Club prize of \$250 given for the best
two poems read before the Society dur-
ing the season of 1918-19. The other
is "Bluestone," by Marguerite Wilkin-
son (not yet published, we believe).

The Syracuse Public Library pub-
lishes in pamphlet form a list of
"Eighty-Seven Poets," representing
American verse from 1900 to 1919.
The list is a combination of the library
lists made up year by year by a com-
mittee of the Poetry Society of Amer-
ica (Martha Foote Crow is chairman
of the committee), and in addition to
the name of each author, his book or
books, and the publisher, is given a
brief but apt characterization of his
work and a choice bit of that work.
But there are regrettable omissions.
Among them we note Ella Wheeler
Wilcox, Conrad Aiken, Eunice Tiet-
jens, Clement Wood and Max Boden-
heim.

Industrial World and Reconstruction

RAISING TORPEDOED BILLIONS FROM THE OCEAN BEDS

EIGHT thousand, perhaps ten thousand, ships of all sizes lie at the bottom of the ocean, a great number of them sunk by Teuton torpedoes. Their value and the value of their cargoes amount to the dazzling sum of six billions of dollars. Sir Eric Geddes, of the British Admiralty, recently stated that 2,465 British ships went down with their crews and that 3,147 were sunk and their crews left adrift. Nearly six thousand British ships alone, varying in size from the small fishing smack to the transatlantic liner! How many of them will be restored by pontoon, pump and compressed air? Since 1915, states Waldemar Kaempfert, in the *Ladies' Home Journal*, about five hundred have been salvaged, most of them by beaching. What of the remainder? Sunken treasure has been a lure to men ever since oars were dipped into water and wind belied a sail. But think of a treasure not measured merely by millions, but by magnificent, intoxicating, enticing billions! We are reminded that despite the feverish haste of both Great Britain and the United States to rebuild what has been mercilessly sent to the bottom, the shipyards of the world never caught up with the submarine. Only 9,849,527 tons of shipping were constructed in America to take the place of the 15,053,786 that were sunk; and 2,392,675 tons were captured from the enemy or commandeered. At the beginning of the present year there was still a net loss of 1,811,584 tons for which there is a crying need, now that all Europe is to be fed with American grain and meat and housed with American wood and steel.

By a curious anomaly the submarine itself is, we are told, to be the means of raising what the submarine has sunk. The salvaging U-boat, however, is not the familiar torpedo-carrying species, but an especially built vessel that out-Vernes anything that the French novelist ever romanced about. It has a door that can be opened under water; yet not a drop will enter. Out of the door a diver may step safely and easily upon the ocean floor.

"She seems like a creation of a delirium, this strange undersea vessel into

which the water cannot rush; but she has actually been built and successfully tested. Her inventor is Simon Lake, an American who has done more for the improvement of the submarine as an instrument of peace than any other man. Years ago he built a strange under-water craft that ran along the bottom of Chesapeake Bay on wheels. One of her compartments was pumped full of air at a pressure so high that it pushed back the water that sought to enter when the door was open. The idea is obviously the same as that which has been applied in raising sunken ships by compressed air. Time and time again divers passed out of that compartment in Lake's boat, promenaded on the bottom of the sea and returned again. To be sure the diver was limited in his activities by his depth, just as he would have been had he been lowered from the surface in the conventional way. But are there not possibilities in this salvaging submarine? As it crawls on the bottom it cares nothing for the storm which blows above. It can carry powerful lights, a whole machine shop, every mechanical convenience that an under-water artisan may need."

A preliminary test of what is called Argosy-Argonaut III. was made the other day in Long Island Sound, off Bridgeport, Connecticut, and, according to the *New York Evening Sun*, was highly successful. The craft is described as having the appearance of a boat used for dredging and from one end a thirty-foot steel tube projected along the surface of the water. At the end of the tube is a steel chamber some eight feet long and seven feet high and shaped like a flat-iron. Visitors climbed down through the tube and into the chamber. Then compressed air was allowed to enter, and the chamber was lowered to the bottom of the Sound and a trap-door opened. In bare feet the visitors were able to walk on the bottom, keeping pace with the chamber, and to pick up a number of crabs and fishes. This boat has salvaged several thousand tons of coal sunk off Norwalk harbor and work is soon to begin salvaging the bark *Husar*, which was sunk in Hell Gate during the Revolutionary War with a treasure of \$5,000,000 in gold on board. Something similar, says the writer in the *Home Journal*, has been exploited

How the Sunken Ships and Treasure Valued at \$6,000,000,000 Are Being Salvaged

by one of the greatest salvage companies of Europe.

"It is not an under-water automobile, like the Lake vessel, but a large box of compressed air. Within the box two, three, even four or more divers are housed. They can step out upon the floor of the sea through a door, just as in Lake's boat. The box is a veritable submerged toolhouse and repair shop. Telephones connect it with the ship above; searchlights penetrate the gloom for a few feet here and there. The depths that can be reached are greater than those that any diver can attain. As for the men who crawl out of its queer interior, they are at least safer than those rare ships' carpenters and gunners' mates of the United States Navy who broke the world's record by descending over three hundred feet. A vertical air hose at great depths may be kinked by a current; the air may be cut off. But the hose that leads from the box is always more or less horizontal and therefore not so likely to be buckled. And if an accident should happen the man has a chance to fight his way back to the box. It is even proposed that a self-contained diving dress shall be worn—a dress on the back of which a cylinder of compressed air is carried. The diver's exhalations are passed over chemicals, purified and breathed over again. Thus the air hose that would otherwise lead to the box is dispensed with altogether. It is claimed that with such a compressed-air toolhouse a depth of 325 feet can be attained."

It is interesting to read that the sunken vessel is to be accurately located by a self-propelled electro-magnetic automaton. When, according to one patent, it has magnetically found its ship, the automaton proceeds to crawl down one side of the hull, around the bottom and then up the other side. The inventor of this particular automaton causes it to blow away the mud and gravel that may be encountered in thus circumnavigating the wreck, to leave a cable in its wake, and lastly to fasten in place pontoons that have been lowered by the cable. There is nothing for the salvage master to do but watch an indicator on the wall of his cabin. "Descending," "Turning," "Horizontal," "Ascending" are printed on the dial. A needle swings to the proper word as the automaton far below performs its functions.

Instead of securing pontoons to the ship the inventor of another automaton, equally ingenious, would have it bolt in position plates to which cables are attached, so that "the vessel may be raised by any of the usual means." He,

too, provides an indicator to visualize the proceedings far below the waves; but he shrinks from having his mechanical diver sling a cable around a hull that may lie on one side half buried in sand.

It will cost the American people about \$1,200,000,000 a year for the next twenty-five years to pay off the war debt, according to estimates of the Treasury. The calculation is made on the assumption that the net war debt, with deductions for loans to the Allies, will be in the neighborhood of \$18,000,000,000.

HOW THE FIRST MILLION DRAFT RECRUITS MEASURED UP PHYSICALLY

Nearly Thirty in Every Hundred were Rejected as Being Flat-footed—City and Country Boys Compared

THE first adequate physical survey in half a century was made possible when the selective draft system brought before medical examiners some ten million men. Of the 2,510,000 men between the ages of twenty-one and thirty-one examined by local boards, 730,000, or 29.1 per cent., were rejected on physical grounds. It may surprise many to read that the malady raging with greatest frequency among those of military age is *pes planus*, an affliction that strikes one man in every five. Yet these men, despite their flat feet (which the army surgeons call *pes planus*), manage to get along very well in civil life, tho they make poor soldiers. Surgeon-General M. W. Ireland reveals some illuminating data in his War Department Bulletin No. 11 as regards the physical condition of "the first million draft recruits." Among other statements made by the Provost Marshal General and incorporated in the bulletin, we read that during the first four months of mobilization about one-third of the men who were examined were rejected on physical grounds, and during the next eight months almost one-fourth of such candidates were rejected. Also, states the New York *Tribune*, commenting on the report:

"The figures indicate that about twenty-two per cent. of the rejections were caused by some mechanical defect in the organism, or rather some defect or disease that would interfere with its mechanical performance, such as defects in the bones and joints, flatfoot and hernia. An additional fifteen per cent. were rejected because of imperfections of the sense organs and about thirteen per cent. for defects in the cardio-vascular system. About twelve per cent. were rejected on account of nervous and mental troubles, in part due to abnormal thyroid secretions. About ten per cent. were rejected on account of the two communicable disease groups—tuberculosis and severe cases of venereal diseases.

"These facts about the amount and nature of disability have their importance in considering the military power of the United States. Their significance for civil life is less. Because one-third or even one-fourth of males twenty to thirty years of age are physically unfit to fight it does not follow that so large a proportion are handicapped in appreciable degree for civil life. Combatant forces have to move on their feet often great

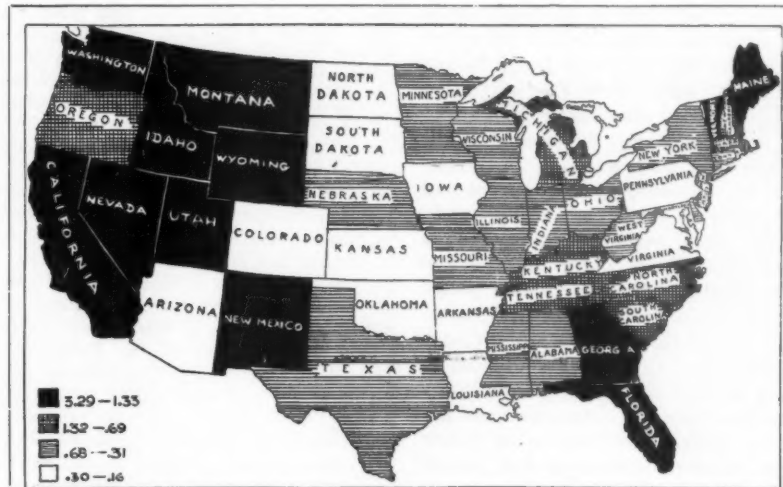
distances each day and carry a load of forty pounds or more on the back. A man who weighs only 100 pounds, however healthy and however strong he may be for his size, can rarely do this. But his small size may even be an advantage in civil life. Again, many a man with a tendency toward flatfoot or hernia may do his work in civil life well and always enjoy excellent health and be really unaware of any weakness, but his presence may handicap combatant troops. Defects in sense organs again are less important in civil life than in warfare, and the stress of struggle, work and excitement on the battlefield requires a degree of perfection in heart action and innervation that is rarely demanded in civil life. On the other hand, nearly all the disabilities found in the nervous and mental group, and also tuberculosis and symptoms of venereal disease, are a handicap in civil life.

"The amount of venereal disease present seems also somewhat inversely correlated with density of population. Thus, for New York City the ratio is 13 per 1,000; for Chicago, 22; for all cities, 26; for rural districts, 30. There are, to be sure, fluctuations in the amount of venereal diseases found which are independent of the size of the cities, such as the large amount, 21 per 1,000, found in Philadelphia, and the small amount, 13 per 1,000, found in Boston. The one fact that stands out clearly is that there is about one-fifth more venereal disease to be found in the rural districts than in cities. On the other hand, chronic alcoholism is,

on the whole, more characteristic of cities than rural districts, tho both New York and Chicago give a ratio of 10 per 1,000, as contrasted with 16 for all cities. Drug addiction is strikingly more prevalent in the large cities, and above all in New York City, than it is in rural districts."

All counties, we read, having only one local board were considered rural districts. Those having two or more local boards were considered as cities or densely populated counties. The following table gives the frequency of each of the classes of recruits examined from rural and urban districts and from four large cities, with the results of classification at camp:

Number of recruits from urban districts	377,020	
	per cent. of urban	
Accepted without defect	232,757	61.74
Accepted with defect	126,258	33.49
Rejected	17,965	4.77
Number of recruits from rural districts	506,965	
	Per cent. of rural	
Accepted without defect	338,356	66.74
Accepted with defect	143,446	28.30
Rejected	25,163	4.96
Total urban and rural recruits	883,985	
Distribution unknown	110,221	
Grand total	994,206	



HOW THE STATES RESPONDED TO THE SELECTIVE DRAFT CALL
Those that furnished the largest percentage of men are shown in white. The largest percentage of unfit physically appear in black. Figures in the corner show the percentage of unfit among the first million men examined.

WHY A SECRETARY OF TRANSPORTATION SHOULD BE IN THE CABINET

Judge Lovett Gives Reasons Why the Railroads Should and Must Have a "Friend at Court"

PENDING the return of the railroads to private management and the solution of immediate, pressing, collateral problems involved in the billion-dollar-a-year increase in wages and the great advance in the prices of materials during the period of government control, the need of a Department of Transportation, with a Secretary sitting in the Cabinet, is being urged by railroad men throughout the country. They are headed by Judge Robert S. Lovett, with whom the suggestion originated, and who contends that recent experience has demonstrated the necessity for such an official to "meet emergencies resulting from exceptional congestion in traffic or blockades, by quickly mobilizing the transportation resources and by other instant and heroic methods." How, asks Judge Lovett, in a privately printed book of comments on the railroad problem, can the Interstate Commerce Commission, or any similar body, exercise promptly and adequately this extraordinarily important and difficult executive power which requires immediate and varied action from day to day to be of any value? It is argued that a Cabinet officer by calling in railroad executives, and through informal discussions, could bring about changes in train service, schedules and so on, which, if taken up with the elaborate formality and procedure inevitable in cases of a commission or similar body, would not be accomplished for weeks and months. On the other hand:

"One of the objections urged to a Secretary of Transportation is the political possibilities of the position. I am not an authority on that subject, but I do know that he would not profit politically by his contact with railroad executives, for there is no class in this country with less political power than railroad officers; and I do not see how the secretary could himself control the votes of railroad employees. They would not be his employees or government employees, but would be employed by the railroad companies.

Neither would the position be at all analogous to that of the Director General of Railroads, who is in absolute possession and control of the railroads, prescribes the organization, selects the personnel, employs and discharges men, fixes all wages and salaries and is the unhampered employer and chief of all the railroad forces of the country. He spends hundreds of millions of dollars in the purchase of equipment, coal and materials and supplies of all kinds, and has power beyond that ever exercised by any man in the United States excepting only the President. The Secretary of Transportation, however, would prescribe no organization, would select no personnel, would employ nobody and fix nobody's wages or salaries except the small clerical force in his immediate department. He would buy no materials or supplies, and would be without any authority or control whatever over the wages or working conditions or action in any respect of the army of railroad employees in this country. He would be a member of the President's Cabinet and head of a Government Department charged with the duty of enforcing laws relating to the railroads, observing their operation, recommending improvements and changes in the public interest and bringing before the prosecuting officers of the Government violations of the railroad laws; and presenting to the Interstate Commerce Commission by complaint any failure of railroad companies to provide the service and facilities to which he thought the public was entitled. I do not contend that these functions may not be performed by a Transportation Department composed of a small number of commissioners, but I do insist that they cannot be performed as well, in any comparable degree, as by a Cabinet member."

A still stronger reason given by the president of the Union Pacific is that the railroad business, the largest single industry in the country next to agriculture, is unrepresented in the government—is without any "friend at court."

"The Interstate Commerce Commission was conceived in hostility to it. The Interstate Commerce Act was designed to repress and regulate and punish it.

Running throughout the Interstate Commerce Act and all other Congressional measures relating to the railroads is an unmistakable spirit and purpose to curb and repress, unrelieved by a single helpful, constructive, encouraging provision. I am not saying that this restrictive and repressive legislation and the creation of the Commission as a stern administrator of the law rather than a helpful agency was not necessary. Quite the contrary. Most of the things prohibited were wrong. But I do say that the policy of hostility and repression was carried too far, and the time has come for a change. I do not mean change by repealing any of the laws or abandoning what has been done, but a change by adding to the repressive and restrictive laws helpful and constructive laws and administrative agencies capable of more expeditious action."

Meanwhile the plan of the National Transportation Conference for the return of the railroads to private owners under the regulation of a Federal Board marks, as the *Evening Globe* (New York) observes, a new era in the history of relations between capital and labor in this country. The plan as drawn limits stockholders normally to a return of six per cent. on investments and piles up excess profits as a reserve fund to guarantee that return on every road in the country. It groups the lines according to existing systems and restores competition under the control of twelve directors for each company, three of them to be selected by the Federal Transportation Board and one by the employees. As to this feature, the *Globe* asks pertinently "why there should be but one employee on each of the board of directors?" since "it is hardly conceivable that one man could exercise much influence in a group of twelve, of which eight are appointed by the company."

Five thousand men enlisted or were drafted from Alaska into the army and navy, eighty per cent. of whom will return to Alaska. Nearly every man who heeded the call of his country will find here his former position open to him on his return.

TENANTS ARMING TO FIGHT THE BIGGEST FARM LANDLORD IN AMERICA

Story of the 210,000 Acres of "Scully Lands" in the Mississippi Valley is an Industrial Romance

ABSENTEE landlordism is not so common in this country as it has been in Ireland, but it is equally unpopular, to judge by the action of seventy Illinois farmers—tenants on what are known as "the Scully lands"—in forming an association and refusing to renew their leases or to move off the land. They have interested Governor Frank Lowdon, himself a

practical farmer, in their unique case and hope to embody in the new Illinois State constitution, to be framed next year, a positive provision against farm landlordism like that of the Scullys. Despite the fact that there is a long waiting-list of farmers who would be willing tenants of the Scullys, it is maintained by those who rent the Scully lands in Illinois that absentee-land-

lordism is distinctly un-American and should be discouraged. Just why, under the circumstances, the Scully tenants have risen in rebellion and are resolved to put their case to the test in Illinois, is not made clear. However, writes Charles Moreau in *The Country Gentleman*, the name Scully is synonymous in the Middle West with farm landlordism carried to the farthest de-

gree in America. For forty years the Scully lands, comprising 211,000 acres, have been under lease, all rich farming property and located in the heart of the agricultural section of the Mississippi valley. In Illinois are 40,000 acres; in Nebraska, 64,000; in Kansas, 60,000; and in Missouri, 47,000 acres—worth fifteen to twenty million dollars. Not one acre of it can be bought and only one sale has ever been made since the domain was established by William Scully, who came over from Ireland in the seventies and, financed by the Rothschilds, paid \$2 and \$3 an acre for land now worth from \$75 to \$300 an acre. Scully built up an organization, carefully selecting practical farmers as agents. Each was given absolute control of his territory and many of them have grown gray in the service. The agent in Kansas, thirty years in the Scully service, is thus quoted in *The Country Gentleman*:

"We have nothing to conceal, nothing to exploit. The operations are all above-board and open. It is simply business management applied to the handling of land. I have had fathers and sons as tenants; I have seen whole families grow to maturity and have advised with them for nearly a third of a century. Many

persons think there is something mysterious about the handling of these farms, but it is merely simplicity and good sense. In the first place, we deal only in the bare land—the tenant owns every improvement, from house to fences. He pays the taxes, regular and special; he pays a rental and carries out certain agreements as to the method of tillage. For instance, our lease provides that every farm in this county shall have at least ten acres of alfalfa—it is a good thing and helps the tenant, besides preserving the fertility of the soil.

"The land is divided into tracts of 80 to 320 acres, depending on the character of the soil and cultivation—mostly the farms are 160 acres. The rent varies according to the quality, the amount of grass land, and so forth. In this county it is from \$350 to \$500 a quarter section. Rents have been increased perhaps twenty per cent. the past year or two because of the increased income of the tenant and the value of the land. These last two years have been very profitable for the tenants. Many of them have farms of their own purchased from their profits. One of our tenants left us a few years ago, went to Oklahoma and failed. He returned, took another lease and recently paid \$18,000 for a farm. He is still living on our land. There are scores of such instances. Others leave to buy farms and succeed—there is never any lack of renters; there is always a waiting list."

The farmer referred to as going to Oklahoma and returning tills 320 acres. He raised last year 2,400 bushels of wheat, 2,000 bushels of oats, 400 bushels of corn, besides alfalfa, millet and sorghum, yielding over \$7,000 income. His rent was \$820, including taxes. Another tenant on a half section had 2,500 bushels of wheat, 1,200 bushels of oats, 200 bushels of corn, ten tons of alfalfa and seven tons of sorghum. His rent was \$700 and taxes \$200. Many of the Scully farms showed \$5,000 to \$9,000 produced last year. Yet "the Scully lands do not pay the owner three per cent. on the value of the present investment, but in its total volume it is a steady return and the safest investment in the world." The approximate rents are \$10 an acre for Illinois land, from \$2.40 to \$4.50 for Nebraska, from \$3.75 to \$4.25 for Kansas and \$2.50 for Missouri, the tenants building and owning the improvements. The founder of this great domain died in 1906, and, we read, the estate is held by his widow and two sons, all of whom are now in London, tho residents of Washington and Illinois.

It took nearly \$800,000 an hour, 24 hours a day from April 6, 1917, to June 1, 1919, for the United States army to put up the fight necessary to beat Germany.

UNCLE SAM BECOMES AN INDUSTRIAL SCHOOLMASTER WITH 7,000,000 PUPILS

FACED by the fact that more than seven million wage-earners are in industry without sufficient training for their occupations and that they can best receive it in factories while engaged in production, the United States Training Service, of the Department of Labor, has set out to supply the want—and with some success. Its plan is to encourage and help manufacturers to organize classes of their employees in conjunction with production, either on the factory floors or in separate departments set aside for the purpose, the instruction of workers to be entrusted to persons selected from the regular force or to special trainers, as conditions suggest. By this method, states Training Bulletin No. 9, the operatives who are too good to "fire" and yet not really good enough to be retained without improvement, are "sent to school" until their performances, based upon regular factory production, are up to standard. Those in the next grade of efficiency are then trained in the same way and to the same end. The system, we read, is one of up-grading workers by extending their knowledge of processes and increasing their skill; it devotes itself to raising the average output of three-fourths and not to speeding up the one-

fourth whose rate of production is already satisfactory. For example:

"A chart analyzing the output of a big eastern factory shows that of twenty-six men in one department six produced in two weeks of last October a normal result. The other twenty were far behind. For the twenty-six the average for one hundred hours of work was thirty-eight hours' output per capita. By training under competent instructors the average of the twenty will rise at least to thirty-eight hours' output per capita. The average in the department will at the same time go to forty-six hours. As a net result the low men will have brought up their average thirty-five per cent., and the general average output will have increased by twenty per cent. As a matter of fact that is exactly what was accomplished in that department, and training is continuing to bring the average still higher.

"The experts begin with a careful and analytic survey of the operations of a given plant to determine the actual conditions governing production—the rate and the cause of labor turn-over, the explanation of delays and stoppages, the kind and degree of failure in machines, equipment and repairs and in the supply of materials—and to ascertain the opportunities for reorganizing routine, machinery or processes. The employer himself is put through a course of training, so to speak, to disclose and correct the shortcomings of management, which, by

Government and Large Manufacturers Combine to Speed Up the Output of Many Factories

the way, are usually responsible for 90 per cent. of labor turn-over and other like obstacles to production. With this definite information to demonstrate the need and advantage of training, the expert will be prepared to advise the form it should take; that is, whether in a separate department or on the floor through an upgrading process; and to recommend the methods best adapted for sound instruction."

Two hundred large concerns have adopted the service and within a month twenty-seven big corporations, two of them employing thirty thousand operatives in twenty-two plants, have begun to train their employees under this system. This, however, is only a beginning as "there are six thousand American manufacturers each employing groups of more than two hundred and fifty persons, and facilities for part-time instruction are not yet available in three hundred of their factories. About half of the workers in American manufactories are employed in groups of two hundred and fifty or more. In all, there are three hundred thousand employers having groups approximating 30 persons to the establishment. In a very large majority of these institutions, then, there can not be adequate provisions for part-time training. Because of bodily and mental

fatigue, obligations to family and duties of citizenship, all but a minority of industrial workers are unable, even if they are willing, to attend continuation classes."

The United States Training Service now has in the field fifteen superintendents in training. They are at work in the big industrial centers between the Atlantic and the Mississippi. Their

advice and services in organization are given free of cost to manufacturers. Fulllest information will be furnished by the U. S. Training Service of the Department of Labor at Washington.

WORLD-WIDE NEED IS TO STIMULATE GOLD PRODUCTION

GOLD to the value of \$469,000,000 was taken from the earth in 1915, which was the record year in all history for the production of the yellow metal. Since then, according to H. N. Lawrie, chairman of the Oregon Bureau of Mines and Geology Commission, the universal production of gold has declined steadily and rapidly as a result, principally, of the high cost of mining. The total decrease during the past three years has been twenty per cent., tho the decrease for South Africa was only 6.4 per cent., owing to the fact that South Africa is remotely situated from the center of economic pressure and to a marked improvement in recovery in the treatment of South African ores. In Australia, the writer goes on to say, in the *Engineering and Mining Journal*, the gold metal output has been cut in half and the decrease in Canada has been 26 per cent., in British India 13 per cent. and Rhodesia 15.8 per cent. The entire decline in the gold production of Great Britain, including all her colonies, amounts to \$46,000,000 for the same period and represents 15.4 per cent. of the total

production for the banner year 1915. In the United States, we read:

"The drop in production is 32.2 per cent. Of the total decline of \$92,000,000 in the world's gold production, that in the production of the United States accounts for one-third, or approximately 35 per cent., of the total, whereas normally the gold mines of the United States produce one-fifth of the world's gold output. This denotes the extreme economic pressure to which the gold mining industry of the United States was subjected on account of the existing international situation and reflects the volume and rapidity of the financial mobilization of the United States upon entering the war. The effect was much more acute here than it was in some other countries that had felt the pressure from the beginning in 1914. Russia naturally shows the effect of disorganized government. The Russian decline in gold production is 62 per cent. for the last three years, a drop from \$26,000,000 to \$10,000,000, and this indicates more eloquently than anything else the effects of Bolshevism.

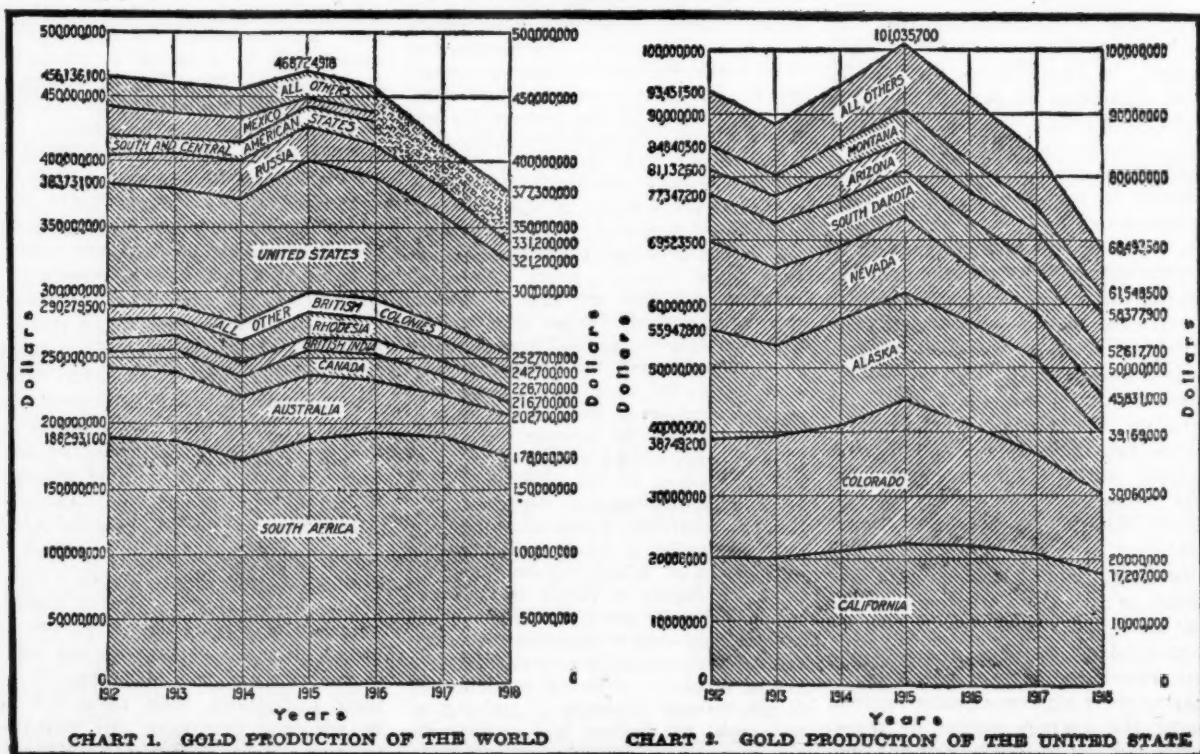
"The South and Central American States show an increase of 5.3 per cent. in gold output, and it is altogether likely that some of that gain has been attained

Extracting Ore Offers Opportunity to Returned Soldiers to Earn Big Wages in the Great Outdoors

by the increased recovery of by-product gold from the treatment of copper ores. The Mexican crisis in gold production occurred in 1915, and happened to coincide with the year in which the high point of the world's gold production took place, and it is evidence of the chaos in which the Mexican government found itself at the beginning of the revolution. The production was a little over \$6,000,000 in 1915, and in three years it has increased to \$10,000,000, a gain in output of 66 per cent. All countries of the world not heretofore mentioned show an aggregate decline in production of 4.2 per cent."

This chairman of the Geology Commission points out that the mining industry is one of the best and most promising in which the men now released from military service may participate. In times of peace it has always paid top-notch wages and "there is not a cleaner business nor one in which they can engage with more enjoyment, because of its outdoor life, than the mining industry." Meanwhile:

"It is necessary to educate the American people, and also the people of Cana-



da, to the need of absorbing the investments of foreign countries in Canada and the United States. Why? Because foreign countries with which both Canada and the United States wish to trade have no gold to deliver. They have no goods to deliver, because their industries are paralyzed and the trade balance is against them. To draw on the currency in circulation would cripple their internal financial structure. With what will they pay? They have nothing with which to pay until a broad policy has been developed to absorb in the United States and in

Canada the industrial securities of those countries in order to offset this adverse trade balance. The first condition that is going to assist the gold-mining industry is freedom of trade, which is premised upon the resumption of a sound financial relationship with foreign countries. The demand for American and Canadian materials in foreign countries is great. As evidence of this fact the companies which are holding copper at the present time, and carrying extensive margins in order to hold it, must have certain knowledge of a foreign demand which will soon ma-

terialize and absorb their product. The effect of putting gold on the open market would be giving the gold miner what he justly should have, and I wish to emphasize the fact that while other metals have dropped, gold has been at a constant level of price. That is an excellent omen."

Before the war, most of the razors sold in Trinidad were hollow ground and of German manufacture. American and English razors now dominate the local market, and American safety razors have met with such increasing sale that now the trade in them includes the larger part of the razors sold.

GIVES WAR-WRECKED EUROPE 15 YEARS IN WHICH TO RECOVER

GIVEN fifteen years of peace, every nation now suffering from the great war will have recovered its money losses and restored its material waste. Supplementing this optimistic statement, a writer, A. B. Williams, reminds us, in the *New York Times Magazine*, that France in 1881, after having paid almost on the instant the huge indemnity exacted by Germany, showed industrial gain over 1871 of 55 per cent.—the greatest gain of any decade in her history, even exceeding that of the ten peaceful and prosperous years from 1860 to 1870. By way of answer to the gloomy picture of Europe recently drawn by Frank A. Vanderlip, the New York banker (rather less gloomy in his book than in his speeches), the *Times* optimist points out that within six months after the greatest war of history, and with France the battle-ground, the French have bought from the United States \$4,000,000 of agricultural tools and implements "without waiting on results at Versailles." If, he argues, "France recovered in ten years from conditions far worse than obtain at present, lacking the sympathy and close contact of the strong peoples of the world she has now, without the stream of available cash the American and British governments have poured into the pockets of

her thrifty farmers and merchants, and with no powerful America eager to supply her needs at call, the question is whether she will not recuperate in less time." Or again, to come nearer home:

"It is doubtful whether any of the countries involved in the war of 1914-18 have suffered more severely than did the Southern States of this country in the Civil War, or whether any of them are in worse condition than were those States in 1865 and through several years immediately following. The wealth of the States of the Southern Confederacy in 1860 was computed by the census returns at \$7,000,000,000. In 1870, after five years of peace, it was \$3,000,000,000. In 1865 practically there were no values. The slave property, of course, was wiped out entirely. All the available assets of the people had been invested in Confederate bonds or were represented by a currency which could not buy or pay anything. Richmond, Atlanta, Columbia, much of Charleston, and many of the smaller cities and towns had been burned. Until the Union forces of occupation began to arrive and buy local produce there was no money and business was done by barter or by the use of tokens issued by individuals or communities. Junk, rags, peach kernels, used for making prussic acid, sumac blooms, for tanning, were wanted in the North, and could be sent there by coasting vessels or over what was left of the railways, and were circulating medium. A full tenth of the

Industrial Condition of the Confederacy in 1865 is Contrasted to That of France

men of military age had been killed in battle or were dead of disease. The figures show that France has lost fifteen per cent. of her military population, but the death roll includes all the losses from her colonies and dependencies, with total population of 45,000,000. When the Singapore and Algerines and other fighters from French colonies are deducted, it will be found probably that the actual loss of Frenchmen in the war is less, in proportion, than was the loss of the Southern States from their white population. Virginia had been a battlefield four years when Lee surrendered, and came from the war with a bonded debt of \$41,000,000, carrying six and seven per cent., a third of her territory taken from her. Her white population was 700,000. There, as elsewhere in the South, nothing was left but the land and what houses remained, both impaired by four years of neglect. . . . In the ten years after 1865 a debt of \$292,000,000, most of it fraudulent, had been piled on these States, but in fifteen years they had recovered the losses of the war, including the \$2,000,000,000 estimated value of slave property. Within twenty-five years they were in far better condition, financially and in all other respects, than ever before in their history, having made more progress in that quarter century than in the century preceding 1860."

Of the approximate 10,000 Japanese in the Philippines, 2,000 are said to be merchants.

EMPLOYMENT CERTIFICATES TO SAFEGUARD BOTH CHILDREN AND THEIR EMPLOYERS

EMPLOYMENT certificates as safeguards for the health and education of working children is discussed in a pamphlet issued by the United States Department of Labor for use in the back-to-school campaign being carried on in thirty-eight States by the Council of National Defense. The need for such safeguards is emphasized by the administration of the former Federal child-labor law, when one-fourth of the 19,546 children under

sixteen years of age to whom certificates were issued were found to be unable to sign their own names legibly.

The pamphlet points out that the employment certificate safeguards the employer as well as the child. If the employer has in his possession a certificate secured in good faith stating that the child is of legal age to work, he is protected against prosecution for violating the age provision of the child-labor law. The issuing officer, in de-

A Crying Need, After Long Waiting, is Supplied by Uncle Sam

termining whether a child applying for a certificate is of legal age to receive it, finds his surest proof in a birth record. Because the registration of births in the United States is far from complete, thousands of children, we read, have no birth certificates, and less reliable records have to be accepted. Further:

"No child should be given a certificate to work until he has completed certain minimum educational requirements. In

some States a child can not secure a work permit until he is sixteen years old unless he has completed the eighth grade, but in other States thousands of children who are barely able to read and write are permitted by law to leave school for work each year. Such a child's chance of success is slight, because skilled positions require school training. The peace-time army of unemployed is chiefly made up of unskilled workers. Before granting an employment certificate many States require a child to have a physical examination by a public medical officer who will decide whether or not he is physically able to perform the work he intends to do. Without such a provision, a boy who, un-

known to himself, has serious heart trouble, might accept work as a messenger or a position which required the lifting of heavy weights. In some States a child is reexamined every time he gets a new job to see what effect his industrial experience has had upon him. Defects acquired are then corrected. A few issuing officers refer children who are physically unfit for work to school-nurses or public-health nurses or clinics, so that corrective and preventive steps may be taken. Many children are neither at school nor at work."

To remedy this situation, some States require a child to have the

promise of a job before he leaves school. In order to insure the child's return to school between jobs the employer receives the child's employment certificate and is required to return it to the issuing officer if the youngster leaves his work for any reason. Close cooperation between the issuing officer and the compulsory school-attendance department is necessary if the child is actually to go back.

Japan's trade with the Philippines is increasing rapidly. The total amount of Japanese exports to the islands in 1918 is said to have amounted to \$30,000,000.

PRECIOUS STONES ARE MINED IN 30 OF THE UNITED STATES

ANNUALLY from the beginning of this century to 1914 the United States has produced precious stones to the value of a third of a million dollars. In 1914 and every year since, the value of the output has dropped considerably and last year it was only \$106,523, the lowest reported since the United States Geological Survey began to collect statistics of gem production, with the exception of 1896, when it was \$97,850. The report on the production of precious stones in 1918 made public in the current Survey Press Bulletin ascribes the decrease as due to the military enlistment of many gem miners, the general scarcity of labor and the poor market.

The output, we read, consisted chiefly of the sapphire variety of corundum, which is nearly all used as mechanical bearings in watches and other instruments that require practically non-wearing frictionless bearings. Other less valuable and softer minerals used for this purpose are garnet and some forms of hard, compact silica, known as agate and chalcedony. The annual value of the output of the four gem minerals, corundum, quartz, tourmaline and turquoise, amounts to over four-fifths of the total value of all the precious stones produced in the United States. Montana, Nevada, California,

Colorado, Maine and Arizona are the chief gem-producing States, but from twenty to thirty States annually report some production. Several relatively large diamonds were found in Arkansas in 1918, notably a canary-colored octahedron weighing nearly 18 carats and a number of smaller stones weighing several carats each. The value of all the diamonds produced in the United States, however, in no year exceeds a few thousand dollars.

The report also records the finding of two large diamonds in South Africa, weighing about three ounces each. It is estimated that about half the diamonds in the world are owned in the United States and that their value is over a billion dollars. With the elimination of competition from German Southwest Africa 95 per cent. of the world's production of diamonds will be under the control of the De Beers Consolidated Mines Co. and its selling agents. The report gives a short list of the industrial uses of precious stones of gem quality and full descriptions of the Iceland spar variety of calcite and of optical fluorite, states the special uses and necessary qualifications of the material, and includes lists of buyers.

In this connection it is stated in the New York *Evening World* that there are approximately 46,355,474 karats of

All the Cut and Polished Diamonds in Existence Could Be Packed Into a Clothes Closet

cut and polished diamonds in existence. Translated into terms of avoirdupois, they would weigh only ten and a half tons and could be packed into an average-sized clothes closet or kitchen pantry. Here are some carefully computed figures which may be regarded as an approximation of the total output of rough diamonds in the world's history:

	Karats
India	50,000,000
Brazil	15,000,000
South Africa	170,574,374
Borneo	1,000,000
British Guiana	50,000
Australia	150,000
China	2,000
Siberia	500
United States	500
Total	236,777,374

This would amount to fifty-three and three-fifths tons avoirdupois, but, we read, only about fifty per cent. of rough diamonds are cut into jewels, the other half being used for mechanical and industrial purposes. With only fifty per cent. of rough diamonds employed for gem purposes, the total is reduced to 118,388,678 karats. There is also a loss of about sixty per cent. in weight in cutting and polishing, so that there remains less than fifty million karats of cut and polished gems in the world.

PIRATING OF AMERICAN TRADE-MARKS THRIVES IN FOREIGN COUNTRIES

PIRACY of American trade-marks by agents and merchants in foreign countries is flourishing. Not only is the practice followed with the intention of selling to the original owners the right to use these marks in the country where they are registered, but sometimes the distinguishing signs of American merchandize are stolen and registered with the idea of pre-

venting the goods from competing with similar lines in the foreign country. There is one way to guard against this danger, according to a patent attorney who writes in the New York *Times*, and that is for an American manufacturer or exporter to register his trade-marks at once in the countries in which he intends to do business.

This form of piracy, we read, is es-

Cuban and South American Competitors are Skilful with This Illegitimate Weapon

pecially common in Latin-American countries. In the *Official Lista General de las Marcas* and the *Boletín Oficial* of the Argentine Republic, for instance, have recently appeared many well-known American brands that had been registered already by natives and for which registration had been applied by the American manufacturers. Among the automobile marks thus involved

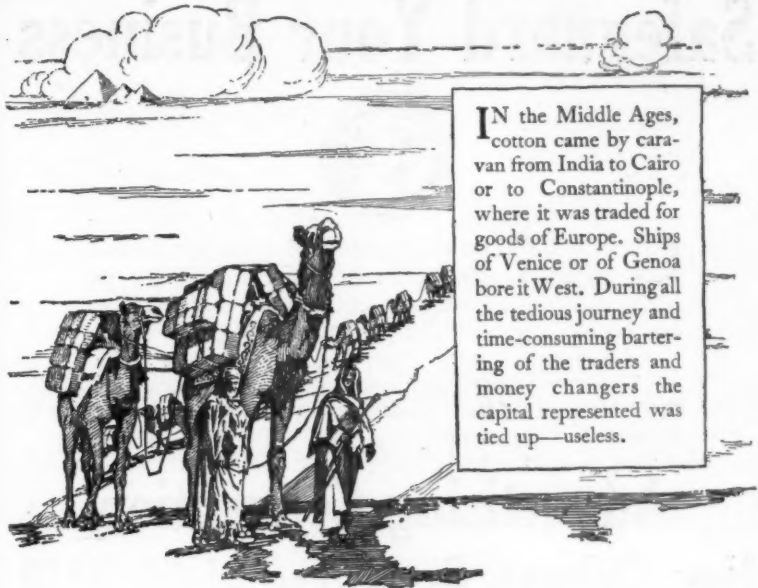
were "Hupmobile," "Stutz" and "Cadillac." The moving-picture brands included "American Biograph," "Vita-graph" and "Kalem." "Bon Ami," Boston garters, Welch's grape juice, "Old Dutch" cleanser and "Bakelite" were among the miscellaneous articles registered, or for which registration had been applied. The last-named mark was registered by a German concern. One of the most interesting items in the list was an attempt to monopolize the term "India-rubber." An opposition to the registration of this term has been filed, but if it fails any American manufacturer or exporter who uses it on his merchandise will be liable to a fine or imprisonment.

The automobile and accessories trades are popular victims of illegitimate registration of American trade-marks in Cuba where, we read in the official bulletin, appear among the marks registered or applied for by natives such well-known car and tire brands as Hupmobile, Renault, Mercer, Pierce-Arrow, Moon, Kelly-Springfield, Republic, and Mohawk. Even the Ford tractor is not exempt, for the mark "Fordson" is among others found in the bulletin. Other American marks that have been registered by natives of Cuba or applied for, as shown by the official bulletin, include "Knabe," "Vulcan," "Windsor," "Bon Ton corsets," "Beaver board," "Roca Blanca," "Velvet," "Stoddard-Ampico" and "Lucky Strike." The mark "B. V. D." is also on the list, altho in this case the small letter "i" has been added to each of the capitals. This patent expert concludes:

"The trend in industry toward commercial combinations utilizing single trade-marks may, in the end, result in a more uniform system of trade-marks throughout the world by reducing the number of marks used internationally. Combinations for export under the Webb-Pomerene law result in the distribution and sale of goods made by a large number of American manufacturers under a single trade-mark in various foreign countries. Such trade-marks will become extremely well-known internationally, and may well form a class of international marks which could be registered in an international office for all classes of goods. Meanwhile, the American exporter who is developing a business in foreign markets must not neglect to register his trade-marks in the countries in which he is doing business."

A PERMANENT AND APPROPRIATE ROOSEVELT MEMORIAL

A COMMITTEE of women of the City of New York, whose work, begun modestly, has now attained the importance of a national movement, proposes to buy the birth-



IN the Middle Ages, cotton came by caravan from India to Cairo or to Constantinople, where it was traded for goods of Europe. Ships of Venice or of Genoa bore it West. During all the tedious journey and time-consuming bartering of the traders and money changers the capital represented was tied up—useless.

Modern Commercial Banking

THE commodities of modern commerce are carried, not over shifting trails and on crude, uncertain vessels, but over highways of steel and on great ships regularly plying the ocean lanes.

The complex organization which exists to bring the raw material to the manufacturer, and the finished product to the user, depends, for its proper functioning, upon the assistance supplied by modern commercial banking.

For example, at no time in the progress from seed to cloth does cotton represent idle capital. The grower may be financed through his local bank; the buyer and the mill may secure capital to carry on their operations; and the finished cloth may be a basis for credit whether it be sold in New York, Rio, or Shanghai.

Modern commercial banking multiplies productive capacity through the proper provision of credit. Its wise use lies at the foundation of commercial and industrial prosperity. Every service of commercial banking is available through this Company.

Guaranty Trust Company of New York

New York London Liverpool Paris Brussels

Capital and Surplus	-	-	-	\$50,000,000
Resources more than	-	-	-	\$800,000,000

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CONTINUED prosperity depends upon two things: the production of more goods and ability to market this increased production at a profit. Labor and capital must both be profitably employed.

Advertising is being used, and will continue to be used in even greater measure, toward the solution of those two problems. That is why business men are interested in the great

Advertising Convention

New Orleans, September 21-25, 1919

At this meeting internationally known representatives of the employer and the wage earner will discuss plans for uniting capital and labor for greater production.

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In like manner, this great meeting will be directly helpful in pointing ways toward new and larger markets.

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WOMEN'S ACHES
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place of Theodore Roosevelt at 28 East Twentieth Street, New York, and the adjoining property, 26 East Twentieth Street, for the purpose of establishing a permanent Roosevelt memorial in the city of his birth. The old home will be restored so as to appear as nearly as possible as it did in the boyhood of the twenty-sixth President of the United States.

The Woman's Roosevelt Memorial Association has made a good start toward collecting the \$30,000 needed to make up the \$85,000, which is the purchase price of the house, and transform it into a Roosevelt Museum, with memorabilia and objects of various kinds closely associated with the life of this great citizen, soldier and statesman. But, as *The Outlook* states editorially, it will be much more than a museum, for, with the adjoining house, it is proposed to make it a center of Americanization and citizenship. The Association is endeavoring to raise a fund of a million dollars which will, in addition to purchasing the property, provide an endowment by means of which the two buildings composing the Roosevelt House may be made, to use their own words,

a center of citizenship activities, a living thing, a place where the boys and girls of America—and the men and women as well, foreign-born and native alike—will come together in citizenship activities, in order that their understanding of America may become deeper and keener, and in order that the great ideal of practical service to our country, of indefatigable activity in its behalf, shall stir and move with vivid power all Americans that frequent or visit "Roosevelt House."

THERE will be a free Circulating Library containing all the writings of Colonel Roosevelt, and other books on travel, nature-study, history and the lives of great men, including everything of value that has been written about Theodore Roosevelt. Classes and lectures on these subjects will be given in the Assembly Hall. The Roosevelt bronze pin, a replica of the beautiful medallion portrait made for the Association by Anna V. Hyatt, will be given to all contributors and their names will be inscribed in the Book of Donors to be placed in Roosevelt House. Boys and girls under sixteen may become Junior Donors on the payment of twenty-five cents. Those giving one dollar or more become Donors.

CURRENT OPINION is very glad to cooperate with the Association in this patriotic memorial movement and, instead of selling the new four-volume Memorial Set of "Theodore Roosevelt: His Life, Meaning and Messages" at the regular list price of \$6.80, carriage paid, the publishers have agreed to sell it at the still lower price of \$6.00, carriage paid, and to turn over one dollar of that amount, for every set sold, to the Woman's Roosevelt Memorial Association to swell the fund. This sub-

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KEEPING HENS UP LATE TO MAKE THEM LAY

PULLETS dining until nine o'clock every night and yet laying more eggs than those that keep conventional hours; electric or other lights in every coop; summer prices for eggs in winter, and better health for chickens are predictions for the immediate future in the poultry world made by Professor James E. Rice, of the Department of Poultry Husbandry, Cornell University. It is declared that tests carried on at Cornell over a period of forty-eight weeks, of which the most accurate records of the laying capacity of more than two hundred hens and pullets and the effect of lights on the egg-production were kept, have proved beyond doubt that lights in chicken-coops have a direct, stimulating effect on the production of eggs. The coops were kept well lighted until nine o'clock every night with the result that one hundred hens and pullets in the lighted chicken-house produced 135 3/10 dozens more eggs than those in the unlighted coops that went to bed at sundown. The reason for this increased production, as given by Professor Rice, in the New York Times, is simply that the hens had more time in which to eat. There was no long wait between supper and breakfast. Further:

"In money, wholesale prices, the increased dozens of eggs in the lighted coop amounted to \$71.88. In each chicken house the hundred layers were fifty-fifty pullets and older hens and the pullets beat the seasoned layers in number of eggs produced. The light had no other effect on the poultry except that they maintained somewhat better health. The average increase in production for hens in lighted coops is one dozen or more a year. The poultryman has absolute control over the egg production, as was discovered at Cornell, by turning the light switch. Laying pullets quit laying when the lights were turned off for a period and began again when the lights went on. The strike for late suppers was actually made by twenty-five pullets."

It appears, moreover, that the hens in the illuminated coops continued laying through the late autumn and early winter when the price of eggs is highest. The sole purpose of the artificial illumination is to keep the hen at her feeding.



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Still Money

"Silence is golden, you know."
"Well, I don't know about silence being golden, but I've heard of people making money out of a still."—*Boston Transcript*.

Bill

Tenderfoot: Why is your little brother named "Bill"?

First-Class Scout: Because he was born on the first of the month.—*Boys' Life*.

Living Up to Its Name

"Why do they call Broadway 'The Great White Way'?" asked the visitor.

"Because," answered the New Yorker, "the thoroughfare is dedicated to ice-cream soda and buttermilk."—*Washington Star*.

Up and Down

"Well, my young lad," said the facetious man to the elevator boy, "I see in your position you have a chance to rise."

"Oh, yes," growled the boy, "but I get called down every time I do it."

His Cross

Flatbush: So your boy's back from the war?

Bensonhurst: Yes, he's back.
Flatbush: Did he win a cross over there?
Bensonhurst: Well, he brought home a French wife with him.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

Thrift Stamps

"We're saving fuel," remarked the lady. "I just left my husband stamping on the floor to keep his feet warm."

"Thrift stamps, eh?" said her waggish friend.—*Boston Transcript*.

He Swore

Village Constable (to villager who has been knocked down by passing motorcyclist): You didn't see the number, but could you swear to the man?

Villager: I did, but I don't think 'e 'eard me.—*Galveston News*.

Like Iron

"My dear sir," said the salesman, courteously, as he handed the customer his package and no change, "you will find that your suit will wear like iron."

And sure enough, it did. The man hadn't worn it two months when it began to look rusty.—*Tit-Bits*.

A Natural Hope

Alice: "It's quite a secret, but I was married last week to Dick Gay."

Jane: "Indeed, I should have thought you'd be the last person in the world to marry him."

Alice: "Well, I hope I am."—*Edinburgh Scotsman*.

Majority Wisdom

"You don't mean to tell me you ever doubt the wisdom of the majority?"

"Well," responded Senator Sorghum with deliberation, "what is a majority? In many instances it is only a large number of people who have got tired out trying to think for themselves and have decided to accept somebody else's opinion."—*Washington Star*.

He Wanted Something Higher Up

The second course of the table d'hôte was being served. "What is this leathery stuff?" demanded the diner. "That, sir, is filet of sole," replied the waiter. "Take it away,"

said the diner, "and see if you can't get me a nice tender piece from the upper part of the boct, with the buttons removed."—*San Francisco Argonaut*.

Poor Little Willie

A swarm of bees chased Willie
Till the boy was almost wild,
His anxious parents wondered
Why the bees pursued the child.

To diagnose they summoned
Their physician, Dr. Ives.

"I see," he said, "the reason's clear,
Your Willie has the hives!"
—Walter Pulitzer in *N. Y. Globe*.

Up to the Court

In Ohio a negro was arrested on a charge of horse theft and was duly indicted and brought to trial. When his day in court came he was taken before the judge and the prosecuting attorney solemnly read the charge in the indictment to him.

Then the prosecuting attorney put the question: "Are you guilty or not guilty?"

The negro rolled uneasily in his chair. "Well, boss," he finally said, "ain't dat the very thing we're about to try to find out?"—*N. Y. Truth Seeker*.

The Poor Fish!

"I hear you are going to marry Archie Blueblood?" said one society woman to another. "Is it true?"

"Marry him?" exclaimed the other. "Not likely. What on earth could I do with him? He's rejected from the Army, he can't ride, he can't play tennis, golf, nor, for that matter, can he even drive a motor-car!"

"Oh!" said the friend, "but he can swim beautifully, you know."

"Swim, indeed! Now, I ask you, would you like a husband you had to keep in an aquarium?"—*London Blighty*.

Succinct

A minister living in "a country district" of the Hawaiian Islands had great difficulty in making his parishioners feel they were properly married until he devised the following service:

To the man: "You savvy this woman?"

"Yes."

"You likee?"

"Yes."

"By and by you no kick out?"

"No."

To the woman: "You savvy this man?"

"Yes."

"You likee?"

"Yes."

"By and by you no kick out?"

"No."

"Pau (done). Let us pray."—*San Francisco Chronicle*.

Canny Finance

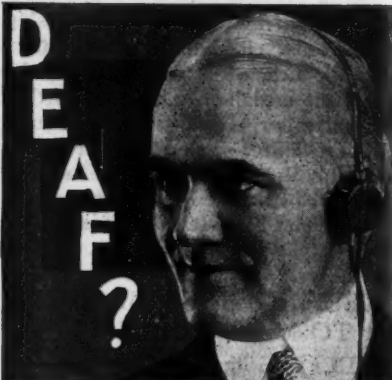
A man from the north of Scotland was on a holiday in Glasgow. On Sunday evening he was walking along Argyll Street when he came upon a contingent of the Salvation Army, and a collection-bag was thrust in front of his nose. He dropped a penny into it.

Turning up Queen Street, he encountered another contingent of the Salvation Army, and again a smiling "lass" held a collection-bag in front of him.

"Na, na!" he said. "I gied a penny tae a squad o' your folk roon' the corner jist the noo."

"Really?" said the lass. "That was very good of you. But, then, you can't do a good thing too often. And besides, you know, the Lord will repay you a hundredfold."

"Aweel," said the cautious Scot, "we'll jist wait till the first transaction's feenished before we start the second."—*Tit-Bits*.



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